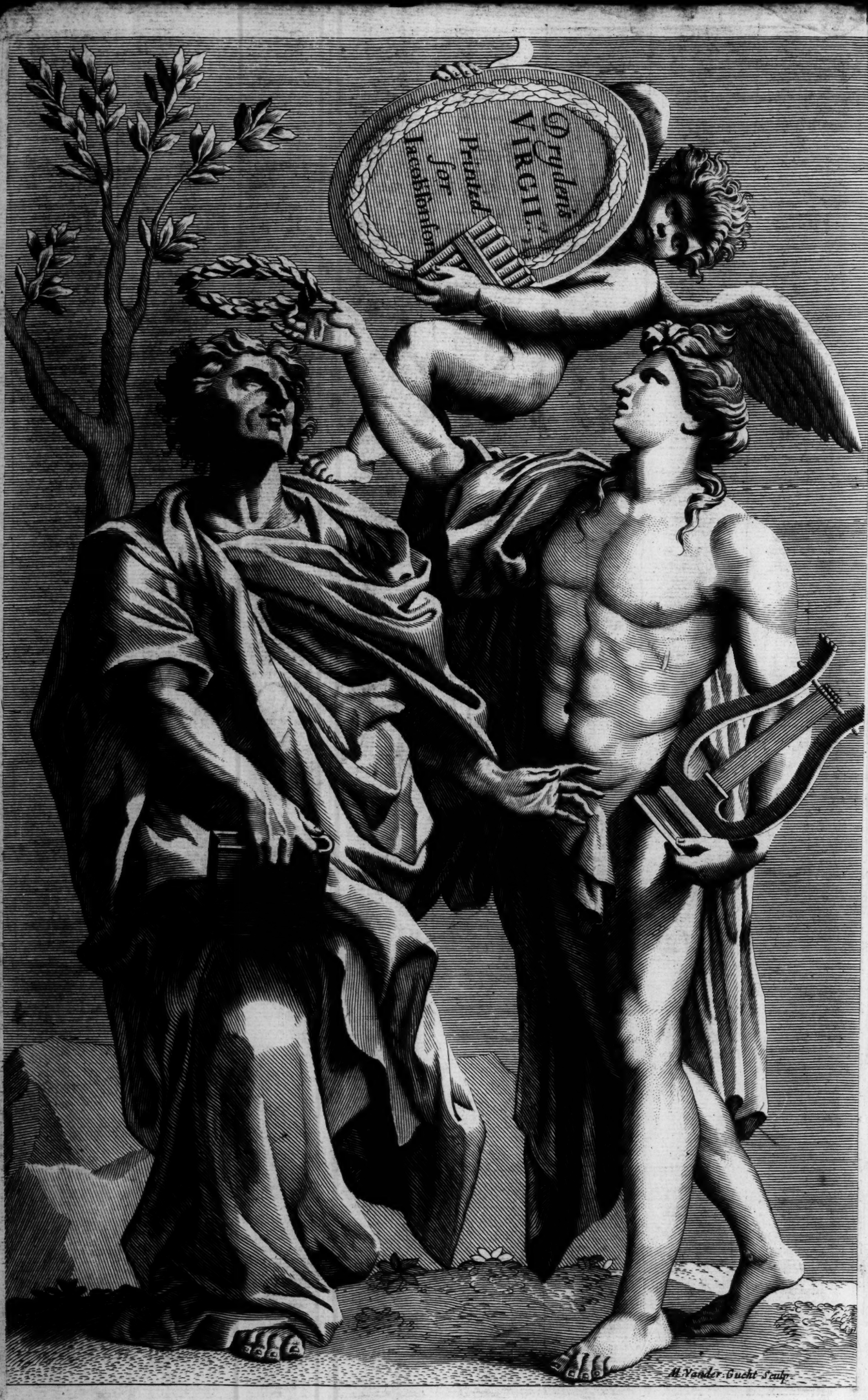
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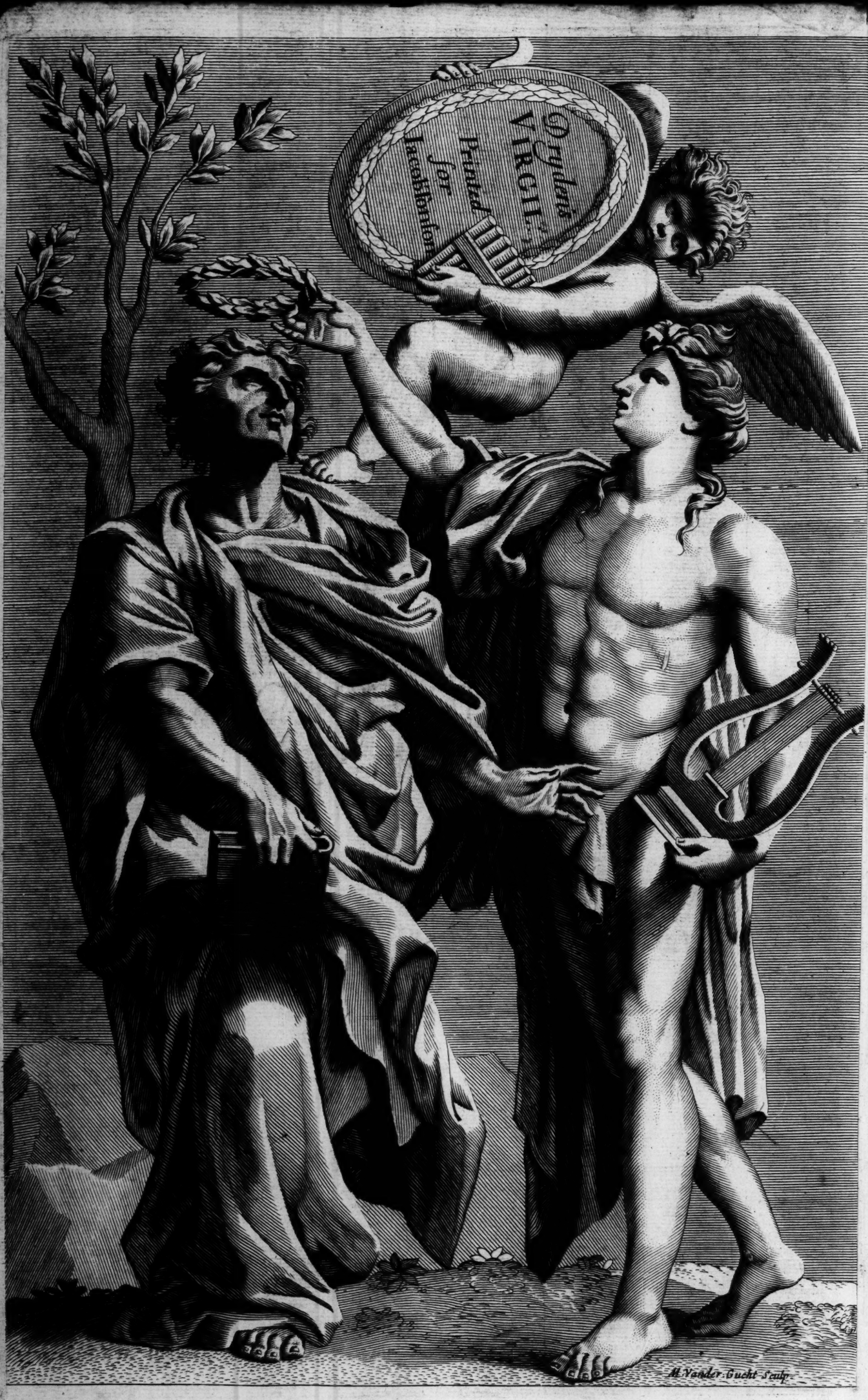
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THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL:

Containing His

PASTORALS

GEORGICS,

AND

ÆNEIS.

Tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe; By

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Adorn'd with a Hundred Sculptures.

Sequiturque Patrem non paſſibus Æquis. Virg. Æn. 2.

The Second EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges-Head* in *Fleetſtreet*, near the *Inner-Temple-Gate.* MDCXCVIII.

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LONDON

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Hugh Lord Clifford,

BARON of *Chudleigh*.

My Lord,

I *HAVE found it not more difficult to* Translate Virgil, *than to find such* Patrons *as I desire for my* Translation. *For though* England *is not wanting in a Learned* Nobility, *yet such are my unhappy* Circumstances, *that they have confin'd me to a narrow choice. To the greater part, I have not the* Honour *to be known; and to some of them I cannot shew at present, by any publick Act, that grateful* Respect *which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of* Fortune, *since in the midst of that abundance I could not possibly have chosen better, than the Worthy Son of so Illustrious a Father. He was the* Patron *of my Manhood, when I Flourish'd in the opinion of the World, though with small advantage to my* Fortune, *'till he awaken'd the remembrance of my Royal Master. He was that* Pollio, *or that* Varus, *who introduc'd me to* Augustus: *And tho' he soon dismiss'd himself from State-affairs, yet in the short time of his Administration he shone so powerfully upon me, that like the heat of a* Russian-*Summer, he ripen'd the Fruits of Poetry in a cold Clymate; and gave me wherewithal to subsist at least, in the long Winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your Lordship, is the wretched remainder of a sickly Age, worn out with Study, and oppress'd by Fortune: without other support than the Constancy and Patience of a Christian. You, my Lord, are yet in the flower of your Youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the Peace which is promis'd* Europe: *I can only hear of that Blessing: for Years, and, above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The Poets, who condemn their* Tantalus *to Hell, had added to his Torments, if they had plac'd him in* Elysium, *which is the proper Emblem of my Condition. The Fruit and the Water may reach my Lips, but cannot enter: And if they cou'd, yet I want a Palate as well as a Digestion. But it is some kind of Pleasure to me, to please*

thoſe whom I reſpect. And I am not altogether out of hope, that theſe Paſtorals *of* Virgil *may give your Lordſhip ſome delight, though made Engliſh by one, who ſcarce remembers that Paſſion which inſpir'd my Author when he wrote them. Theſe were his firſt Eſſay in Poetry, (if the* Ceiris *was not his:) And it was more excuſable in him to deſcribe Love when he was young, than for me to Tranſlate him when I am Old. He died at the Age of fifty two, and I began this Work in my great* Clymacterique. *But having perhaps a better Conſtitution than my Author, I have wrong'd him leſs, conſidering my Circumſtances, than thoſe who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any Modern Language. And though this Verſion is not void of Errours, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither groſs nor frequent, in thoſe* Eclogues, *wherein my Maſter has rais'd himſelf above that humble Stile in which* Paſtoral *delights, and which I muſt confeſs is proper to the Education and Converſe of Shepherds: for he found the ſtrength of his Genius betimes, and was even in his youth preluding to his* Georgics, *and his* Æneis. *He cou'd not forbear to try his Wings, though his Pinions were not harden'd to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet ſometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty, as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admoniſh'd by his ſubject to deſcend, he came down gently circling in the air, and ſinging to the ground. Like a Lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her Song 'till ſhe alights: ſtill preparing for a higher flight at her next ſally, and tuning her voice to better muſick. The Fourth, the Sixth, and the Eighth* Paſtorals, *are clear Evidences of this truth. In the three firſt he contains himſelf within his bounds; but Addreſſing to* Pollio, *his great Patron, and himſelf no vulgar Poet, he no longer cou'd reſtrain the freedom of his Spirit, but began to aſſert his Native Character, which is ſublimity. Putting himſelf under the conduct of the ſame* Cumæan Sybil *whom afterwards he gave for a Guide to his* Æneas. *'Tis true he was ſenſible of his own boldneſs; and we know it by the* Paulo Majora, *which begins his Fourth* Eclogue. *He remember'd, like young* Manlius, *that he was forbidden to Engage; but what avails an expreſs Command to a youthful Courage, which preſages Victory in the attempt? Encourag'd with Succeſs, he proceeds farther in the Sixth, and invades the Province of Philoſophy. And notwithſtanding that* Phœbus *had forewarn'd him of Singing Wars, as he there confeſſes, yet he preſum'd that the ſearch of Nature was as free to him as to* Lucretius, *who at his Age explain'd it according to the Principles of* Epicurus. *In his Eighth* Eclogue, *he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the Complaint and deſpair of a forſaken Lover: the latter, a Charm of an Enchantreſs, to renew a loſt Affection. But the Complaint perhaps contains ſome Topicks which are above the Condition of his Perſons; and our Author ſeems to have made his Herdſmen ſomewhat too Learn'd for their Profeſſion: The Charms are alſo of the ſame nature, but both were Copied from* Theocritus, *and had receiv'd the applauſe of former Ages in their Original. There is a kind of Ruſticity in all thoſe pompous Verſes; ſemewhat of a Holiday Shepherd ſtrutting in his Country Buskins. The like may be obſerv'd, both in the* Pollio, *and the* Silenus; *where the Similitudes are drawn from the Woods and Meadows. They ſeem to me to repreſent our Poet betwixt a Farmer, and a Courtier, when he left* Mantua *for* Rome, *and dreſt himſelf in his beſt Habit to appear before his Patron: Somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its ſimplicity. In the Ninth* Paſtoral *he Collects ſome Beautiful paſſages which were ſcatter'd in* Theocritus, *which he cou'd not inſert into any of his former* Eclogues, *and yet*

was

was unwilling they ſhou'd be loſt. In all the reſt he is equal to his Sicilian *Maſter, and obſerves like him a juſt decorum, both of the Subject, and the Perſons. As particularly in the Third* Paſtoral; *where one of his Shepherds deſcribes a Bowl, or Mazer, curiouſly Carv'd.*

In Medio duo ſigna: Conon, & quis fuit alter,
Deſcripſit radio, totum qui Gentibus orbem.

He remembers only the name of Conon, *and forgets the other on ſet purpoſe: (whether he means* Anaximander *or* Eudoxus *I diſpute not,) but he was certainly forgotten, to ſhew his Country Swain was no great Scholar.*

After all, I muſt confeſs that the Booriſh Dialect of Theocritus *has a ſecret charm in it, which the* Roman *Language cannot imitate, though* Virgil *has drawn it down as low as poſſibly he cou'd; as in the* Cujum pecus, *and ſome other words, for which he was ſo unjuſtly blam'd by the bad Criticks of his Age, who cou'd not ſee the Beauties of that* merum Rus, *which the Poet deſcrib'd in thoſe Expreſſions. But* Theocritus *may juſtly be preferr'd as the Original, without injury to* Virgil, *who modeſtly contents himſelf with the ſecond place, and glories only in being the firſt who tranſplanted* Paſtoral *into his own Country; and brought it there to bear as happily as the Cherry-trees which* Lucullus *brought from* Pontus.

Our own Nation has produc'd a third Poet in this kind, not inferiour to the two former. For the Shepherd's Kalendar of Spencer, *is not to be match'd in any Modern Language. Not even by* Taſſo's Amynta, *which infinitely tranſcends* Guarinis's Paſtor-Fido, *as having more of Nature in it, and being almoſt wholly clear from the wretched affectation of Learning. I will ſay nothing of the* Piſcatory Eclogues, *becauſe no Modern* Latin *can bear Criticiſm. 'Tis no wonder that rolling down through ſo many barbarous Ages, from the Spring of* Virgil, *it bears along with it the filth and ordures of the* Goths *and* Vandals. *Neither will I mention Monſieur* Fontinelle, *the living Glory of the* French. *'Tis enough for him to have excell'd his Maſter* Lucian, *without attempting to compare our miſerable Age with that of* Virgil, *or* Theocritus. *Let me only add, for his reputation,*

——Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi poſſint, etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent.

But Spencer *being Maſter of our Northern Dialect; and ſkill'd in* Chaucer's *Engliſh, has ſo exactly imitated the* Doric *of* Theocritus, *that his Love is a perfect Image of that Paſſion which God infus'd into both Sexes, before it was corrupted with the Knowledge of Arts, and the Ceremonies of what we call good Manners.*

My Lord, I know to whom I dedicate: And cou'd not have been induc'd by any motive to put this part of Virgil, *or any other, into unlearned Hands. You have read him with pleaſure, and I dare ſay, with admiration in the Latine, of which you are a Maſter. You have added to your Natural Endowments, which without flattery are Eminent, the ſuperſtructures of Study, and the knowledge of good Authors. Courage, Probity, and Humanity are inherent in you. Theſe Vertues have ever been habitual to the Ancient Houſe of* Cumberland, *from whence you are deſcended, and of which our Chronicles make ſo honourable mention in the long Wars betwixt the Rival Families of* York *and* Lancaſter. *Your Forefathers have aſſerted the Party which they choſe 'till death, and dy'd for its defence in the Fields of Battel. You have beſides the freſh remembrance of your Noble Father; from whom you never can degenerate.*

——Nec imbellem, feroces
Progenerant Aquilæ Columbam.

It being almoſt morally impoſſible for you to be other than you are by kind; I need neither praiſe nor incite your Vertue. You are acquainted with the Roman *Hiſtory, and know without my information that Patronage and Clientſhip always deſcended from the Fathers to the Sons; and that the ſame* Plebeian *Houſes, had recourſe to the ſame Patrician Line, which had formerly protected them: and follow'd their Principles and Fortunes to the laſt. So that I am your Lordſhip's by deſcent, and part of your Inheritance. And the natural inclination, which I have to ſerve you, adds to your paternal right, for I was wholly yours from the firſt moment, when I had the happineſs and honour of being known to you. Be pleas'd therefore to accept the Rudiments of* Virgil's *Poetry: Courſely Tranſlated I confeſs, but which yet retains ſome Beauties of the Author, which neither the barbarity of our Language, nor my unskilfulneſs cou'd ſo much ſully, but that they appear ſometimes in the dim mirrour which I hold before you. The Subject is not unſuitable to your Youth, which allows you yet to Love, and is proper to your preſent Scene of Life. Rural Recreations abroad, and Books at home, are the innocent Pleaſures of a Man who is early Wiſe; and gives Fortune no more hold of him, than of neceſſity he muſt. 'Tis good, on ſome occaſions to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the preſent as will not endanger our futurity; and to provide our ſelves of the* Vertuoſo's *Saddle, which will be ſure to amble, when the World is upon the hardeſt trott. What I humbly offer to your Lordſhip, is of this nature. I wiſh it pleaſant, and am ſure 'tis innocent. May you ever continue your eſteem for* Virgil; *and not leſſen it, for the faults of his Tranſlatour; who is with all manner of Reſpect and ſenſe of Gratitude,*

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

THE LIFE OF *Pub. Virgilius Maro.*

VIRGIL was born at *Mantua*, which City was built no leſs than Three Hundred Years before *Rome*; and was the Capital of the New *Hetruria*, as himſelf, no leſs Antiquary, than Poet, aſſures us. His Birth is ſaid to have happen'd in the firſt Conſulſhip of *Pompey* the Great, and *Lic. Craſſus*; but ſince the Relater of this preſently after contradicts himſelf; and *Virgil*'s manner of Addreſſing to *Octavius*, implies a greater difference of Age than that of Seven Years, as appears by his Firſt Paſtoral, and other places; it is reaſonable to ſet the Date of it ſomething backward: And the Writer of his Life having no certain Memorials to work upon, ſeems to have pitched upon the two moſt Illuſtrious Conſuls he could find about that time, to ſignalize the Birth of ſo Eminent a Man. But it is beyond all Queſtion, that he was Born on, or near the Fifteenth of *October*. Which Day was kept Feſtival in honour of his Memory, by the *Latin*, as the Birth-Day of *Homer* was by the *Greek* Poets. And ſo near a reſemblance there is, betwixt the Lives of theſe two famous *Epic* Writers, that *Virgil* ſeems to have follow'd the *Fortune* of the other, as well as the Subject and manner of his Writing. For *Homer* is ſaid to have been of very mean Parents, ſuch as got their Bread by Day-labour; ſo is *Virgil*. *Homer* is ſaid to be *Baſe Born*; ſo is *Virgil*. The former to have been born in the open Air, in a Ditch, or by the Bank of a River; ſo is the latter. There was a Poplar Planted near the place of *Virgil*'s Birth, which ſuddenly grew up to an unuſual heighth and bulk, and to which the Superſtitious Neighbourhood attributed marvellous Vertue. *Homer* had his Poplar too, as *Herodotus* relates, which was viſited with great Veneration. *Homer* is deſcrib'd by one of the Ancients, to have been of a ſlovenly and neglected Meen and Habit, ſo was *Virgil*. Both word of a very delicate and ſickly Conſtitution: Both addicted to Travel, and the ſtudy of Aſtrology; Both had their Compoſitions uſurp'd by others: Both Envy'd and traduc'd during their Lives. We know not ſo much as the true Names of either of them with any exactneſs: For the Criticks are not yet agreed how the word [*Virgil*] ſhould be Written; and of *Homer*'s Name there is no certainty at all. Whoſoever

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ſhall conſider this Parallel in ſo many particulars; (and more might be added) would be inclin'd to think, that either the ſame Stars Rul'd ſtrongly at the Nativities of them both, or what is a great deal more probable; that the *Latin* Grammarians wanting Materials for the former part of *Virgil*'s Life, after the *Legendary Faſhion*, ſupply'd it out of *Herodotus*; and like ill Face-Painters, not being able to hit the true *Features*, endeavour'd to make amends by a great deal of impertinent *Landſcape* and *Drapery*.

Without troubling the Reader with needleſs Quotations, now, or afterwards; the moſt probable Opinion is, that *Virgil* was the Son of a Servant, or Aſſiſtant to a wandring *Aſtrologer*; who practis'd Phyſic. For *Medicus*, *Magus*, as *Juvenal* obſerves, uſually went together; and this courſe of Life was follow'd by a great many *Greeks* and *Syrians*; of one of which Nations it ſeems not improbable, that *Virgil's* Father was. Nor could a Man of that Profeſſion have choſen a fitter place to ſettle in, than that moſt Superſtitious Tract of *Italy*, which by her ridiculous Rites and Ceremonies, as much enſlav'd the *Romans*, as the *Romans* did the *Hetrurians* by their Arms. This Man therefore having got together ſome Money, which Stock he improv'd by his skill in Planting and Husbandry, had the good Fortune, at laſt, to Marry his Maſters Daughter, by whom he had *Virgil*; and this Woman ſeems, by her Mothers ſide, to have been of good Extraction; for ſhe was nearly related to *Quintilius Varus*, whom *Paterculus* aſſures us to have been of an Illuſtrious, tho' not Patrician Family; and there is honourable mention made of it in the Hiſtory of the ſecond *Carthaginian* War. It is certain, that they gave him very good Education, to which they were inclin'd; not ſo much by the Dreams of his Mother, and thoſe preſages which *Donatus* relates, as by the early indications which he gave of a ſweet Diſpoſition, and Excellent Wit. He paſſed the firſt Seven Years of his Life at *Mantua*, not Seventeen, as *Scaliger* miſcorrects his Author; for the *initia ætatis* can hardly be ſuppoſed to extend ſo far. From thence he removed to *Cremona*, a Noble *Roman* Colony, and afterwards to *Milan*. In all which places he proſecuted his Studies with great application; he read over, all the beſt *Latin*, and *Greek* Authors, for which he had convenience by the no remote diſtance of *Marſeils*, that famous *Greek* Colony, which maintain'd its Politeneſs, and Purity of Language, in the midſt of all thoſe Barbarous Nations amongſt which it was ſeated: And ſome Tincture of the latter ſeems to have deſcended from them down to the Modern *French*. He frequented the moſt Eminent Profeſſors of the *Epicurean* Philoſophy, which was then much in vogue, and will be always in declining and fickly States. But finding no ſatisfactory Account from his Maſter *Syron*, he paſs'd over to the *Academick* School, to which he adher'd the reſt of his Life, and deſerv'd, from a great Emperour, the Title of the *Plato* of *Poets*. He compos'd at leiſure hours a great number of Verſes, on various Subjects; and deſirous rather of a *great*, than *early* Fame, he permitted his Kinſman, and Fellow-ſtudent *Varus*, to derive the Honour of one of his Tragedies to himſelf. Glory neglected in proper time and place, returns often with large Increaſe, and ſo he found it: For *Varus* afterwards prov'd a great Inſtrument of his Rife: In ſhort, it was here that he form'd the *Plan*, and collected the Materials of all thoſe excellent Pieces which he afterwards finiſh'd, or was forc'd to leave leſs perfect by his Death. But whether it were the Unwholſomneſs of his Native Air,

of which he ſomewhere complains, or his too great abſtinence, and Night-watchings at his Study, to which he was always addicted, as *Auguſtus* obſerves; or poſſibly the hopes of improving himſelf by Travel, he reſolv'd to Remove to the more Southern Tract of *Italy*; and it was hardly poſſible for him not to take *Rome* in his Way; as is evident to any one who ſhall caſt an Eye on the Map of *Italy*: And therefore the late *French Editor* of his Works is miſtaken, when he aſſerts that he never ſaw *Rome*, 'till he came to Petition for his Eſtate: He gain'd the Acquaintance of the Maſter of the Horſe to *Octavius*, and Cur'd a great many Diſeaſes of Horſes, by methods they had never heard of: It fell out, at the ſame time, that a very fine Colt, which promiſed great Strength and Speed, was preſented to *Octavius*: *Virgil* aſſur'd them, that he came of a faulty Mare, and would prove a Jade, upon tryal it was found as he had ſaid; his Judgment prov'd right in ſeveral other inſtances, which was the more ſurprizing, becauſe the *Romans* knew leaſt of Natural Cauſes of any civiliz'd Nation in the World: And thoſe Meteors, and Prodigies which coſt them incredible Sums to expiate, might eaſily have been accounted for, by no very profound Naturaliſt. It is no wonder, therefore, that *Virgil* was in ſo great Reputation, as to be at laſt Introduced to *Octavius* himſelf. That Prince was then at variance with *Marc. Antony*, who vex'd him with a great many Libelling Letters, in which he reproaches him with the baſeneſs of his Parentage, that he came of a *Scrivener*, a *Ropemaker*, and a *Baker*, as *Suetonius* tells us: *Octavius* finding that *Virgil* had paſſed ſo exact a judgment upon the Breed of Dogs, and Horſes, thought that he poſſibly might be able to give him ſome Light concerning his *own*. He took him into his Cloſet, where they continu'd in private a conſiderable time. *Virgil* was a great Mathematician, which, in the Senſe of thoſe times, took in Aſtrology: And if there be any thing in that Art, which I can hardly believe; if that be true which the ingenious *De le Chambre* aſſerts confidently; that from the Marks on the Body, the Configuration of the Planets at a Nativity may be gathered, and the Marks might be told by knowing the Nativity, never had one of thoſe Artiſts a fairer Opportunity to ſhew his skill, than *Virgil* now had; for *Octavius* had Moles upon his Body, exactly reſembling the Conſtellation call'd *Urſa Major*. But *Virgil* had other helps: The Predictions of *Cicero*, and *Catulus*, and that vote of the Senate had gone abroad, that no Child Born at *Rome*, in the Year of his Nativity, ſhould be bred up; becauſe the Seers aſſur'd them that an Emperour was Born that Year. Beſides this, *Virgil* had heard of the *Aſſyrian*, and *Egyptian* Prophecies, (which in truth, were no other but the *Jewiſh*,) that about that time a great King was to come into the World. Himſelf takes notice of them, *Æn. 6.* where he uſes a very ſignificant Word, (now in all Liturgies) *hujus in adventu*, ſo in another place, *adventu propiore Dei.*

At his foreſeen approach already quake,
Aſſyrian *Kingdoms, and* Mœotis *Lake.*
Nile *hears him knocking at his ſeven-fold Gates.*——

Every one knows whence this was taken: It was rather a miſtake, than impiety in *Virgil*, to apply theſe Propheſies which belonged to the Saviour of the World to the Perſon of *Octavius*, it being a uſual piece of flattery for near a Hundred Years together, to attribute them to their Emperours, and other great Men. Upon the whole matter,

matter, it is very probable, that *Virgil* Predicted to him the Empire at this time. And it will appear yet the more, if we conſider that he aſſures him of his being receiv'd into the Number of the Gods, in his Firſt *Paſtoral*, long before the thing came to paſs; which Prediction ſeems grounded upon his former miſtake. This was a ſecret, not to be divulg'd at that time, and therefore it is no wonder that the ſlight Story in *Donatus* was given abroad to palliate the matter. But certain it is, that *Octavius* diſmiſſed him with great Marks of eſteem, and earneſtly recommended the Protection of *Virgil*'s Affairs to *Pollio*, then Lieutenant of the *Ciſ-Alpine Gaule*, where *Virgil*'s Patrimony lay. This *Pollio* from a mean Original, became one of the moſt Conſiderable Perſons of his time: A good General, Orator, States-man, Hiſtorian, Poet, and Favourer of Learned men; above all, he was a Man of *Honour* in thoſe critical times: He had joyn'd with *Octavius*, and *Antony*, in revenging the Barbarous Aſſaſſination of *Julius Cæſar*: When they two were at variance, he would neither follow *Antony*, whoſe courſes he deteſted, nor join with *Octavius* againſt him, out of a grateful Senſe of ſome former Obligations. *Auguſtus*, who thought it his intereſt to oblige Men of Principles, notwithſtanding this, receiv'd him afterwards into Favour, and promoted him to the higheſt Honours. And thus much I thought fit to ſay of *Pollio*, becauſe he was one of *Virgil*'s greateſt Friends. Being therefore eas'd of Domeſtick cares, he purſues his Journey to *Naples*: The Charming ſituation of that Place, and view of the beautiful *Villa*'s of the *Roman* Nobility, equalling the Magnificence of the greateſt Kings; the Neighbourhood of the *Baiæ*, whither the *Sick* reſorted for recovery, and the States-man when he was *Politickly* Sick; whither the wanton went for Pleaſure, and witty Men for good Company; the wholſomneſs of the Air, and improving *Converſation*, the *beſt Air of all*, contributed not only to the re-eſtabliſhing his Health; but to the forming of his Stile, and rendring him maſter of that happy turn of Verſe, in which he much ſurpaſſes all the *Latins*, and in a leſs advantageous Language, equals even *Homer* himſelf. He propos'd to uſe his Talent in Poetry, only for Scaffolding to Build a convenient Fortune, that he might Proſecute with leſs interruption, thoſe Nobler Studies to which his elevated Genius led him, and which he deſcribes in theſe admirable Lines.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
Accipiant, cæliq; vias, & ſidera monſtrent,
Defectus Solis varios, Lunæq; labores:
Unde tremor terris, &c.

But the current of that Martial Age, by ſome ſtrange *Antiperiſtaſis* drove ſo violently towards Poetry, that he was at laſt carried down with the ſtream. For not only the Young Nobility, but *Octavius*, and *Pollio*, *Cicero* in his Old Age, *Julius Cæſar*, and the Stoical *Brutus*, a little before, would needs be tampering with the Muſes; the two latter had taken great care to have their Poems curiouſly bound, and lodg'd in the moſt famous Libraries; but neither the Sacredneſs of thoſe places, nor the greatneſs of their Names, cou'd preſerve ill Poetry. Quitting therefore the Study of the Law, after having pleaded but one Cauſe with indifferent Succeſs, he reſolv'd to puſh his fortune this way, which he ſeems to have diſcontinu'd for ſome time, and that may be the reaſon why the

Culex

Culex, his firſt Paſtoral, now extant, has little beſides the novelty of the Subject, and the Moral of the Fable, which contains an exhortation to gratitude, to recommend it; had it been as correct as his other pieces, nothing more proper and pertinent cou'd have at that time bin addreſſed to the Young *Octavius*: For the Year in which he preſented it, probably at the *Baiæ*, ſeems to be the very ſame, in which that Prince conſented (tho' with ſeeming reluctance) to the Death of *Cicero*, under whoſe Conſulſhip he was Born, the preſerver of his Life, and chief inſtrument of his advancement. There is no reaſon to queſtion its being genuine, as the late *French* Editor does; its meanneſs, in compariſon of *Virgil*'s other Works, (which is that Writer's only Objection) confutes himſelf: For *Martial*, who certainly ſaw the true Copy, ſpeaks of it with contempt; and yet that *Paſtoral* equals, at leaſt, the addreſs to the *Dauphin* which is prefix'd to the late Edition. *Octavius*, to unbend his mind from application to publick buſineſs, took frequent turns to *Baiæ*, and *Sicily*; where he compos'd his Poem call'd *Sicelides*, which *Virgil* ſeems to allude to, in the Paſtoral beginning *Sicelides Muſæ*; this gave him opportunity of refreſhing that Princes Memory of him, and about that time he wrote his *Ætna*. Soon after he ſeems to have made a Voyage to *Athens*, and at his return preſented his *Ceiris*, a more elaborate Piece, to the Noble and Eloquent *Meſſala*. The forementioned Author groundleſly taxes this as ſuppoſititious: For beſides other Critical marks, there are no leſs than Fifty, or Sixty Verſes, alter'd indeed and poliſh'd, which he inſerted in the *Paſtorals*, according to his faſhion: and from thence they were called *Eclogues*, or *Select Bucolics*: We thought fit to uſe a Title more intelligible, the reaſon of the other being ceas'd; and we are ſupported by *Virgil*'s own authority, who expreſly calls them *Carmina Paſtorum*. The *French* Editor is again miſtaken, in aſſerting, that the *Ceiris* is borrow'd from the Ninth of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis*; he might have more reaſonably conjectur'd it, to be taken from *Parthenius*, the *Greek* Poet, from whom *Ovid* borrow'd a great part of his Work. But it is indeed taken from neither, but from that Learn'd, unfortunate Poet *Apollonius Rhodius*, to whom *Virgil* is more indebted, than to any other *Greek* Writer, excepting *Homer*. The Reader will be ſatisfied of this, if he conſult that Author in his own Language, for the Tranſlation is a great deal more obſcure than the Original.

Whilſt *Virgil* thus enjoy'd the ſweets of a Learn'd Privacy, the Troubles of *Italy* cut off his little Subſiſtance; but by a ſtrange turn of Human Affairs, which ought to keep good Men from ever deſpairing; the loſs of his Eſtate prov'd the effectual way of making his Fortune. The occaſion of it was this; *Octavius*, as himſelf relates, when he was but Nineteen Years of Age, by a Maſterly ſtroke of Policy, had gain'd the *Veteran* Legions into his Service, (and by that ſtep, out-witted all the Republican Senate:) They grew now very clamorous for their Pay: The Treaſury being Exhauſted, he was forc'd to make Aſſignments upon Land, and none but in *Italy* it ſelf would content them. He pitch'd upon *Cremona* as the moſt diſtant from *Rome*; but that not ſuffizing, he afterwards threw in part of the State of *Mantua*. *Cremona* was a Rich and Noble Colony, ſetled a little before the Invaſion of *Hannibal*. During that Tedious and Bloody War, they had done ſeveral important Services to the Common-Wealth. And when Eighteen other Colonies, pleading Poverty and Depopulation, refus'd to contribute Money, or to raiſe Recruits; they of *Cremona* voluntarily

paid a double Quota of both: But paſt Services are a fruitleſs Plea; Civil Wars are one continued Act of Ingratitude: In vain did the Miſerable Mothers, with their famiſhing Infants in their Arms, fill the Streets with their Numbers, and the Air with Lamentations; the Craving Legions were to be ſatisfi'd at any rate. *Virgil*, involv'd in the common Calamity, had recourſe to his old Patron *Pollio*, but he was, at this time, under a Cloud; however, compaſſionating ſo worthy a Man, not of a Make to ſtruggle thro' the World, he did what he conld, and recommended him to *Mecænas*, with whom he ſtill kept a private Correſpondence. The Name of this great Man being much better known than one part of his Character, the Reader, I preſume, will not be diſpleas'd if I ſupply it in this place.

Tho' he was of as deep Reach, and eaſie diſpatch of Buſineſs as any in his time, yet he deſignedly liv'd beneath his true Character. Men had oftentimes medled in Publick Affairs, that they might have more ability to furniſh for their Pleaſures: *Mecænas*, by the honeſteſt Hypocriſie that ever was, pretended to a Life of Pleaſure, that he might render more effectual Service to his Maſter. He ſeem'd wholly to amuſe himſelf with the Diverſions of the Town, but under that Mask was the greateſt Miniſter of his Age. He would be carried in a careleſs, effeminate poſture thro' the Streets in his Chair, even to the degree of a Proverb, and yet there was not a Cabal of ill diſpos'd Perſons which he had not early notice of; and that too in a City as large as *London* and *Paris*, and perhaps two or three more of the moſt populous put together. No Man better underſtood that Art ſo neceſſary to the *Great*; the Art of *declining Envy*: Being but of a Gentleman's Family, not *Patrician*, be would not provoke the Nobility by accepting invidious Honours; but wiſely ſatisfied himſelf that he had the *Ear* of *Auguſtus*, and the *Secret* of the Empire. He ſeems to have committed but one great Fault, which was the truſting a Secret of high Conſequence to his Wife; but his Maſter, enough Uxorious himſelf, made his *own* Frailty more excuſable, by generouſly forgiving that of his Favourite. He kept in all his Greatneſs exact meaſures with his Friends; and chuſing them wiſely, found, by Experience, that good *Senſe and Gratitude* are almoſt inſeparable. This appears in *Virgil* and *Horace*; the former, beſides the Honour he did him to all Poſterity, retur'd his Liberalities at his Death: The other, whom *Mecænas* recommended with his laſt Breath, was too generous to ſtay behind, and enjoy the Favour of *Auguſtus*: He only deſir'd a place in his Tomb, and to mingle his Aſhes with thoſe of his deceaſed Benefactor. But this was Seventeen Hundred Years ago. *Virgil*, thus powerfully ſupported, thought it mean to Petition for himſelf alone, but reſolutely ſolicits the Cauſe of his whole Country, and ſeems, at firſt, to have met with ſome Encouragement: But the matter cooling, he was forc'd to ſit down contented with the Grant of his own Eſtate. He goes therefore to *Mantua*, produces his Warrant to a Captain of Foot, whom he found in his Houſe; *Arrius* who had eleven Points of the Law, and fierce of the Services he had rendred to *Octavius*, was ſo far from yielding Poſſeſſion, that words growing betwixt them, he wounded him dangerouſly, forc'd him to fly, and at laſt to ſwim the River *Mincius* to ſave his Life. *Virgil*, who us'd to ſay, that no Virtue was ſo neceſſary as Patience, was forc'd to drag a ſick Body half the length of *Italy*, back again to *Rome*, and by the way, probably, compos'd his Ninth Paſtoral, which may ſeem to have been made

made up in haſte out of the Fragments of ſome other pieces; and naturally enough repreſents the diſorder of the Poets Mind, by its disjointed Faſhion, tho' there be another Reaſon to be given elſewhere of its want of Connexion. He handſomely ſtates his Caſe in that Poem, and with the pardonable Reſentments of Injur'd Innocence, not only claims *Octavius*'s Promiſe, but hints to him the uncertainty of Human Greatneſs and Glory: All was taken in good part by that Wiſe Prince: At laſt effectual Orders were given: About this time, he Compos'd that admirable Poem, which is ſet firſt, out of reſpect to *Cæſar*; for he does not ſeem either to have had leiſure, or to have been in the Humour of making ſo ſolemn an Acknowledgment, 'till he was poſſeſs'd of the Benefit. And now he was in ſo great Reputation and Intereſt, that he reſolved to give up his Land to his Parents, and himſelf to the Court. His Paſtorals were in ſuch Eſteem, that *Pollio*, now again in high Favour with *Cæſar*, deſired him to reduce them into a Volume. Some Modern Writer, that has a conſtant flux of Verſe, would ſtand amaz'd how *Virgil* could employ three whole Years in reviſing five or ſix hundred Verſes, moſt of which, probably, were made ſome time before; but there is more reaſon to wonder how he could do it ſo ſoon in ſuch Perfection. A courſe Stone is preſently faſhion'd; but a Diamond, of not many Karats, is many Weeks in ſawing, and in Poliſhing many more. He who put *Virgil* upon this, had a Politick good end in it.

The continu'd Civil Wars had laid *Italy* almoſt waſte; the Ground was Uncultivated and Unſtock'd; upon which enſu'd ſuch a Famine, and Inſurrection, that *Cæſar* hardly ſcap'd being Ston'd at *Rome*; his Ambition being look'd upon by all Parties as the principal occaſion of it. He ſet himſelf therefore with great Induſtry to promote *Country-Improvements*; and *Virgil* was ſerviceable to his Deſign, as the good keeper of the Bees, *Geor.* 4.

Tinnitúſque cie, & matris quate cymbala circum,
Ipſæ conſident———

That Emperour afterwards thought it matter worthy a publick Inſcription

Rediit cultus Agris.

Which ſeems to be the motive that Induced *Mecænas*, to put him upon Writing his *Georgics*, or Books of Husbandry: A deſign as new in Latin Verſe, as Paſtorals, before *Virgil* were in *Italy*; which Work took up Seven of the moſt vigorous Years of his Life; for he was now at leaſt Thirty four Years of Age; and here *Virgil* ſhines in his *Meridian*. A great part of this Work ſeems to have been rough-drawn before he left *Mantua*, for an Ancient Writer has obſerv'd that the Rules of Husbandry laid down in it, are better Calculated for the Soil of *Mantua*, than for the more Sunny Climate of *Naples*; near which place, and in *Sicily*, he finiſh'd it. But leſt his Genius ſhould be depreſſed by apprehenſions of want, he had a good Eſtate ſettled upon him, and a Houſe in the Pleaſanteſt part of *Rome*; the Principal Furniture of which was a well-choſen Library, which ſtood open to all comers of Learning and Merit; and what recommended the ſituation of it moſt, was the Neighbourhood of *his Mecænas*; and thus

he cou'd either viſit *Rome*, or return to his privacy at *Naples*, thro' a Pleaſant Rode adorn'd on each ſide with pieces of Antiquity, of which he was ſo great a Lover, and in the intervals of them, ſeem'd almoſt one continu'd Street of three days Journey.

Cæſar having now Vanquiſh'd *Sextus Pompeius*, a Spring-tide of Proſperities breaking in upon him, before he was ready to receive them as he ought, fell ſick of the *Imperial Evil*, the deſire of being thought ſomething more than Man. *Ambition is an infinite Folly*: When it has attain'd to the utmoſt pitch of *Humane* Greatneſs, it ſoon falls to making pretenſions upon *Heaven*. The *crafty Livia* would needs be drawn in the Habit of a *Prieſteſſe* by the Shrine of the new God: And this became a Faſhion not to be diſpens'd with amongſt the Ladies: The Devotion was wondrous great amongſt the *Romans*, for it was their Intereſt, and which ſometimes avails more, it was the *Mode*. *Virgil*, tho' he deſpis'd the Heathen Superſtitions, and is ſo bold as to call *Saturn* and *Janus* by no better a name than that of *Old Men*, and might deſerve the Title of *Subverter* of Superſtitions, as well as *Varro*, thought fit to follow the *Maxim* of *Plato* his Maſter; that every one ſhould ſerve the Gods after the Uſage of his own Country, and therefore was not the laſt to preſent his Incenſe, which was of too *Rich* a Compoſition for *ſuch* an *Altar*: And by his Addreſs to *Cæſar* on this occaſion, made an unhappy Precedent to *Lucan* and other Poets which came after him, *Geor.* 1. and 3. And this Poem being now in great forwardneſs, *Cæſar*, who in imitation of his Predeceſſor *Julius*, never intermitted his Studies in the Camp, and much leſs in other places, refrefreſhing himſelf by a ſhort ſtay in a pleaſant Village of *Campania*, would needs be entertained with the rehearſal of ſome part of it. *Virgil* recited with a marvellous *Grace*, and ſweet Accent of Voice, but his Lungs failing him, *Mecenas* himſelf ſupplied his place for what remained. Such a piece of condecenſion wou'd now be very ſurprizing, but it was no more than cuſtomary amongſt Friends, when Learning paſs'd for Quality. *Lelius*, the ſecond Man of *Rome* in his time, had done as much for that Poet, out of whoſe Droſs *Virgil* would ſometimes pick Gold; as himſelf ſaid, when one found him reading *Ennius*: (the like he did by ſome Verſes of *Varro*, and *Pacuvius*, *Lucretius*, and *Cicero*, which he inſerted into his Works.) But Learned Men then liv'd eaſy and familiarly with the great: *Auguſtus* himſelf would ſometimes ſit down betwixt *Virgil* and *Horace*, and ſay jeaſtingly, that he ſate betwixt Sighing and Tears, alluding to the Aſthma of one, and Rheumatick Eyes of the other; he would frequently Correſpond with them, and never leave a Letter of theirs unanſwered: Nor were they under the conſtraint of formal Superſcriptions in the beginning, nor of violent Superlatives at the cloſe of their Letter: The invention of theſe is a Modern Refinement. *In which this may be remarked, in paſſing, that (humble Servant) is reſpect, but (Friend) an affront, which notwithſtanding implies the former, and a great deal more.* Nor does true Greatneſs loſe by ſuch Familiarity; and thoſe who have it not, as *Mecenas* and *Pollio* had, are not to be accounted Proud, but rather very Diſcreet, in their Reſerves. Some Play-houſe Beauties do wiſely to be ſeen at a diſtance, and to have the Lamps twinckle betwixt them and the Spectators.

But now *Cæſar*, who tho' he were none of the greateſt Souldiers, was certainly the greateſt Traveller, of a Prince, that had ever been

been, (for which *Virgil* ſo dexterouſly Complements him, *Æneid* 6.) takes a Voyage to *Ægypt*, and having happily finiſh'd the War, reduces that mighty Kingdom into the Form of a Province; over which he appointed *Gallus* his Lieutenant. This is the ſame Perſon to whom *Virgil* addreſſes his tenth Paſtoral; changing, in compliance to his Requeſt, his purpoſe of limiting them to the number of the Muſes. The Praiſes of this *Gallus* took up a conſiderable part of the Fourth Book of the *Georgicks*, according to the general conſent of Antiquity: But *Cæſar* would have it put out, and yet the Seam in the Poem is ſtill to be diſcern'd; and the matter of *Ariſtæus*'s recovering his Bees, might have been diſpatched in leſs compaſs, without fetching the Cauſes ſo far, or intereſſing ſo many Gods and Goddeſſes in *that* Affair. Perhaps ſome Readers may be inclin'd to think this, tho' very much labour'd, not the moſt entertaining part of that Work; ſo hard it is for the greateſt Maſters to Paint againſt their Inclination. But *Cæſar* was contented that he ſhou'd be mention'd in the laſt Paſtoral, becauſe it might be taken for a Satyrical ſort of Commendation; and the Character he there ſtands under, might help to excuſe his Cruelty, in putting an Old Servant to death for no very great Crime.

And now having ended, as he begins his *Georgics*, with ſolemn mention of *Cæſar*, an Argument of his Devotion to him: He begins his *Æneis*, according to the common account, being now turn'd of Forty. But that Work had been, in truth, the Subject of much earlier Meditation. Whilſt he was working upon the firſt Book of it, this paſſage, ſo very remarkable in Hiſtory, fell out, in which *Virgil* had a great ſhare.

Cæſar, about this time, either cloy'd with Glory, or terrifi'd by the Example of his Predeceſſor; or to gain the Credit of Moderation with the People, or poſſibly to feel the Pulſe of his Friends, delibetated whether he ſhould retain the Soveraign Power, or reſtore the Commonwealth. *Agrippa*, who was a very honeſt Man, but whoſe view was of no great extent, advis'd him to the latter; but *Mecænas*, who had throughly ſtudied his Maſter's Temper, in an Eloquent Oration, gave contrary Advice. That Emperor was too Politick to commit the over-ſight of *Cromwell*, in a deliberation ſomething reſembling this. *Cromwell* had never been more deſirous of the *Power*, than he was afterwards of the Title of King: And there was nothing, in which the Heads of the Parties, who were all his Creatures, would not comply with him: But by too vehement Allegation of Arguments againſt it, he, who had out-witted every body beſides, at laſt out-witted himſelf, by too deep diſſimulation: For his Council, thinking to make their Court by aſſenting to his judgment, voted unanimouſly *for him* againſt *his Inclination*; which ſurpriz'd and troubled him to ſuch a degree, that as ſoon as he had got into his Coach, he fell into a Swoon. But *Cæſar* knew his People better, and his Council being thus divided, he ask'd *Virgil's* Advice: Thus a Poet had the Honour of determining the greateſt Point that ever was in Debate, betwixt the Son-in-Law, and Favourite of *Cæſar*. *Virgil* deliver'd his Opinion in Words to this effect. *The change of a Popular into an Abſolute Government, has generally been of very ill Conſequence: For betwixt the Hatred of the People, and Injuſtice of the Prince, it of neceſſity comes to paſs that they live in diſtruſt, and mutual Apprehenſions. But if the Commons knew a juſt Perſon, whom they entirely confided in, it would be for the advantage of all Parties, that ſuch a one ſhould be their Soveraign: Wherefore if you ſhall continue to adminiſter Juſtice impartially, as hitherto you have done, your Power will prove ſafe to your ſelf, and beneficial*

ficial to Mankind. This excellent Sentence, which ſeems taken out of *Plato*, (with whoſe Writings the *Grammarians* were not much acquainted, and therefore cannot reaſonably be ſuſpected of Forgery in this matter,) contains the true ſtate of Affairs at that time: For the *Commonwealth Maxims* were now no longer practicable; the *Romans* had only the haughtineſs of the Old Commonwealth left, without one of its *Virtues*. And this Sentence we find, almoſt in the ſame words, in the firſt Book of the *Æneis*, which at this time he was writing; and one might wonder that none of his Commentators have taken notice of it. He compares a Tempeſt to a Popular Inſurrection, as *Cicero* had compar'd a Sedition to a Storm, a little before.

Ac veluti magno in populo, cum ſæpe coorta eſt
Seditio, ſævit que animis ignobile vulgus
Jamque faces, ac ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat.
Tum pietate gravem, & meritis ſi forte virum quem
Conſpexere ſilent, arrectiſque auribus adſtant.
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet.

Piety and *Merit* were the two great Virtues which *Virgil* every where attributes to *Auguſtus*, and in which that Prince, at leaſt Politickly, if not ſo truly, fix'd his Character, as appears by the *Marmor Ancyr.* and ſeveral of his Medals. *Franſhemius*, the Learn'd Supplementor of *Livy*, has inſerted this Relation into his Hiſtory; nor is there any Reaſon, why *Ruæus* ſhould account it fabulous. The Title of a Poet in thoſe days did not abate, but heighten the Character of the graveſt Senator. *Virgil* was one of the beſt and wiſeſt Men of his time, and in ſo popular eſteem, that one hundred Thouſand *Romans* roſe when he came into the Theatre, and paid him the ſame Reſpect they us'd to *Cæſar* himſelf, as *Tacitus* aſſures us. And if *Auguſtus* invited *Horace* to aſſiſt him in Writing his Letters, and every body knows that the *reſcripta Imperatorum* were the Laws of the Empire; *Virgil* might well deſerve a place in the Cabinet-Council.

And now he proſceutes his *Æneis*, which had Anciently the Title of the *Imperial Poem*, or *Roman Hiſtory*, and deſervedly; for though he were too Artful a Writer to ſet down Events in exact Hiſtorical order, for which *Lucan* is juſtly blam'd; yet are all the moſt conſiderable Affairs and Perſons of *Rome* compriz'd in this Poem. He deduces the Hiſtory of *Italy* from before *Saturn* to the Reign of King *Latinus*; and reckons up the Succeſſors of *Æneas*, who reign'd at *Alba*, for the ſpace of three hundred Years, down to the Birth of *Romulus*; deſcribes the Perſons and principal Exploits of all the Kings, to their Expulſion, and the ſettling of the Commonwealth. After this, he touches promiſcuouſly the moſt remarkable Occurrences at home and abroad, but inſiſts more particularly upon the Exploits of *Auguſtus*; inſomuch, that tho' this Aſſertion may appear, at firſt, a little ſurprizing; he has in his Works deduc'd the Hiſtory of a conſiderable part of the World from its *Original*, thro' the *Fabulous* and *Heroick* Ages, thro' the *Monarchy* and *Commonwealth* of *Rome*, for the ſpace of four Thouſand Years, down to within leſs than Forty of our Saviour's time, of whom he has preſerv'd a moſt Illuſtrious Prophecy. Beſides this, he points at many remarkable Paſſages of Hiſtory under feign'd Names: the deſtruction of *Alba*, and *Veii*, under that of *Troy*: The Star *Venus*, which, *Varro* ſays, guided *Æneas* in his Voyage to *Italy*, in that Verſe,

Matre deâ monſtrante viam.

Romulus his Lance taking Root, and Budding, is deſcrib'd in that Paſſage concerning *Polydorus*, lib. 3.

Confixum

——— ——*Confixum ferrea texit*
Telorum ſeges, & jaculis increvit acutis.

The Stratagem of the *Trojans* boring Holes in their Ships, and ſinking them, leſt the *Latins* ſhould Burn them, under that Fable of their being transform'd into *Sea-Nymphs:* And therefore the Ancients had no ſuch Reaſon to condemn that Fable as groundleſs and abſurd. *Cocles* ſwimming the River *Tyber*, after the Bridge was broken down behind him, is exactly painted in the Four laſt Verſes of the Ninth Book, under the Character of *Turnus*. *Marius* hiding himſelf in the Moraſs of *Minturnæ*, under the Perſon of *Sinon*:

Limoſoque lacu per Noctem obſcurus in ulvâ
Delitui——

Thoſe Verſes in the Second Book concerning *Priam*;

Jacet ingens littore truncus, &c.

ſeem originally made upon *Pompey* the *Great*. He ſeems to touch the Imperious, and Intriguing Humour of the Empreſs *Livia*, under the Character of *Juno*. The irreſolute and weak *Lepidus* is well repreſented under the Perſon of King *Latinus*; *Auguſtus* with the Character of *Pont. Max.* under that of *Æneas*; and the *raſh Courage* (always unfortunate in *Virgil*) of *Marc. Anthony* in *Turnus*; the railing Eloquence of *Cicero* in his *Phillipics* is well imitated in the Oration of *Drances*; the dull faithful *Agrippa*, under the perſon of *Achates*; accordingly this Character is flat: *Achates* kills but one Man, and himſelf receives one ſlight Wound, but neither ſays nor does any thing very conſiderable in the whole Poem. *Curio*, who ſold his Country for about Two hundred Thouſand Pound, is ſtigmatiz'd in that Verſe.

Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem.
Impoſuit.———

Livy relates that preſently after the death of the two *Scipio*'s in *Spain*, when *Martius* took upon him the Command, a Blazing Meteor ſhone around his Head, to the aſtoniſhment of his Souldiers: *Virgil* transfers this to *Æneas*.

Lætaſque vomunt duo tempora flammas.

It is ſtrange that the Commentators have not taken notice of this. Thus the ill Omen which happen'd a little before the Battel of *Thraſimen*, when ſome of the Centurions Lances took Fire miraculouſly, is hinted in the little accident which befel *Aceſtes*, before the Burning of the *Trojan* Fleet in *Sicily*. The Reader will eaſily find many more ſuch Inſtances. In other Writers there is often well cover'd *Ignorance*; in *Virgil*, conceal'd *Learning*.

His ſilence of ſome Illuſtrious Perſons is no leſs worth obſervation. He ſays nothing of *Scævola*, becauſe he attempted to Aſſaſſinate a King, tho' a declar'd Enemy. Nor of the Younger *Brutus*; for he *effected* what the other *endeavour'd*. Nor of the Younger *Cato*, becauſe he was an implacable Enemy of *Julius Cæſar*; nor could the mention of him be pleaſing to *Auguſtus*; and that Paſſage

His Dantem jura Catonem,

may relate to his Office, as he was a very ſevere Cenſor. Nor would he name *Cicero*, when the occaſion of mentioning him came full in his way; when he ſpeaks of *Catiline*; becauſe he afterwards approv'd the Murder of *Cæſar*, tho' the Plotters were too wary to truſt the Orator with their Deſign. Some other Poets knew the Art of Speaking well; but *Virgil*, beyond this, knew the admirable Secret of being *eloquently ſilent*. Whatſoever was moſt curious in *Fabius Pictor*, *Cato* the Elder, *Varro*, in the *Ægyptian* Antiquities, in the Form of Sacrifice, in the Solemnities

lem'nities of making Peace and War, is preſerv'd in this Poem. *Rome* is ſtill above ground, and flouriſhing in *Virgil*. And all this he performs with admirable Brevity. The *Æneis* was once near twenty times bigger than he left it; ſo that he ſpent as much time in blotting out, as ſome Moderns have done in Writing whole Volumes. But not one Book has his finiſhing Strokes: The ſixth ſeems one of the moſt perfect, the which, after long entreaty, and ſometimes threats of *Auguſtus*, he was at laſt prevail'd upon to recite: This fell out about four Years before his own Death: That of *Marcellus*, whom *Cæſar* deſign'd for his Succeſſor, happen'd a little before this Recital: *Virgil* therefore with his uſual dexterity, inſerted his Funeral Panegyrick in thoſe admirable Lines, beginning,

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum, &c.

His Mother, the Excellent *Octavia*, the *beſt Wife of the worſt Husband that ever was*, to divert her Grief, would be of the Auditory. The Poet artificially deferr'd the naming *Marcellus*, 'till their Paſſions were rais'd to the higheſt; but the mention of it put both Her and *Auguſtus* into ſuch a Paſſion of weeping, that they commanded him to proceed no further; *Virgil* anſwer'd, that he had already ended that Paſſage. Some relate, that *Octavia* fainted away; but afterwards ſhe preſented the Poet with two Thouſand one Hundred Pounds, odd Money; a round Sum for Twenty Seven Verſes. But they were *Virgil*'s. Another Writer ſays, that with a Royal Magnificence, ſhe order'd him Maſſy Plate, unweigh'd, to a great value.

And now he took up a Reſolution of Travelling into *Greece*, there to ſet the laſt Hand to this Work; purpoſing to devote the reſt of his Life to Philoſophy, which had been always his principal Paſſion. He juſtly thought it a fooliſh Figure for a grave Man to be overtaken by Death, whilſt he was weighing the Cadence of Words, and meaſuring Verſes; unleſs Neceſſity ſhould conſtrain it, from which he was well ſecur'd by the liberality of that Learned Age. But he was not aware, that whilſt he allotted three Years for the Reviſing of his Poem, he drew Bills upon a *failing Bank*: For unhappily meeting *Auguſtus* at *Athens*, he thought himſelf oblig'd to wait upon him into *Italy*, but being deſirous to ſee all he could of the *Greek* Antiquities, he fell into a languiſhing Diſtemper at *Megara*; this, neglected at firſt, prov'd Mortal. The agitation of the Veſſel, for it was now *Autumn*, near the time of his Birth, brought him ſo low, that he could hardly reach *Brindiſi*. In his Sickneſs he frequently, and with great importunity, call'd for his Scrutore, that he might Burn his *Æneis*, but *Auguſtus* interpoſing by his Royal Authority, he made his laſt Will, of which ſomething ſhall be ſaid afterwards. And conſidering probably how much *Homer* had been diſfigur'd by the Arbitrary Compilers of his Works, oblig'd *Tucca* and *Varius* to add nothing, nor ſo much as fill up the Breaks he left in his Poem. He order'd that his Bones ſhould be carried to *Naples*, in which place he had paſs'd the moſt agreeable part of his Life. *Auguſtus*, not only as Executor, and Friend, but according to the Duty of the *Pont. Max.* when a Funeral happen'd in his Family, took care himſelf to ſee the Will punctually executed. He went out of the World with all that Calmneſs of Mind with which the Ancient Writer of his Life ſays he came into it. Making the Inſcription of his Monument himſelf; for he *began* and *ended* his Poetical Compoſitions with an *Epitaph*. And this he made exactly according to the Law of his Maſter *Plato* on ſuch occaſions, without the leaſt oſtentation.

I ſung Flocks, Tillage, Heroes; Mantua gave
Me Life, Brunduſium Death, Naples a Grave.

A ſhort Account of his Perſon, Manners and Fortune.

HE was of a very ſwarthy Complexion, which might proceed from the Southern Extraction of his Father, tall and wide-ſhoulder'd, ſo that he may be thought to have deſcrib'd himſelf under the Character of *Muſæus*, whom he calls the beſt of Poets.

——Medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris ex tantem ſuſpicit altis.

His Sicklineſs, Studies, and the Troubles he met with, turn'd his Hair gray before the uſual time; he had an heſitation in his Speech, as many other great Men: It being rarely found that a very fluent Elocution, and depth of judgment meet in the ſame Perſon. His Aſpect and Behaviour ruſtick, and ungraceful: And this defect was not likely to be rectify'd in the place where he firſt liv'd, nor afterwards, becauſe the weakneſs of his Stomach would not permit him to uſe his Exerciſes; he was frequently troubled with the Head-ach, and ſpitting of Blood; ſpare of Dyet, and hardly drank any Wine. Baſhful to a fault; and when People crouded to ſee him, he would ſlip into the next Shop, or by-paſſage, to avoid them. As this Character could not recommend him to the fair Sex; he ſeems to have as little conſideration for them as *Euripides* himſelf. There is hardly the Character of one good Woman to be found in his Poems: He uſes the word [*Mulier*] but once in the whole *Æneis*, then too by way of Contempt, rendring literally a piece of a Verſe out of *Homer*. In his Paſtorals he is full of Invectives againſt Love: In the *Georgics* he appropriates all the *rage* of *it* to the Females. He makes *Dido*, who never deſerv'd that Character, Luſtful and Revengeful to the utmoſt degree; ſo as to dye devoting her Lover to deſtruction; ſo *changeable*, that the *Deſtinies* themſelves could not fix the time of her Death; but *Iris*, the Emblem of *Inconſtancy*, muſt determine it. Her Siſter is ſomething worſe. He is ſo far from paſſing ſuch a Complement upon *Helen*, as the grave Old Councellour in *Homer* does, after nine Years War, when upon the ſight of her he breaks out into this Rapture in the preſence of King *Priam*,

None can the cauſe of theſe long Wars deſpiſe;
The Coſt *bears no proportion to the* Prize:
Majeſtick Charms *in every Feature ſhine;*
Her Air, *her* Port, *her* accent *is* Divine.
However let the fatal *Beauty go*, &c.

Virgil is ſo far from this complaiſant Humour, that his *Heroe* falls into an unmanly and ill-tim'd deliberation, whether he ſhould not kill her in a Church; which directly contradicts what *Deiphobus* ſays of her, *Æneid 6.* in that place where every body tells the truth. He transfers the dogged Silence of *Ajax* his Ghoſt, to that of *Dido*; tho' that be no very natural Character to an injur'd Lover, or a Woman. He brings in the *Trojan* Matrons ſetting their own Fleet on Fire; and running afterwards, like Witches on their *Sabbat*, into the Woods. He beſtows indeed ſome Ornaments on the Character of *Camilla*; but ſoon abates his Favour, by calling her *aſpera & horrenda Virgo*: He places her in the Front of the line for an ill Omen of the Battel, as one of the Ancients has obſerv'd. We way obſerve, on this occaſion, it is an Art peculiar to *Virgil*, to intimate the Event by ſome preceding Accident. He hardly ever deſcribes the riſing of the Sun, but with ſome Circumſtance which foreſignifies the Fortune of the Day. For inſtance when *Æneas* leaves *Africa* and Queen *Dido*, he thus deſcribes the fatal Morning:

Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.

[And for the Remark, we ſtand indebted to the curious Pencil of *Pollio*.] The *Mourning Fields* (*Æneid.6.*) are crowded with Ladies of a loſt Reputation:

tation: Hardly one Man gets admittance, and that is *Caneus*, for a very good Reaſon. *Latinus* his Queen is turbulent, and ungovernable, and at laſt hangs her ſelf: And the fair *Lavinia* is diſobedient to the Oracle, and to the King, and looks a little flickering after *Turnus*. I wonder at this the more, becauſe *Livy* repreſents her as an excellent Perſon, and who behav'd her ſelf with great Wiſdom in her Regency during the minority of her Son: So that the Poet has done her Wrong, and it reflects on her Poſterity. His Goddeſſes make as ill a Figure; *Juno* is always in a rage, and the Fury of Heaven: *Venus* grows ſo unreaſonably confident, as to ask her Husband to forge Arms for her Baſtard Son; which were enough to provoke one of a more Phlegmatick Temper than *Vulcan* was. Notwithſtanding all this raillery of *Virgil*'s, he was certainly of a very Amorous diſpoſition, and has deſcrib'd all that is moſt delicate in the Paſſion of Love; but he Conquer'd his natural Inclinations by the help of Philoſophy; and refin'd it into Friendſhip, to which he was extreamly ſenſible. The Reader will admit of or reject the following Conjecture, with the free leave of the Writer, who will be equally pleas'd either way. *Virgil* had too great an Opinion of the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies: And, as an Ancient Writer ſays, he was born under the Sign of *Virgo*, with which Nativity he much pleas'd himſelf, and would exemplifie her *Vertues* in his Life. Perhaps it was thence that he took his Name of *Virgil* and *Parthenias*, which does not neceſſarily ſignifie *Baſe-born*. *Donatus*, and *Servius*, very good Grammarians, give a quite contrary ſenſe of it. He ſeems to make alluſion to this Original of his Name in that Paſſage,

Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat,
Parthenope.

And this may ſerve to illuſtrate his Complement to *Cæſar*, in which he invites him into his own Conſtellation,

Where, in the void of Heaven, a place is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion, *and the* Maid *for thee.*

Thus placing him betwixt Juſtice and Power, and in a Neighbour Manſion to his own; for *Virgil* ſuppos'd Souls to aſcend again to their *proper*, and *congeneal Stars*. Being therefore of this Humour, it is no wonder that he refus'd the Embraces of the Beautiful *Plotia*, when his indiſcreet Friend almoſt threw her into his Arms.

But however he ſtood affected to the Ladies, there is a dreadful Accuſation brought againſt him for the moſt unnatural of all Vices, which by the Malignity of Humane Nature has found more Credit in latter times than it did near his own. This took not its riſe ſo much from the *Alexis*, in which Paſtoral there is not one immodeſt Word; as from a ſort of ill-nature that will not let any one be without the imputation of ſome Vice; and principally becauſe he was ſo ſtrict a follower of *Socrates* and *Plato*. In order therefore to his Vindication, I ſhall take the matter a little higher.

The *Cretans* were anciently much addicted to Navigation, inſomuch that it became a *Greek* Proverb, (tho' omitted, I think, by the Induſtrious *Eraſmus*,) *A Cretan that does not know the Sea*. Their Neighbourhood gave them occaſion of frequent Commerce with the *Phœnicians*, that accurſed People, who infected the *Weſtern* World with endleſs Superſtitions, and groſs Immoralities. From them it is probable, that the *Cretans* learn'd this infamous Paſſion, to which they were ſo much addicted, that *Cicero* remarks, in his Book *de Rep.* that it was *a diſgrace for a young Gentleman to be without Lovers*. *Socrates*, who was a great Admirer of the *Cretan* Conſtitutions, ſet his excellent Wit to find out ſome good Cauſe, and Uſe of this Evil Inclination, and therefore gives an Account, wherefore

Beauty

Beauty is to be lov'd, in the following Paſſage; for I will not trouble the Reader, weary perhaps already with a long *Greek* Quotation. *There is but one Eternal, Immutable, Uniform Beauty; in contemplation of which, our Soveraign Happineſs does conſiſt: And therefore a true Lover conſiders Beauty and Proportion as ſo many ſteps and Degrees, by which he may aſcend from the particular to the general, from all that is lovely of Feature, or regular in Proportion, or charming in Sound, to the general Fountain of all Perfection. And if you are ſo much tranſported with the ſight of Beautiful Perſons, as to wiſh neither to eat or drink, but paſs your whole Life in their Converſation; to what extaſie would it raiſe you to behold the Original Beauty, not fill'd up with Fleſh and Blood, or varniſh'd with a fading mixture of Colours, and the reſt of Mortal Trifles and Fooleries, but ſeparate, unmix'd, uniform, and divine,* &c. Thus far *Socrates*, in a ſtrain, much beyond the *Socrate Crétien* of Mr. *Balſac*: And thus that admirable Man lov'd his *Phædon*, his *Charmides*, and *Theætetus*; and thus *Virgil* lov'd his *Alexander*, and *Cebes*, under the feign'd Name of *Alexis*: He receiv'd them illiterate, but return'd them to their *Maſters*, the one a good Poet, and the other an excellent Grammarian: And to prevent all poſſible Miſinterpretations, he warily inſerted into the livelieſt *Epiſode* in the whole *Æneis*, theſe words,

Niſus amore pio pueri.

And in the Sixth, *Quique pii vates.* He ſeems fond of the Words, *caſtus*, *pius*, *Virgo*, and the Compounds of it; and ſometimes ſtretches the Uſe of that word further than one would think he reaſonably ſhould have done, as when he attributes it to *Paſiphaé* her ſelf.

Another Vice he is Tax'd with, is Avarice; becauſe he died Rich, and ſo indeed he did in compariſon of modern Wealth; his Eſtate amounts to near Seventy Five Thouſand Pounds of our Money: But *Donatus* does not take notice of this as a thing extraordinary; nor was it eſteem'd ſo great a Matter, when the Caſh of a great part of the World lay at *Rome*; *Antony* himſelf beſtow'd at once Two Thouſand Acres of Land in one of the beſt Provinces of *Italy*, upon a ridiculous Scribler, who is nam'd by *Cicero* and *Virgil*. A late Cardinal us'd to purchaſe ill flattery at the Expence of 100000 Crowns a Year. But beſides *Virgil*'s other Benefactors, he was much in favour with *Auguſtus*, whoſe Bounty to him had no limits, but ſuch as the Modeſty of *Virgil* preſcrib'd to it. Before he had made his own Forune, he ſetled his Eſtate upon his Parents and Brothers; ſent them Yearly large Sums, ſo that they liv'd in great Plenty and Reſpect; and at his Death, divided his Eſtate betwixt *Duty* and *Gratitude*, leaving one half to his Relations, and the other to *Mecenas*, to *Tucca* and *Varius*, and a conſiderable Legacy to *Auguſtus*, who had introduc'd a politick Faſhion of being in every bodies Will; which alone was a fair Revenue for a Prince. *Virgil* ſhews his deteſtation of this Vice, by placing in the front of the Damn'd thoſe who did not relieve their Relations and Friends; for the *Romans* hardly ever extended their Liberality further; and therefore I do not remember to have met in all the *Latin* Poets, one Character ſo noble as that ſhort one in *Homer*.

——Φίλῳ δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι,
πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκε——

On the other hand, he gives a very advanc'd place in *Elyſium* to good Patriots, *&c.* Obſerving in all his Poem, that Rule ſo Sacred amongſt the *Romans*, *That there ſhou'd be no Art allow'd, which did not tend to the improvement of the People in Virtue.* And this was the Principle too of our Excellent Mr. *Waller*, who us'd to ſay that he would raze any Line out of his Poems, which did not imply ſome Motive to Virtue; but he was unhappy in the choice of the Subject of his admirable vein in Poetry. The

Counteſs of C. was the *Helen of her Country*. There is nothing in Pagan Philoſophy more true, more juſt, and regular than *Virgil*'s *Ethics*; and it is hardly poſſible to ſit down to the ſerious peruſal of his Works, but a Man ſhall riſe more diſpos'd to virtue and goodneſs, as well as moſt agreeably entertain'd. The contrary to which diſpoſition, may happen ſometimes upon the reading of *Ovid*, of *Martial*, and ſeveral other ſecond rate Poets. But of the *Craft* and *Tricking* part of Life, with which *Homer* abounds, there is nothing to be found in *Virgil*; and therefore *Plato*, who gives the former ſo many good words, parfumes, Crowns, but at laſt *Complementally Baniſhes* him his Commonwealth, wou'd have intreated *Virgil* to ſtay with him, (if they had liv'd in the ſame Age,) and intruſted him with ſome important Charge in his Government. Thus was his *Life* as chaſt as his *Stile*, and thoſe who can Critick his *Poetry*, can never find a blemiſh in his *Manners*; and one would rather wiſh to have that *purity* of *Mind*, which the Satyriſt himſelf attributes to him; that friendly diſpoſition, and evenneſs of temper, and patience, which he was Maſter of in ſo eminent a degree, than to have the honour of being Author of the *Æneis*, or even of the *Georgics* themſelves.

Having therefore ſo little reliſh for the uſual amuſements of the world, he proſecuted his Studies without any conſiderable interruption, during the whole courſe of his Life, which one may reaſonably conjecture to have been ſomething longer than 52 years; and therefore it is no wonder that he became the moſt general Scholar that *Rome* ever bred, unleſs ſome one ſhould except *Varro*. Beſides the exact knowledge of Rural Affairs, he underſtood Medicine, to which Profeſſion he was deſign'd by his Parents. A Curious *Floriſt*, on which Subject one wou'd wiſh he had writ, as he once intended: So profound a Naturaliſt, that he has ſolv'd more *Phænomena* of Nature upon ſound Principles, than *Ariſtotle* in his *Phyſics*. He ſtudied Geometry, the moſt oppoſite of all Sciences to a Poetick Genius, and Beauties of a lively imagination; but this promoted the order of his Narrations, his propriety of Language, and clearneſs of Expreſſion, for which he was juſtly call'd the *Pillar of the Latin Tongue*. This Geometrical Spirit was the cauſe, that to fill up a Verſe he would not inſert one ſuperfluous word; and therefore deſerves that Character which a Noble and Judicious Writer has given him, * *That he never ſays too little nor too much.* Nor cou'd any one ever fill up the Verſes he left imperfect. There is one ſupply'd near the beginning of the Firſt Book; *Virgil* left the Verſe thus, *Hic currus fuit*—— *Hic illius arma*, —— the reſt is none of his.

* *Eſſay of Poetry by the Marqueſs of* Normanby.

He was ſo good a Geographer, that he has not only left us the fineſt Deſcription of *Italy* that ever was; but beſides, was one of the few Ancients who knew the true Syſtem of the Earth, its being Inhabited round about under the *Torrid Zone*, and near the Poles. *Metrodorus*, in his five Books of the *Zones*, juſtifies him from ſome Exceptions made againſt him by *Aſtronomers*. His Rhetorick was in ſuch general eſteem, that Lectures were read upon it in the Reign of *Tiberius*, and the Subject of Declamations taken out of him. *Pollio* himſelf, and many other Ancients Commented him. His Eſteem degenerated into a kind of Superſtition. The known Story of Mr. *Cowley* is an inſtance of it. But the *ſortes Virgilianæ* were condemn'd by St. *Auguſtin*, and other Caſuiſts. *Abienus*, by an odd Deſign, put all *Virgil* and *Livy* into *Iambick* Verſe; and the Pictures of thoſe two were hung in the moſt Honourable place of Publick Libraries, and the Deſign of taking them down, and deſtroying *Virgil*'s Works, was look'd upon as one of the moſt Extravagant amongſt the many *Brutiſh* Frenzies of *Caligula*.

PREFACE

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TO THE

PASTORALS,

With a ſhort DEFENCE of

VIRGIL,

Againſt ſome of the Reflexions of Monſieur *Fontanelle.*

AS the Writings of greateſt Antiquity are in Verſe, ſo of all ſorts of Poetry, Paſtorals *ſeem the moſt Ancient; being form'd upon the Model of the Firſt* Innocence, *and* Simplicity, *which the Moderns, better to diſpence themſelves from imitating, have wiſely thought fit to treat as* Fabulous, *and* impracticable; *and yet they, by obeying the* unſophiſticated *Dictates of Nature, enjoy'd the moſt valuable Bleſſings of Life: a vigorous Health of Body, with a conſtant ſerenity, and freedom of Mind, whilſt we, with all our fanciful Refinements, can ſcarcely paſs an Autumn without ſome acceſs of a Feaver, or a whole Day, not ruffled by ſome unquiet Paſſion. He was not then look'd upon as a very Old Man; who reach'd to a greater Number of Years, than in theſe times an ancient Family can reaſonably pretend to; and we know the Names of ſeveral, who ſaw, and practis'd the World for a longer ſpace of time, than we can read the Account of in any one entire Body of Hiſtory. In ſhort, they invented the moſt uſeful Arts,* Paſturage, Tillage, Geometry, Writing, Muſick, Aſtronomy, *&c. Whilſt the Moderns, like Extravagant Heirs, made rich by their Induſtry, ingratefully deride the good old* Gentlemen, *who left them the* Eſtate. *It is not therefore to be wonder'd at, that* Paſtorals *are fallen into Diſeſteem, together with that Faſhion of Life, upon which they were grounded. And methinks, I ſee the Reader already uneaſie at this Part of* Virgil, *counting the Pages, and poſting to the* Æneis; *ſo delightful an entertainment is the very Relation of publick Miſchief, and ſlaughter, now become to Mankind: and yet* Virgil *paſs'd a much different judgment on his own Works: He valu'd moſt this part, and his* Georgics, *and depended upon them for his Reputation with Poſterity: But Cenſures himſelf in one of his Letters to* Auguſtus, *for medling with* Heroics, *the Invention of a degenerating Age. This is the Reaſon that the Rules of* Paſtoral, *are ſo little known or ſtudied.* Ariſtotle, Horace, *and the* Eſſay of Poetry, *take no notice of it. And Mr.* Boileau, *one of the moſt accurate of the Moderns, becauſe he never loſes the Ancients out of his Sight, beſtows ſcarce half a Page on it.*

It

It is the Deſign therefore of the few following pages, to clear this ſort of Writing from vulgar Prejudices; to vindicate our Author from ſome unjuſt Imputations; to look into ſome of the Rules of this ſort of Poetry, and Enquire what ſort of Verſification is moſt proper for it, in which point we are ſo much inferiour to the Ancients, that this Conſideration alone, were enough to make ſome Writers think as they ought, that is, Meanly, *of their own Performances.*

As all ſorts of Poetry conſiſt in imitation; Paſtoral is the imitation of a Shepherd conſider'd under that Character: *It is requiſite therefore to be a little inform'd of the Condition, and Qualification of theſe Shepherds.*

One of the Ancients has obſerv'd truly, but Satyrically enough, that, Mankind is the Meaſure of every thing: *And thus by a gradual improvement of this miſtake, we come to make our own* Age *and* Countrey *the Rule and* Standard *of others, and our ſelves at laſt the meaſure of them* all. *We figure the Ancient Countrey-men like our own, leading a painful Life in Poverty and Contempt, without Wit, or Courage, or Education: But Men had quite different Notions of theſe things, for the firſt four Thouſand Years of the World; Health and Strength were then in more eſteem than the refinements of Pleaſure; and it was accounted a great deal more Honourable to Till the Ground, or keep a Flock of Sheep, than to diſſolve in Wantonneſs, and effeminating Sloath. Hunting has now an Idea of Quality join'd to it, and is become the moſt important Buſineſs in the Life of a Gentleman; Antiently it was quite otherways. Mr.* Fleury *has ſeverely remark'd that this Extravagant Paſſion for Hunting is a ſtrong Proof of our* Gothic *Extraction, and ſhews an affinity of Humour with the Savage* Americans. *The Barbarous* Franks *and other* Germans, *(having neither Corn, nor Wine of their own growth,) when they paſs'd the* Rhine, *and poſſeſs'd themſelves of Countreys better Cultivated, left the Tillage of the Land to the Old Proprietors; and afterwards continu'd to hazard their Lives as freely for their* Diverſion, *as they had done before for their neceſſary ſubſiſtance. The* Engliſh *gave this Uſage the* Sacred Stamp *of* Faſhion, *and from hence it is that moſt of our Terms of Hunting are* French. *The Reader will, I hope, give me his Pardon for my freedom on this Subject, ſince an ill Accident, occaſion'd by Hunting, has kept* England *in pain, theſe ſeveral Months together, for one of the* * beſt, *and* greateſt Peers *which ſhe has bred for ſome Ages; no leſs illuſtrious for* Civil Virtues, *and* Learning, *than his* Anceſtors *were for all their Victories in* France.

* The Duke of *Shrewsbery.*

But there are ſome Prints ſtill left of the Ancient Eſteem for Husbandry and their plain Faſhion of Life in many of our Sir-Names, and in the Eſcutcheons *of the moſt Ancient Families, even thoſe of the greateſt Kings, the* Roſes, *the* Lillies, *the* Thiſtle, &c. *It is generally known, that one of the principal Cauſes of the Depoſing of* Mahomet *the* 4th, *was, that he would not allot part of the Day to ſome manual Labour, according to the Law of* Mahomet, *and Ancient Practice of his Predeceſſors. He that reflects on this will be the leſs ſurpriz'd to find that* Charlemaign *Eight Hundred Years ago, order'd his Children to be inſtructed in ſome Profeſſion. And Eight Hundred Years yet higher, that* Auguſtus *wore no Cloaths but ſuch as were made by the Hands of the Empreſs and her Daughters; and* Olympias *did the ſame for* Alexander *the Great. Nor will he wonder that the* Romans *in great exigency, ſent for their Dictator from the Plow, whoſe whole Eſtate was but of four Acres; too little a ſpot now for the Orchard, or Kitchin-Garden of a* Private Gentleman. *It is commonly known, that the Founders of three the moſt renown'd Monarchies in the World, were Shepherds: And the Subject of Husbandry has been adorn'd*

by

by the Writings *and* Labour *of more than twenty* Kings. *It ought not therefore to be matter of Surprize to a Modern Writer, that Kings, the* Shepherds *of the* People *in* Homer, *laid down their firſt* Rudiments *in tending their* mute Subjects; *nor that the Wealth of* Uliſſes *conſiſted in Flocks and Herds, the Intendants over which, were then in equal eſteem with Officers of State in latter times. And therefore* Eumæus *is call'd* Δῖος ὑφορβὸς *in* Homer; *not ſo much becauſe* Homer *was a lover of a Countrey Life, to which he rather ſeems averſe, but by reaſon of the Dignity and Greatneſs of his Truſt, and becauſe he was the Son of a* King, *ſtollen away, and Sold by the* Phœnician *Pyrates, which the Ingenious Mr.* Cowley *ſeems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it ſeem ſtrange, that the Maſter of the Horſe to King* Latinus, *in the Ninth* Æneid, *was found in the homely Employment of cleaving Blocks, when news of the firſt Skirmiſh betwixt the* Trojans *and* Latins *was brought to him.*

Being therefore of ſuch Quality, they cannot be ſuppos'd ſo very ignorant *and* unpoliſh'd; *the Learning and good breeding of the World was then in the hands of ſuch People. He who was choſen by the conſent of all Parties to* arbitrate *ſo delicate an Affair, as which was the* faireſt *of the three* Celebrated Beauties *of* Heaven; *he who had the addreſs to debauch away* Helen *from her* Husband, *her Native* Country, *and from a* Crown, *underſtood what the* French *call by the too ſoft name of* Gallanterie; *he had Accompliſhments enough, how ill uſe ſoever he made of them. It ſeems therefore that Mr.* F. *had not duly conſider'd the matter, when he reflected ſo ſeverely upon* Virgil, *as if he had not obſerv'd the Laws of* decency *in his* Paſtorals, *in making Shepherds ſpeak to things* beſide *their* Character, *and* above *their Capacity. He* ſtands amaz'd that Shepherds ſhould thunder out, as he expreſſes himſelf, the formation of the World, and that too according to the Syſtem of *Epicurus. In truth,* ſays he, page 176. I cannot tell what to make of this whole piece; (the Sixth *Paſt.*) I can neither comprehend the Deſign of the Author, nor the Connexion of the parts; firſt come the Ideas of Philoſophy, and preſently after thoſe incoherent Fables, *&c. To expoſe him yet more, he ſubjoins,* it is *Silenus* himſelf who makes all this abſurd Diſcourſe. *Virgil* ſays indeed that he had drank too much the day before; perhaps the Debauch hung in his head when he compos'd this Poem, *&c. Thus far Mr.* F. *who, to the diſgrace of Reaſon, as himſelf ingenuouſly owns, firſt built his Houſe, and then ſtudied* Architecture; *I mean firſt Compos'd his* Eclogues, *and then ſtudied the Rules. In anſwer to this, we may obſerve, firſt, that this very* Paſtoral *which he ſingles out to triumph over, was recited by a Famous Player on the* Roman *Theatre, with marvellous applauſe; inſomuch that* Cicero *who had heard part of it only, order'd the whole to be rehears'd, and ſtruck with admiration of it, conferr'd then upon* Virgil *the Glorious Title of*

Magnæ ſpes alteræ Romæ.

Nor is it Old Donatus *only who relates this, we have the ſame account from another very Credible and Ancient Author; ſo that here we have the judgment of* Cicero, *and the People of* Rome, *to confront the ſingle Opinion of this adventrous Critick. A Man ought to be well aſſur'd of his own Abilities, before he attack an Author of* eſtabliſh'd *Reputation. If Mr.* F. *had perus'd the fragments of the* Phœnician *Antiquity, trac'd the progreſs of Learning thro' the Ancient* Greek *Writers, or ſo much as Conſulted his Learned Countrey-Man* Huetius, *he would have found, (which falls*

falls out unluckily for him) *that a* Chaldæan *Shepherd diſcover'd to the* Ægyptians *and* Greeks *the* Creation of the World. *And what Subject more fit for ſuch a* Paſtoral, *than that Great Affair which was firſt notified to the World by one of that* Profeſſion? *Nor does it appear,* (*what he takes for granted*) *that* Virgil *deſcribes the Original of the World according to the* Hypotheſis *of* Epicurus; *he was too well ſeen in Antiquity to commit ſuch a groſs Miſtake; there is not the leaſt mention of* Chance *in that whole Paſſage, nor of the* Clinamen Principiorum, *ſo peculiar to* Epicurus's Hypotheſis. Virgil *had not only more Piety, but was of too nice a Judgment to introduce a* God *denying the* Power *and* Providence *of the* Deity, *and ſinging a Hymn to the Atoms, and blind Chance. On the contrary, his Deſcription agrees very well with that of* Moſes; *and the Eloquent Commentator* D'Acier, *who is ſo confident that* Horace *had perus'd the Sacred Hiſtory, might with greater Reaſon have affirm'd the ſame thing of* Virgil. *For, beſides that Famous Paſſage in the Sixth* Ænèid, (*by which this may be illuſtrated,*) *where the word* Principio *is us'd in the front of both by* Moſes *and* Virgil, *and the* Seas *are firſt mention'd, and the* Spiritus intus alit, *which might not improbably, as Mr.* D'Acier *would ſuggeſt, allude to the* Spirit moving upon the face of the Waters; *But omitting this parallel place, the ſucceſſive formation of the World is evidently deſcrib'd in theſe words,*

Rerum paulatim ſumere formas;

And 'tis hardly poſſible to render more literally that verſe of Moſes,
Let the Waters be gathered into one place, and let the dry Land appear, *than in this of* Virgil,

Jam durare ſolum, & diſcludere Nerea Ponto.

After this the formation of the Sun is deſcrib'd (exactly in the Moſaical *order,) and next the production of the firſt Living Creatures, and that too in a ſmall number, (ſtill in the ſame method.)*

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the foreſaid Author would probably remark, that Virgil *keeps more exactly the* Moſaick *Syſtem, than an Ingenious Writer, who will by no means allow Mountains to be* coæval *with the World. Thus much will make it probable at leaſt, that* Virgil *had* Moſes *in his thoughts rather than* Epicurus, *when he compos'd this Poem. But it is further remarkable, that this Paſſage was taken from a Song attributed to* Apollo, *who himſelf too* unluckily *had been a* Shepherd, *and he took it from another yet more ancient, compos'd by the firſt* Inventer *of* Muſick, *and at that time a* Shepherd *too; and this is one of the nobleſt Fragments of* Greek *Antiquity; and becauſe I cannot ſuppoſe the Ingenious Mr.* F. *one of their number, who pretend to cenſure the* Greeks, *without being able to diſtinguiſh* Greek *from* Epheſian Characters, *I ſhall here ſet down the Lines from which* Virgil *took this paſſage, tho' none of the Commentators have obſerv'd it.*

——— ἐρατὴ δ' ὀϊ ἔσπετο φωνὴ,
Κραίνων ἀθανάτους τε θεὺς, καὶ γαῖαν ἐρέμνην,
Ὡς τὰ πρῶτα γένοιτο, καὶ ὡς λακε μοῖραν ἕκαστος. *&c.*

Thus Linus *too began his Poem, as appears by a Fragment of it preſerv'd by* Diogenes Laertius; *and the like may be inſtanc'd in* Muſæus *himſelf.*

So

So that our Poet here with great Judgment, as always, follows the ancient Cuſtom of beginning their more Solemn Songs with the Creation, *and does it too moſt properly under the perſon of a* Shepherd; *and thus* the firſt and beſt Employment of Poetry was to compoſe Hymns in Honour of the Great Creator of the Univerſe.

Few words will ſuffice to anſwer his other Objections. He demands why thoſe ſeveral Transformations *are mention'd in that* Poem? *And is not Fable then the Life and Soul of Poetry? Can himſelf aſſign a more proper Subject of* Paſtoral, *than the* Saturnia Regna, *the* Age *and* Scene *of this kind of Poetry? What Theme more fit for the Song of a* God, *or to imprint Religious awe, than the omnipotent Power of* transforming *the Species of Creatures at their pleaſure? Their Families liv'd in Groves, near the clear Springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young Shepherds, than that they ſhould not gaze too much into the Liquid dangerous Looking-glaſs, for fear of being* ſtoln *by the* Water-Nymphs, *that is, falling and being drown'd, as* Hylas *was?* Paſiphae's *monſtrous paſſion for a* Bull, *is certainly a Subject enough fitted for* Bucolics: *Can Mr.* F. *Tax* Silenus *for fetching* too *far the Transformation of the Siſters of* Phaeton *into* Trees, *when perhaps they ſat at that very time under the hoſpitable ſhade of thoſe Alders and Poplars? Or the Metamorphoſis of* Philomela *into that raviſhing Bird, which makes the ſweeteſt Muſick of the* Groves? *If he had look'd into the ancient* Greek *Writers, or ſo much as Conſulted honeſt* Servius, *he would have diſcover'd that under the Allegory of this* drunkenneſs *of* Silenus, *the refinement and* exaltation *of Mens* Minds *by* Philoſophy *was intended. But if the Author of theſe Reflections can take ſuch flights in his Wine, it is almoſt pity that drunkenneſs ſhou'd be a Sin, or that he ſhou'd ever want good ſtore of* Burgundy, *and* Champaign. *But indeed he ſeems not to have ever drank out of* Silenus *his Tankard, when he compos'd either his* Critique, *or* Paſtorals.

His Cenſure on the Fourth ſeems worſe grounded than the other; it is Entituled in ſome ancient Manuſcripts, The Hiſtory of the Renovation of the World; *he complains* that he cannot underſtand what is meant by thoſe many Figurative Expreſſions: *But if he had conſulted the younger* Voſſius *his Diſſertation on this* Paſtoral, *or read the Excellent Oration of the Emperour* Conſtantine, *made* French *by a good Pen of their own, he would have found there the plain interpretation of all thoſe Figurative Expreſſions; and withall, very ſtrong Proofs of the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion; ſuch as Converted Heathens, as* Valerianus, *and others: And upon account of this Piece, the moſt Learn'd of all the Latin Fathers calls* Virgil *a* Chriſtian, *even before* Chriſtianity. Cicero *takes notice of it in his Books of Divination, and* Virgil *probably had put it in Verſe a conſiderable time before the Edition of his* Paſtorals. *Nor does he appropriate it to* Pollio, *or* his Son, *but* Complementally *dates it from his Conſulſhip. And therefore ſome one who had not ſo kind thoughts of Mr.* F. *as I, would be inclin'd to think him as bad a* Catholick *as* Critick *in this place.*

But, in reſpect to ſome Books he has wrote ſince, I paſs by a great part of this, and ſhall only touch briefly ſome of the Rules of this ſort of Poem.

The Firſt is, that an air of Piety upon all occaſions ſhould be maintain'd in the whole Poem: This appears in all the Ancient Greek *Writers*; *as* Homer, Heſiod, Aratus, *&c. And* Virgil *is ſo exact in the obſervation of it, not only in this Work, but in his* Æneis *too, that a Celebrated* French *Writer taxes him for permitting* Æneas *to do nothing without the aſſiſtance of ſome God. But by this it appears, at leaſt, that Mr. St.* Eur. *is no* Janſeniſt.

Mr. F. *ſeems a little defective in this point; he brings in a pair of Shepherdeſſes diſputing very warmly, whether* Victoria *be a* Goddeſs, *or a* Woman. *Her great condeſcenſion and compaſſion, her affability and goodneſs, none of the meaneſt Attributes of the Divinity, paſs for convincing Arguments that ſhe* could not *poſſibly be a Goddeſs.*

Les Déeſſes toûjours fieres & mépriſantes
Ne raſſureroiént point les Bergeres tremblantes
Par d'obligeans diſcours, des ſouris gracieux;
Mais tu l'as veu; cette Auguſte Perſonne
Qui vient de paroiſtre en ces lieux
Prend ſoin de raſſurer au moment qu'elle étonne.
Sa bonté deſcendant ſans peine juſqu'à nous.

In ſhort, ſhe has too many Divine Perfections *to be a* Diety, *and therefore ſhe is a Mortal* [*which was the thing to be prov'd.*] *It is directly contrary to the practice of all antient Poets, as well as to the Rules of decency and Religion, to make ſuch odious Preferences. I am much ſurpriz'd therefore that he ſhould uſe ſuch an argument as this.*

Cloris, as-tu veu des Déeſſes
Avoir un air ſi facile & ſi doux?

Was not Aurora, *and* Venus, *and* Luna, *and I know not how many more of the Heathen Deities too eaſie of acceſs to* Tithonus, *to* Anchiſes, *and to* Endimion? *Is there any thing more ſparkiſh and better humour'd than* Venus *her accoſting her Son in the Deſarts of* Lybia? *or than the behaviour of* Pallas *to* Diomedes, *one of the moſt perfect and admirable Pieces of all the* Iliads; *where ſhe condeſcends to* raillé *him ſo agreeably; and notwithſtanding her* ſevere Virtue, *and all the Enſigns of* Majeſty, *with which ſhe ſo* terribly adorns *her ſelf, condeſcends to ride with him in his* Chariot? *But the* Odyſſes *are full of greater inſtances of condeſcenſion than this.*

This brings to mind that Famous paſſage of Lucan, *in which he prefers* Cato *to all the Gods at once,*

Victrix cauſa deis placuit ſed victa Catoni.

Which Brelæuf *has render'd ſo flatly, and which may be thus Paraphras'd.*

Heaven meanly with the Conqueror did comply,
But *Cato* rather than ſubmit would die.

It is an unpardonable preſumption in any ſort of Religion to complement their Princes *at the expence of* their Deities.

But

But letting that paſs, this whole Eclogue is but a long Paraphraſe of a trite Verſe in Virgil, *and* Homer,

Nec vox Hominem ſonat, O Dea certe.

So true is that Remark of the Admirable E. of Roſcommon, *if apply'd to the* Romans, *rather I fear than to the* Engliſh, *ſince his own Death.*

——————one *ſterling* Line,
Drawn to *French* Wire, would thro' whole pages ſhine.

Another Rule is, that the Characters ſhould repreſent that Ancient Innocence, and unpractis'd Plainneſs, which was then in the World. P. Rapine *has gather'd many Inſtances of this out of* Theocritus, *and* Virgil; *and the Reader can do it as well as himſelf. But Mr.* F. *tranſgreſs'd this Rule, when he hid himſelf in the Thicket, to liſten to the private diſcourſe of the two Shepherdeſſes. This is not only ill Breeding at* Verſailles; *the* Arcadian Shepherdeſſes *themſelves would have ſet their Dogs upon one for ſuch an unpardonable piece of Rudeneſs.*

A Third Rule is, That there ſhould be ſome Ordonnance, ſome Deſign, or little Plot, which may deſerve the Title of a Paſtoral Scene. *This is every where obſerv'd by* Virgil, *and particularly remarkable in the firſt* Eclogue; *the ſtandard of all Paſtorals; a Beautiful* Landſcape *preſents it ſelf to your view, a Shepherd with his Flock around him, reſting ſecurely under a ſpreading* Beech, *which furniſh'd the firſt Food to our Anceſtors. Another in quite different Situation of Mind and Circumſtances, the Sun ſetting, the Hoſpitality of the more fortunate Shepherd,* &c. *And here Mr.* F. *ſeems nor a little wanting.*

A Fourth Rule, and of great importance in this delicate ſort of Writing, is, that there be choice diverſity of Subjects; that the Eclogues, *like a Beautiful Proſpect, ſhould Charm by its Variety.* Virgil *is admirable in this Point, and far ſurpaſſes* Theocritus, *as he does every where, when Judgment and Contrivance have the principal part. The Subject of the firſt* Paſtoral *is hinted above.*

The Second contains the Love of Coridon *for* Alexis, *and the ſeaſonable reproach he gives himſelf, that he left his Vines half prun'd, (which according to the* Roman Rituals, *deriv'd a Curſe upon the Fruit that grew upon it) whilſt he purſu'd an Object undeſerving his Paſſion.*

The Third, a ſharp Contention of two Shepherds for the Prize of Poetry.
The Fourth contains the Diſcourſe of a Shepherd Comforting himſelf in a declining Age, that a better was enſuing.

The Fifth a Lamentation for a Dead Friend, the firſt draught of which is probably more Ancient than any of the Paſtorals now extant; his Brother being at firſt intended; but he afterwards makes his Court to Auguſtus, *by turning it into an Apotheſis of* Julius Cæſar.

The Sixth is the Silenus.

The Seventh, another Poetical Diſpute, firſt Compos'd at Mantua.

The Eighth is the deſcription of a deſpairing Lover, and a Magical Charm.

He ſets the Ninth after all theſe, very modeſtly, becauſe it was particular to himſelf; and here he would have ended that Work, if Gallus *had not prevail'd upon him to add one more in his Favour.*

Thus Curious was Virgil *in* diverſifying *his Subjects. But Mr.* F. *is a great deal too Uniform; begin where you pleaſe, the Subject is ſtill the ſame. We find it true what he ſays of himſelf,*

Toûjours, toûjours de l'Amour.

He ſeems to take Paſtorals *and* Love-Verſes *for the ſame thing. Has Human Nature no other Paſſion? Does not* Fear, Ambition, Avarice, Pride, *a Capricio of Honour, and* Lazineſs *it ſelf often Triumph over* Love? *But this Paſſion does all, not only in* Paſtorals, *but in* Modern Tragedies *too. A Heroe can no more* Fight, or *be* Sick, *or* Dye, *than he can be* Born *without a* Woman. *But* Dramatic's *have been compos'd in compliance to the Humour of the Age, and the prevailing Inclination of the great, whoſe* Example *has a more powerful Influence, not only in the little Court behind the Scenes, but on the great Theatre of the World. However this inundation of* Love-Verſes *is not ſo much an effect of their Amorouſneſs, as of immoderate* Self-love. *This being the only ſort of Poetry, in which the Writer can, not only without Cenſure, but even with* Commendation, *talk of* himſelf. *There is generally more of the Paſſion of* Narciſſus, *than concern for* Chloris *and* Corinna *in this whole Affair. Be pleas'd to look into almoſt any of thoſe Writers, and you ſhall meet every where that* eternal Moy, *which the admirable* Paſchal *ſo judiciouſly condemns.* Homer *can never be enough admir'd for this one ſo particular Quality, that he never ſpeaks of himſelf, either in the* Iliad, *or the* Odyſſes; *and if* Horace *had never told us his Genealogy, but left it to the Writer of his Life, perhaps he had not been a loſer by it. This Conſideration might induce thoſe great Criticks,* Varius *and* Tucca, *to raze out the four firſt Verſes of the* Æneis, *in great meaſure, for the ſake of that unlucky* Ille ego. *But extraordinary* Genius's *have a ſort of Prerogative, which may diſpenſe them from Laws, binding to* Subject-Wits. *However, the Ladies have the leſs reaſon to be pleas'd with thoſe Addreſſes, of which the Poet takes the greater ſhare to himſelf. Thus the* Beau *preſſes into their* Dreſſing-Room, *but it is not ſo much to adore their fair Eyes, as to adjuſt his own Steenkirk and Peruke, and ſet his Countenance in their Glaſs.*

A fifth Rule, (which one may hope will not be conteſted) is that the Writer ſhould ſhew in his Compoſitions, ſome competent skill of the Subject matter, that which makes the Character of Perſons introduc'd. In this, as in all other Points of Learning, Decency, and Oeconomy of a Poem, Virgil *much excells his Maſter* Theocritus. *The* Poet *is better skill'd in* Husbandry *than thoſe that get their Bread by* it. *He deſcribes the Nature, the Diſeaſes, the Remedies, the proper places, and Seaſons, of Feeding, of Watering their Flocks; the Furniture, Diet; the Lodging and Paſtimes of his Shepherds. But the Perſons brought in by Mr.* F. *are Shepherds in Maſquerade, and handle their* Sheep-Hook *as awkardly, as they do their* Oaten-Reed. *They Saunter about with their* chers Moutons, *but they relate as little to the Buſineſs in hand, as the* Painter's Dog, *or a* Dutch *Ship, does to the Hiſtory deſign'd. One would ſuſpect ſome of them, that inſtead of leading out their Sheep*

into

into the Plains of Mont-Briſon, *and* Marcilli, *to the flowry Banks of* Lignon, *or the* Charanthe ; *that they are driving directly,* à la boucherie, *to make Money of them. I hope hereafter Mr.* F. *will chuſe his Servants better.*

A ſixth Rule is, That as the Style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it ſhould have ſome peculiar reliſh of the Ancient Faſhion of Writing. Parables in thoſe times were frequently us'd, as they are ſtill by the Eaſtern *Nations*; *Philoſophical Queſtions, Ænigma's,* &c. *and of this we find Inſtances in the* Sacred Writings, *in* Homer, *Contemporary with King* David, *in* Herodotus, *in the* Greek *Tragedians*; *this piece of Antiquity is imitated by* Virgil *with great judgment and diſcretion: He has propos'd one Riddle which has never yet been ſolv'd by any of his Commentators. Tho' he knew the Rules of* Rhetorick, *as well as* Cicero *himſelf*; *he conceals that skill in his Paſtorals, and keeps cloſe to the Character of Antiquity: Nor ought the Connexions and Tranſitions to be very ſtrict, and regular*; *this would give the* Paſtorals *an Air of* Novelty; *and of this neglect of exact Connexions, we have inſtances in the Writings of the Ancient* Chineſes, *of the* Jews *and* Greeks, *in* Pindar, *and other Writers of* Dythriambic's, *in the Chorus's of* Æſchylus, Sophocles, *and* Euripides. *If Mr.* F. *and* Ruæus, *had conſider'd this, the one wou'd have ſpar'd his Critic of the Sixth, and the other, his Reflections upon the Ninth* Paſtoral. *The over-ſcrupulous care of Connexions, makes the Modern Compoſitions oftentimes tedious and flat: And by the omiſſion of them it comes to paſs, that the* Penſées *of the incomparable* Mr. Paſcal, *and perhaps of Mr.* Bruyere, *are two of the moſt Entertaining Books which the Modern* French *can boaſt of.* Virgil, *in this point, was not only faithful to the Character of Antiquity, but Copies after* Nature her *ſelf. Thus* a Meadow, *where the Beauties of the Spring are* profuſely *blended together, makes a more delightful Proſpect, than a curious* Parterre *of ſorted Flowers in our Gardens, and we are much more tranſported with the Beauty of the Heavens, and admiration of their Creator, in a clear Night, when we behold Stars of all* Magnitudes, promiſcuouſly *moving together, than if thoſe glorious Lights were rank'd in their ſeveral* Orders, *or reduc'd into the fineſt* Geometrical *Figures.*

Another Rule omitted by P. Rapine, *as ſome of his are by me, (for I do not deſign an intire Treatiſe in this Preface,) is, that not only the Sentences ſhould be* ſhort, *and* ſmart, *upon which account, he juſtly blames the* Italian, *and* French, *as too Talkative, but that the whole piece ſhould be ſo too.* Virgil *tranſgreſs'd this Rule in his firſt Paſtorals, I mean thoſe which he compos'd at* Mantua, *but rectifi'd the Fault in his Riper Years. This appears by the* Culex, *which is as long as five of his Paſtorals put together. The greater part of thoſe he finiſh'd, have leſs than an Hundred Verſes, and but two of them exceed that number. But the* Silenus, *which he ſeems to have deſign'd for his Maſter-piece, in which he introduces a God ſinging, and he too full of Inſpiration, (which is intended by that ebriety, which Mr.* F. *ſo unreaſonably ridicules,) tho' it go thro' ſo vaſt a Field of Matter, and comprizes the Mythology of near Two Thouſand Years, conſiſts but of* Fifty *Lines*; *ſo that its brevity is is no leſs admirable, than the ſubject Matter*; *the noble Faſhion of handling it, and the* Deity *ſpeaking.* Virgil *keeps up his Characters in this reſpect too, with the ſtricteſt decency. For Poetry and Paſtime was not the Buſineſs of Mens Lives in thoſe days, but only their ſeaſonable Recreation after neceſſary Labours. And therefore the length of ſome of the Modern* Italian, *and* Engliſh *Compoſitions, is againſt the Rules of this kind of Poeſy.*

I ſhall add ſomething very briefly touching the Verſification of Paſtorals, *tho' it be a mortifying Conſideration to the Moderns. Heroic Verſe, as it is commonly call'd, was us'd by the* Greeks *in this ſort of Poem, as very Ancient and Natural.* Lyrics, Iambics, &c. *being Invented afterwards: but there is ſo great a difference in the Numbers, of which it may be compounded, that it may paſs rather for a* Genus, *than* Species, *of Verſe. Whoſoever ſhall compare the* numbers *of the three following Verſes, will quickly be ſenſible of the truth of this Obſervation.*

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

The firſt of the Georgics,

Quid faciat lætas ſegetes, quo ſydere terram.

and of the Æneis.

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui Primus ab oris.

The Sound *of the Verſes, is almoſt as different as the* Subjects. *But the* Greek *Writers of* Paſtoral, *uſually limited themſelves to the Example of the firſt; which* Virgil *found ſo exceedingly difficult, that he quitted it, and left the Honour of that part to* Theocritus. *It is indeed probable, that what we improperly call* Rhyme, *is the moſt ancient ſort of Poetry; and Learned Men have given good Arguments for it; and therefore a* French *Hiſtorian commits a groſs miſtake, when he attributes that Invention to a King of* Gaul, *as an* Engliſh *Gentleman does, when he makes a* Roman *Emperour the Inventor of it. But the* Greeks *who underſtood fully the force and power of* Numbers, *ſoon grew weary of this Childiſh ſort of Verſe, as the Younger* Voſſius *juſtly calls it, and therefore thoſe rhyming Hexameters, which* Plutarch *obſerves in* Homer himſelf, *ſeem to be the Remains of a barbarous Age.* Virgil *had them in ſuch abhorrence, that he would rather make a falſe* Syntax, *than what we call a Rhyme, ſuch a Verſe as this*

Vir precor *Uxori,* frater ſuccurre *Sorori.*

Was paſſable in Ovid, *but the nice Ears in* Auguſtus *his Court could not pardon* Virgil *for*

At Regina Pyra.

So that the principal Ornament of Modern Poetry, was accounted deformity *by the* Latins, *and* Greeks; *it was they who invented the different terminations of words, thoſe happy compoſitions, thoſe ſhort Monoſyllables, thoſe tranſpoſitions for the eleganee of the ſound and ſenſe, which are wanting ſo much in modern Languages. The* French *ſometimes crowd together ten, or twelve Monoſylables, into one disjointed Verſe; they may underſtand the nature of, but cannot imitate, thoſe wonderful* Spondees *of* Pythagoras, *by which he could ſuddenly pacifie a Man that was in a violent tranſport of anger; nor thoſe* ſwift numbers *of the Prieſts of* Cybele, *which had the force to enrage the moſt* ſedate *and* Phlegmatick *Tempers. Nor can any Modern put into his own Language the* Energy *of that ſingle Poem of* Catullus,

Super

Super alta vectus *Atys*, *&c.*

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek; *and the* French, Spaniſh, *and* Italian, *a corruption of* Latin; *and therefore a Man might as well go about to perſuade me that* Vinegar *is a* Nobler *Liquor than* Wine, *as that the modern Compoſitions can be as graceful and harmonious as the* Latine *it ſelf. The* Greek *Tongue very naturally falls into* Iambicks, *and therefore the diligent Reader may find ſix or ſeven and twenty of them in thoſe accurate Orations of* Iſocrates. *The* Latin *as naturally falls into* Heroic; *and therefore the beginning of* Livy's *Hiſtory is half an Hexameter, and that of* Tacitus *an entire one.* **The* Roman *Hiſtorian deſcribing the glorious effort of a Colonel to break thro' a* Brigade *of the Enemies, juſt after the defeat at* Cannæ, *falls, unknowingly, into a Verſe not unworthy* Virgil *himſelf.* * Livy.

Hæc ubi dicta dedit, ſtringit gladium, cuneoq;
Facto per medios, *&c.*

Ours and the French *can at beſt but fall into Blank Verſe, which is a fault in Proſe. The misfortune indeed is common to us both, but we deſerve more compaſſion, becauſe we are not vain of our barbarities. As Age brings Men back into the ſtate and infirmities of Childhood, upon the fall of their Empire, the* Romans doted *into* Rhime, *as appears ſufficiently by the* Hymns *of the* Latin Church; *and yet a great deal of the* French *Poetry does hardly deſerve that poor title. I ſhall give an inſtance out of a Poem which had the good luck to gain the Prize in* 1685, *for the Subject deſerv'd a Nobler Pen.*

Tous les jours ce grand Roy des autres Roys l'exemple,
S'ouvre nouveau chemin au faiſte de un ton temple, &c.

The Judicious Malherbe *exploded this ſort of Verſe near eighty Years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that Paſſage of a Famous Academician, in which he, moſt compaſſionately, excuſes the Ancients for their not being ſo exact in their Compoſitions, as the Modern* French, *becauſe they wanted a* Dictionary, *of which the* French *are at laſt happily provided. If* Demoſthenes *and* Cicero *had been ſo lucky as to have had a* Dictionary, *and ſuch a Patron as Cardinal* Richelieu, *perhaps they might have aſpir'd to the honour of* Balzac's *Legacy of* Ten pounds, Le prix de l' Eloquence.

On the contrary, I dare aſſert that there are hardly ten lines in either of thoſe great Orators, or even in the Catalogue of Homer's *Ships, which is not more harmonious, more truly* Rythmical, *than moſt of the* French, *or* Engliſh *Sonnets; and therefore they loſe, at leaſt, one half of their native Beauty by Tranſlation.*

I cannot but ad one Remark on this occaſion, that the French *Verſe is oftentimes not ſo much as Rhime, in the loweſt Senſe; for the Childiſh repetion of the ſame Note cannot be call'd* Muſick; *ſuch Inſtances are infinite, as in the forecited Poem.*

'Epris	Trophee	caché;
Mepris	Orphee	cherché.

Mr. Boileau *himſelf has a great deal of this* μονοτονία, *not by his own neglect, but purely by the faultineſs and poverty of the* French *Tongue. Mr.* F.

at

F. *at laſt goes into the* exceſſive Paradoxes *of Mr.* Perrault, *and boaſts of the vaſt number of their Excellent Songs, preferring them to the* Greek, *and* Latin. *But an ancient Writer of as good Credit, has aſſur'd us, that Seven Lives would hardly ſuffice to read over the* Greek Odes; *but a few Weeks would be ſufficient, if a Man were ſo very idle as to read over all the* French. *In the mean time, I ſhould be very glad to ſee a Catalogue of but fifty of theirs with*

* Exact propriety of word and thought.

* Eſſay of Poetry. *Notwithſtanding all the high Encomiums and mutual Gratulations which they give one another; (for I am far from cenſuring the whole of that Illuſtrious Society, to which the Learned World is much oblig'd) after all thoſe Golden Dreams at the* L'Ouvre, *that their Pieces will be as much valu'd ten, or twelve Ages hence, as the ancient* Greek, *or* Roman, *I can no more get it into my head that they will laſt ſo long, than I could believe the Learned Dr.* H—K. [*of the* Royal Society,] *if he ſhould pretend to ſhew me a* Butterflye *that had liv'd a* thouſand Winters.

When Mr. F. *wrote his* Eclogues, *he was ſo far from equalling* Virgil, *or* Theocritus, *that he had ſome pains to take before he could underſtand in what the principal* Beauty, *and* Graces *of their Writings do conſiſt.*

TO

To Mr. Dryden, *on his Excellent Tranſlation of* VIRGIL.

WHen e're Great *VIRGIL*'s lofty Verſe I ſee,
The Pompous Scene charms my admiring Eye:
There different Beauties in perfection meet;
The Thoughts as proper, as the Numbers ſweet:
And when wild Fancy mounts a daring height,
Judgment ſteps in, and moderates her Flight.
Wiſely he manages his Wealthy Store,
Still ſays enough, and yet implies ſtill more:
For tho' the weighty Senſe be cloſely wrought,
The Reader's left t'improve the pleaſing thought.

Hence we deſpair'd to ſee an Engliſh dreſs
Should e're his Nervous Energy expreſs;
For who could that in fetter'd Rhyme incloſe,
Which without loſs can ſcarce be told in Proſe?

But you, Great Sir, his Manly Genius raiſe;
And make your Copy ſhare an equal praiſe.
Oh how I ſee thee in ſoft Scenes of Love,
Renew thoſe Paſſions he alone could move!
Here *Cupid*'s Charms are with new Art expreſt,
And pale *Eliza* leaves her peaceful reſt:
Leaves her *Elizium*, as if glad to live,
To Love, and Wiſh, to Sigh, Deſpair and Grieve,
And die again for him that would again deceive.
Nor does the mighty *Trojan* leſs appear
Than *Mars* himſelf amidſt the Storms of War.
Now his fierce Eyes with double fury glow,
And a new dread attends th' impending blow:
The *Daunian* Chiefs their eager rage abate,
And tho' unwounded, ſeem to feel their Fate.

Long the rude fury of an ignorant Age,
With barbarous ſpight prophan'd his Sacred Page.
The heavy *Dutchmen* with laborious toil,
Wreſted his Senſe, and cramp'd his vigorous Style;
No time, no pains the drudging Pedants ſpare;
But ſtill his Shoulders muſt the burthen bear.
While thro' the Mazes of their Comments led,
We learn not what he writes, but what they read.
Yet thro' theſe Shades of undiſtinguiſh'd Night
Appear'd ſome glimmering intervals of Light;
'Till mangled by a vile Tranſlating Sect,
Like Babes by Witches in Effigie rackt:
'Till *Ogleby*, mature in dulneſs roſe,
And *Holbourn* Dogrel, and low chiming Proſe,
His Strength and Beauty did at once depoſe.

But now the Magick Spell is at an end,
Since even the Dead in you have found a Friend.
You free the Bard from rude Oppreſſor's Power,
And grace his Verſe with Charms unknown before:
He, doubly thus oblig'd, muſt doubting ſtand,
Which chiefly ſhould his Gratitude command;
Whether ſhould claim the Tribute of his Heart,
The Patron's Bounty, or the Poet's Art.

Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
The *Roman* Genius in thy Verſe renew'd:
We ſaw thee raiſe ſoft *Ovid*'s Amorous Fire,
And fit the tuneful *Horace* to thy Lyre:
We ſaw new gall imbitter *Juvenal*'s Pen,
And crabbed *Perſius* made politely plain;
Virgil alone was thought too great a task;
What you cou'd ſcarce perform, or we durſt ask:
A Task! which *Waller*'s Muſe cou'd ne're engage;
A Task! too hard for *Denham*'s ſtronger rage:
Sure of Succeſs they ſome ſlight Sallies try'd,
But the fenc'd Coaſt their bold attempts defy'd:
With fear their o're-match'd Forces back they drew,
Quitted the Province Fate reſerv'd for you.
In vain thus *Philip* did the *Perſians* ſtorm;
A Work his Son was deſtin'd to perform.

O had *Roſcommon* * *liv'd to hail the day,*
And Sing loud Pœans *thro' the crowded way;*
When you in Roman *Majeſty appear,*
Which none know better, and none come ſo near:
The happy Author would with wonder ſee,
His Rules were only Prophecies of thee:
And were he now to give Tranſlators light,
He'd bid them only read thy Work, and write.

* Eſſay of Tranſlated Verſe, *pag.* 26.

For this great Task our loud applauſe is due;
We own old Favours, but muſt preſs for new:
Th' expecting World demands one Labour more;
And thy lov'd *Homer* does thy aid implore,
To right his injur'd Works, and ſet them free
From the lew'd Rhymes of groveling *Ogleby*.
Then ſhall his Verſe in graceful Pomp appear,
Nor will his Birth renew the ancient jar;
On thoſe *Greek* Cities we ſhall look with ſcorn,
And in our *Britain* think the Poet Born.

To Mr. *Dryden* on his Tranſlation of *VIRGIL.*

WE read, how Dreams and Viſions heretofore,
The Prophet, and the Poet cou'd inſpire;
And make 'em in unuſual Rapture ſoar,
With Rage Divine, and with Poetick Fire.

2.

O could I find it now!——Wou'd Virgil's *Shade*
But for a while vouchſafe to bear the Light;
To grace my Numbers, and that Muſe to aid,
Who ſings the Poet that has done him right.

3.

It long has been this Sacred Author's Fate,
To lye at ev'ry dull Tranſlator's Will;
Long, long his Muſe has groan'd beneath the weight
Of mangling Ogleby's *preſumptuous Quill.*

4.

Dryden, *at laſt, in his Defence aroſe;*
The Father now is righted by the Son:
And while his Muſe endeavours to diſcloſe
That Poet's Beauties, ſhe declares her own.

5.

In your ſmooth, pompous Numbers dreſt, each Line,
Eeach Thought, betrays ſuch a Majeſtick Touch;
He cou'd not, had he finiſh'd his Deſign,
Have wiſht it better, or have done ſo much.

6.

You like his Heroe, though your ſelf were free;
And diſentangl'd from the War of Wit;
You, who ſecure might others danger ſee,
And ſafe from all malicious Cenſure ſit:

7.

Yet becauſe Sacred Virgil's *Noble Muſe,*
O'relay'd by Fools, was ready to expire:
To riſque your Fame again, you boldly chuſe,
Or to redeem, or periſh with your Sire.

8.

Ev'n firſt and laſt, we owe him half to you,
For that his Æneids *miſs'd their threatned Fate,*
Was——that his Friends by ſome Prediction knew,
Hereafter who correcting ſhould tranſlate.

9.

But hold my Muſe, thy needleſs Flight reſtrain,
Unleſs like him thou cou'dſt a Verſe indite:
To think his Fancy to deſcribe, is vain,
Since nothing can diſcover Light, but Light.

10.

'Tis want of Genius that does more deny;
'Tis Fear my Praiſe ſhou'd make your Glory leſs.
And therefore, like the modeſt Painter, I
Muſt draw the Vail, where I cannot expreſs.

Henry Grahme.

To Mr. *DRYDEN.*

NO undiſputed Monarch Govern'd yet
With Univerſal Sway the Realms of Wit:
Nature cou'd never ſuch Expence afford,
Each ſeveral Province own'd a ſeveral Lord.
A Poet then had his Poetick Wife,
One Muſe embrac'd, and Married for his Life.
By the ſtale thing his Appetite was cloy'd,
His Fancy leſſned, and his Fire deſtroy'd.
But Nature grown extravagantly kind,
With all her Treaſures did adorn your Mind.
The different Powers were then united found,
And you Wit's Univerſal Monarch crown'd.
Your Mighty Sway your great Deſert ſecures,
And ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace is yours.
To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
Sated with this, you to another flye.
So *Sultan* like in your *Seraglio* ſtand,
While wiſhing Muſes wait for your Command.
Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,
Sublime your Fancy, boundleſs is your Mind.
Not all the blaſts of time can do you wrong,
Young ſpight of Age, in ſpight of Weakneſs ſtrong.
Time like *Alcides*, ſtrikes you to the ground,
You like *Antæus* from each fall rebound.

H. St. John.

To Mr. *Dryden* on his *VIRGIL.*

TIS ſaid that Phidias *gave ſuch living Grace,*
To the carv'd Image of a beauteous Face,
That the cold Marble might even ſeem to be
The Life, and the true Life, the Imag'ry.

You paſs that Artiſt, Sir, and all his Powers,
Making the beſt of Roman *Poets ours;*
With ſuch Effect, we know not which to call
The Imitation, which th' Original.

What Virgil *lent, you pay in equal Weight,*
The charming Beauty of the Coin no leſs;
And ſuch the Majeſty of your Impreſs,
You ſeem the very Author you tranſlate.

'Tis

'Tis certain were he now alive with us,
And did revolving Deſtiny conſtrain,
To dreſs his Thoughts in Engliſh *o're again,*
Himſelf cou'd write no otherwiſe than thus.

His old Encomium never did appear
So true as now ; *Romans* and *Greeks* ſubmit,
Something of late is in our Language writ,
More nobly great than the fam'd *Iliads* were.

Ja. Wright.

To Mr. *Dryden* on his Tranſlations.

AS Flow'rs tranſplanted from a *Southern* Sky,
But hardly bear, or in the raiſing dye,
Miſſing their Native Sun, at beſt retain
But a faint Odour, and but live with Pain:
So *Roman* Poetry by Moderns taught,
Wanting the Warmth with which its Author wrote,
Is a dead Image, and a worthleſs Draught.
While we transfuſe, the nimble Spirit flies,
Eſcapes unſeen, evaporates, and dyes.

Who then attempt to ſhew the Ancients Wit,
Muſt copy with the Genius that they writ.
Whence we conclude from thy tranſlated Song,
So juſt, ſo warm, ſo ſmooth, and yet ſo ſtrong,
Thou Heav'nly Charmer! Soul of Harmony!
That all their Geniuſſes reviv'd in thee.

Thy Trumpet ſounds, the dead are rais'd to Light,
New-born they riſe, and take to Heav'n their Flight;
Deckt in thy Verſe, as clad with Rayes, they ſhine
All Glorify'd, Immortal and Divine.

As *Britain*, in rich Soil abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for Uſe, for Luxury, and Pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton Sails on ev'ry Shore,
For Foreign Wealth, inſatiate ſtill of more;
To her own Wool, the Silks of *Aſia* joins,
And to her plenteous Harveſts, *Indian* Mines:
So *Dryden*, not contented with the Fame
Of his own Works, tho' an immortal Name,
To Lands remote he ſends his learned Muſe,
The nobleſt Seeds of Foreign Wit to chuſe.
Feaſting our Senſe ſo many various Ways,
Say, Is't thy Bounty, or thy Thirſt of Praiſe?
That by comparing others, all might ſee,
Who moſt excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee.

George Granville.

To Mr. Dryden on his Translations.

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Char. Mannours, *Eſq;*
Tho. Manſel, *Eſq;*
Buſſy Manſel, *Eſq;*
Will. Martyn, *Eſq;*
Henry Maxwell, *Eſq;*
Charles Mein, *Eſq;*
Rich. Minſhul, *Eſq;*
Ro. Moleſworth, *Eſq;*
The Ho. Henry Mordaunt, *Eſq;*
George Moult, *Eſq;*
Chriſtoph. Mountague, *Eſq;*
Walter Moyl, *Eſq;*
Mr. Charles Marbury.
Mr. Chriſtoph. Metcalf.
Mrs. Monneux.

N.

Lord Norris.
Henry Nevile, *Eſq;*
William Norris, *Eſq;*
Mr. William Nicoll.

O.

Ro. Orme, *Eſq;*
Dr. Oliver, *M. D.*
Mr. Mich. Owen.

P.

The Right Hon. Charles *Earl of Peterborough.*
Sir Henry Pechy, *Bar.*
Sir John Phillips, *Bar.*
Sir John Pykering, *Bar.*
Sir John Parſons.
Ro. Palmer, *Eſq;*
Guy Palmes, *Eſq;*
Ben. Parry, *Eſq;*
Sam. Pepys, *Eſq;*
James Petre, *Eſq;*
Will. Peyſley, *Eſq;*
Craven Peyton, *Eſq;*
John Pitts, *Eſq;*
Will. Plowden *of Plowden, Eſq;*
Mr. Theoph. Pykering. *Prebend of Durham.*
Coll. Will. Parſons.
Captain Phillips.
Captain Pitts.
Mr. Daniel Peck.

R.

Dutcheſs of Richmond.
Earl of Radnor.
Lord Ranelagh.
Tho. Rawlins, *Eſq;*
Will. Rider, *Eſq;*
Francis Roberts, *Eſq;*
Mr. Roſe.

S.

Lord Spencer.
Sir Tho. Skipwith, *Bar.*
Sir John Seymour.
Sir Char. Skrimpſhire.
J. Scroop *of Danby, Eſq;*
Ralph. Sheldon, *Com. Warw. Eſq;*
Edw. Sheldon, *Eſq;*
John Smith, *Eſq;*
James Sothern, *Eſq;*
The Ho. James Stanley, *Eſq;*
Ro. Stopford, *Eſq;*
The Hon. Major Gen. Edw. Sackville.
Col. J. Stanhope.
Col. Strangways.
Mr. James Seamer.
Mr. William Seeks.
Mr. Joſeph Sherwood.
Mr. Laurence Smith.
Mr. Tho. Southern.
Mr. Paris Slaughter.
Mr. Lancelot Stepney.

T.

Sir John Trevillion, *Bar.*
Sir Edm. Turner.
Henry Temple, *Eſq;*
Aſhburnam Toll, *Eſq;*
Sam. Travers, *Eſq;*
John Tucker, *Eſq;*
Maj. Gen. Charles Trelawney.
Maj. Gen. Trelawney.
Col. John Tidcomb.
Col. Trelawney.
Mr. George Townſend.
Mr. Tho. Tyldeſley.
Mr. Tyndall.

V.

John Verney, *Eſq;*
Henry Vernon, *Eſq;*
James Vernon, *Eſq;*

W.

Ld. Marquiſs of Winchester.
Earl of Weymouth.
Lady Windham.
Sir John Walter, *Bar.*
Sir John Woodhouſe, *B.*
Sir Francis Windham.
James Ward, *Eſq;*
William Wardour, *Jun. Eſq;*
Will. Welby, *Eſq;*
Will. Weld, *Eſq;*
Th. Brome Whorwood, *Eſq;*
Salw. Winnington, *Eſq;*
Col. Cornelius Wood.
Mrs. Mary Walter.
Mr. Leonard Weſſel.

To the Right Hble John Lord Sommers
Baron of Evesham Ld High Chancellr
of England &c.

Virgil's Paſtorals.

The Firſt Paſtoral.

OR,

Tityrus *and* Melibœus.

The Argument.

The Occaſion of the Firſt Paſtoral was this. When Auguſtus *had ſetled himſelf in the* Roman *Empire, that he might reward his* Veteran *Troops for their paſt Service, he diſtributed among 'em all the Lands that lay about* Cremona *and* Mantua: *turning out the right Owners for having ſided with his Enemies.* Virgil *was a Sufferer among the reſt; who afterwards recover'd his Eſtate by* Mecænas's *Interceſſion, and as an Inſtance of his Gratitude compos'd the following Paſtoral; where he ſets out his own Good Fortune in the Perſon of* Tityrus, *and the Calamities of his* Mantuan *Neighbours in the Character of* Melibœus.

MELIBOEUS.

BEneath the Shade which Beechen Boughs diffuſe,
You *Tity'rus* entertain your Silvan Muſe:
Round the wide World in Baniſhment we rome,
Forc'd from our pleaſing Fields and Native Home:
While ſtretch'd at Eaſe you ſing your happy loves:
And *Amarillis* fills the ſhady Groves.

TITYRUS.

Theſe Bleſſings, Friend, a Deity beſtow'd:
For never can I deem him leſs than God.
The tender Firſtlings of my Woolly breed
Shall on his holy Altar often bleed.
He gave my Kine to graze the Flow'ry Plain:
And to my Pipe renew'd the Rural Strain.

MELIBOEUS.

I envy not your Fortune, but admire,
That while the raging Sword and waſtful Fire
Deſtroy the wretched Neighbourhood around,
No Hoſtile Arms approach your happy ground.
Far diff'rent is my Fate: my feeble Goats
With pains I drive from their forſaken Cotes.
And this you ſee I ſcarcely drag along,
Who yeaning on the Rocks has left her Young;
(The Hope and Promiſe of my failing Fold:)
My Loſs by dire Portents the Gods foretold:
For had I not been blind I might have ſeen
Yon riven Oak, the faireſt of the Green,
And the hoarſe Raven, on the blaſted Bough,
By croaking from the left preſag'd the coming Blow.
But tell me, *Tityrus*, what Heav'nly Power
Preſerv'd your Fortunes in that fatal Hour?

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought Imperial *Rome*
Like *Mantua*, where on Market-days we come,
And thether drive our tender Lambs from home.
So Kids and Whelps their Sires and Dams expreſs:
And ſo the Great I meaſur'd by the Leſs.
But Country Towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like Shrubs, when lofty Cypreſſes are near.

MELIBOEUS.

What Great Occaſion call'd you hence to *Rome*?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' ſlow to come:
Nor did my Search of Liberty begin,
Till my black Hairs were chang'd upon my Chin.
Nor *Amarillis* wou'd vouchſafe a look,
Till *Galatea*'s meaner bonds I broke.

Till

Till then a helpleſs, hopeleſs, homely Swain,
I ſought not freedom nor aſpir'd to Gain:
Tho' many a Victim from my Folds was bought,
And many a Cheeſe to Country Markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I ſpent,
And ſtill return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBOEUS.

We ſtood amaz'd to ſee your Miſtreſs mourn;
Unknowing that ſhe pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why ſhe kept her Fruit ſo long,
For whom ſo late th' ungather'd Apples hung.
But now the Wonder ceaſes, ſince I ſee
She kept them only, *Tityrus*, for thee.
For thee the bubling Springs appear'd to mourn,
And whiſp'ring Pines made vows for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What ſhou'd I do! while here I was enchain'd?
No glimpſe of Godlike Liberty remain'd?
Nor cou'd I hope in any place but there,
To find a God ſo preſent to my Pray'r.
There firſt the Youth of Heav'nly Birth I view'd;
For whom our Monthly Victims are renew'd.
He heard my Vows, and graciouſly decreed
My Grounds to be reſtor'd, my former Flocks to feed.

MELIBOEUS.

O Fortunate Old Man! whoſe Farm remains
For you ſufficient, and requites your pains,
Tho' Ruſhes overſpread the Neighb'ring Plains.
Tho' here the Marſhy Grounds approach your Fields,
And there the Soyl a Stony Harveſt yields.
Your teeming Ewes ſhall no ſtrange Meadows try,
Nor fear a Rott from tainted Company.
Behold yon bord'ring Fence of Sallow Trees
Is fraught with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs are fraught with Bees:

The

The buisie Bees with a soft murm'ring Strain
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring Swain.
While from the Neighb'ring Rock, with rural Songs,
The Pruner's Voice the pleasing Dream prolongs;
Stock-Doves and Turtles tell their Am'rous pain,
And from the lofty Elms of Love complain.

TITYRUS.

Th' Inhabitants of Seas and Skies shall change,
And fish on shoar and Stags in Air shall range,
The banish'd *Parthian* dwell on *Arar*'s brink,
And the blue *German* shall the *Tigris* drink:
E're I, forsaking Gratitude and Truth,
Forget the Figure of that Godlike Youth.

MELIBOEUS.

But we must beg our Bread in Climes unknown,
Beneath the scorching or the freezing Zone.
And some to far *Oaxis* shall be sold;
Or try the *Lybian* Heat, or *Scythian* Cold.
The rest among the *Britains* be confin'd;
A Race of Men from all the World dis-join'd.
O must the wretched Exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rowling Years return?
Are we condemn'd by Fates unjust Decree,
No more our Houses and our Homes to see?
Or shall we mount again the Rural Throne,
And rule the Country Kingdoms, once our own!
Did we for these Barbarians plant and sow,
On these, on these, our happy Fields bestow?
Good Heav'n what dire Effects from Civil Discord flow!
Now let me graff my Pears, and prune the Vine;
The Fruit is theirs, the Labour only mine.
Farewel my Pastures, my Paternal Stock,
My fruitful Fields, and my more fruitful Flock!

No

No more, my Goats, ſhall I behold you climb
The ſteepy Cliffs, or crop the flowry Thyme!
No more, extended in the Grot below,
Shall ſee you browzing on the Mountain's brow
The prickly Shrubs; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep Abyſs, and hang in Air.
No more my Sheep ſhall ſip the Morning Dew;
No more my Song ſhall pleaſe the Rural Crue:
Adieu, my tuneful Pipe! and all the World adieu!

TITYRUS.

This Night, at leaſt, with me forget your Care;
Cheſnuts and Curds and Cream ſhall be your fare:
The Carpet-ground ſhall be with Leaves o'reſpread;
And Boughs ſhall weave a Cov'ring for your Head.
For ſee yon ſunny Hill the Shade extends;
And curling Smoke from Cottages aſcends.

The Second Pastoral.

OR,

ALEXIS.

The Argument.

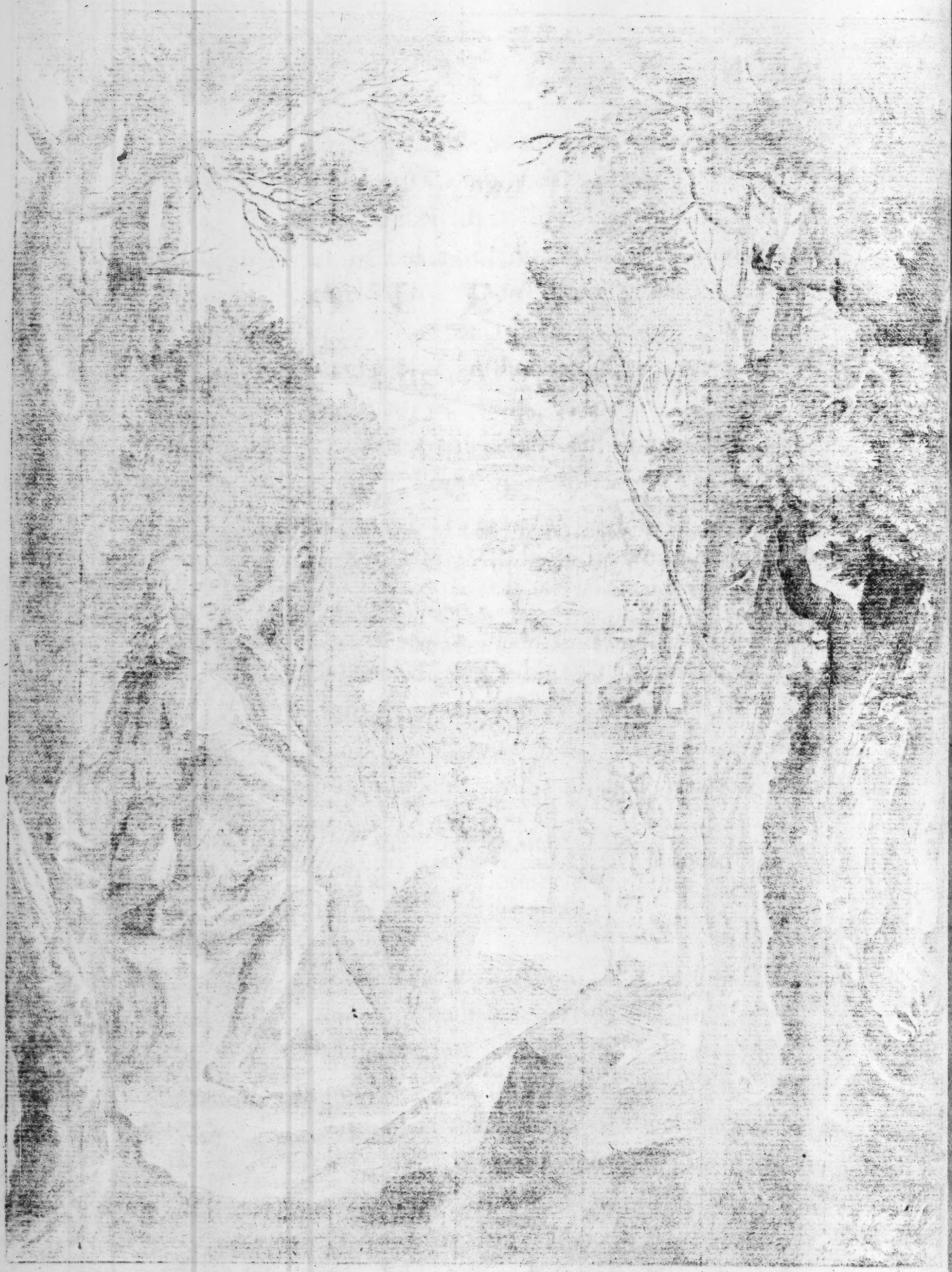
The Commentators can by no means agree on the Person of Alexis, *but are all of opinion that some Beautiful Youth is meant by him, to whom* Virgil *here makes Love; in* Corydon's *Language and Simplicity. His way of Courtship is wholly Pastoral: He complains of the Boys Coyness, recommends himself for his Beauty and Skill in Piping; invites the Youth into the Country, where he promises him the Diversions of the Place; with a suitable Present of Nuts and Apples: But when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome Amour, and betake himself again to his former Business.*

YOung *Corydon*, th' unhappy Shepherd Swain,
The fair *Alexis* lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the Beechen Shade, alone,
Thus to the Woods and Mountains made his Moan.
Is this, unkind *Alexis*, my reward,
And must I die unpityed, and unheard?
Now the green Lizard in the Grove is laid,
The Sheep enjoy the coolness of the Shade;
And *Thestilis* wild Thime and Garlick beats
For Harvest Hinds, o'respent with Toyl and Heats:
While in the scorching Sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o're the burning plain.
The creaking Locusts with my Voice conspire,
They fry'd with Heat, and I with fierce Desire.
How much more easie was it to sustain
Proud *Amarillis*, and her haughty Reign,
The Scorns of Young *Menalcas*, once my care,
Tho' he was black, and thou art Heav'nly fair.

Trust

To the Right Honble Thomas Earle
of Pembroke and Montgomery,
Lord Privy Seale &c

Past: 2.



Truſt not too much to that enchanting Face;
Beauty's a Charm, but ſoon the Charm will paſs:
White Lillies lie neglected on the Plain,
While dusky Hyacinths for uſe remain.
My Paſſion is thy Scorn; nor wilt thou know
What Wealth I have, what Gifts I can beſtow:
What Stores my Dairies and my Folds contain;
A thouſand Lambs that wander on the Plain:
New Milk that all the Winter never fails,
And all the Summer overflows the Pails:
Amphion ſung not ſweeter to his Herd,
When ſummon'd Stones the *Theban* Turrets rear'd.
Nor am I ſo deform'd; for late I ſtood
Upon the Margin of the briny Flood:
The Winds were ſtill, and if the Glaſs be true,
With *Daphnis* I may vie, tho' judg'd by you.
O leave the noiſie Town, O come and ſee
Our Country Cotts, and live content with me!
To wound the Flying Deer, and from their Cotes
With me to drive a-field, the browzing Goats:
To pipe and ſing, and in our Country Strain
To Copy, or perhaps contend with *Pan*.
Pan taught to joyn with Wax unequal Reeds,
Pan loves the Shepherds, and their Flocks he feeds:
Nor ſcorn the Pipe; *Amyntas*, to be taught,
With all his Kiſſes wou'd my Skill have bought.
Of ſeven ſmooth Joynts a mellow Pipe I have,
Which with his dying Breath *Damætas* gave:
And ſaid, This, *Corydon*, I leave to thee;
For only thou deſerv'ſt it after me.
His Eyes *Amyntas* durſt not upward lift,
For much he grudg'd the Praiſe, but more the Gift.
Beſides two Kids that in the Valley ſtray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd:

They drein two bagging Udders every day;
And theſe ſhall be Companions of thy Play.
Both fleck'd with white, the true *Arcadian* Strain,
Which *Theſtilis* had often beg'd in vain:
And ſhe ſhall have them, if again ſhe ſues,
Since you the Giver and the Gift refuſe.
Come to my longing Arms, my lovely care,
And take the Preſents which the Nymphs prepare.
White Lillies in full Canifters they bring,
With all the Glories of the Purple Spring,
The Daughters of the Flood have ſearch'd the Mead
For Violets pale, and cropt the Poppy's Head:
The Short *Marciſſus* and fair Daffodil,
Pancies to pleaſe the Sight, and Caſſia ſweet to ſmell:
And ſet ſoft Hyacinths with Iron blue,
To ſhade matſh Marigolds of ſhining Hue.
Some bound in Order, others looſely ſtrow'd,
To dreſs thy Bow'r, and trim thy new Abode.
My ſelf will ſearch our planted Grounds at home,
For downy Peaches and the gloſſie Plum:
And thraſh the Cheſnuts in the Neighb'ring Grove,
Such as my *Amarillis* us'd to love.
The Laurel and the Myrtle ſweets agree;
And both in Noſegays ſhall be bound for thee.
Ah, *Corydon*, ah poor unhappy Swain,
Alexis will thy homely Gifts diſdain:
Nor, ſhouldſt thou offer all thy little Store,
Will rich *Iolas* yield, but offer more.
What have I done, to name that wealthy Swain,
So powerful are his Preſents, mine ſo mean!
The Boar amidſt my Cryſtal Streams I bring;
And Southern Winds to blaſt my flowry Spring.
Ah cruel Creature, whom doſt thou deſpiſe?
The Gods to live in Woods have left the Skies.

And Godlike *Paris* in th' *Idean* Grove,
To *Priam*'s Wealth prefer'd *Oenone*'s Love.
In Cities which ſhe built, let *Pallas* Reign;
Tow'rs are for Gods, but Forreſts for the Swain.
The greedy Lyoneſs the Wolf purſues,
The Wolf the Kid, the wanton Kid the Browze:
Alexis thou art chas'd by *Corydon*;
All follow ſev'ral Games, and each his own.
See from afar the Fields no longer ſmoke,
The ſweating Steers unharnaſs'd from the Yoke,
Bring, as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough;
The Shadows lengthen as the Sun goes Low.
Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove;
Ah, cruel Heaven! that made no Cure for Love!
I wiſh for balmy Sleep, but wiſh in vain:
Love has no bounds in Pleaſure, or in Pain.
What frenzy, Shepherd, has thy Soul poſſeſs'd,
Thy Vinyard lies half prun'd, and half undreſs'd.
Quench, *Corydon*, thy long unanſwer'd fire:
Mind what the common wants of Life require.
On willow Twigs employ thy weaving care:
And find an eaſier Love, tho' not ſo fair.

The Third Pastoral.

OR,

PALÆMON.

Menalcas, Damætas, Palæmon.

The Argument.

Damætas *and* Menalcas, *after some smart strokes of Country Railery, resolve to try who has the most Skill at a Song; and accordingly make their Neighbour* Palæmon *Judge of their Performances: Who, after a full hearing of both Parties, declares himself unfit for the Decision of so weighty a Controversie, and leaves the Victory undetermin'd.*

MENALCAS.

HO, Swain, what Shepherd owns those ragged Sheep?

DAMÆTAS.

Ægon's they are, he gave 'em me to keep.

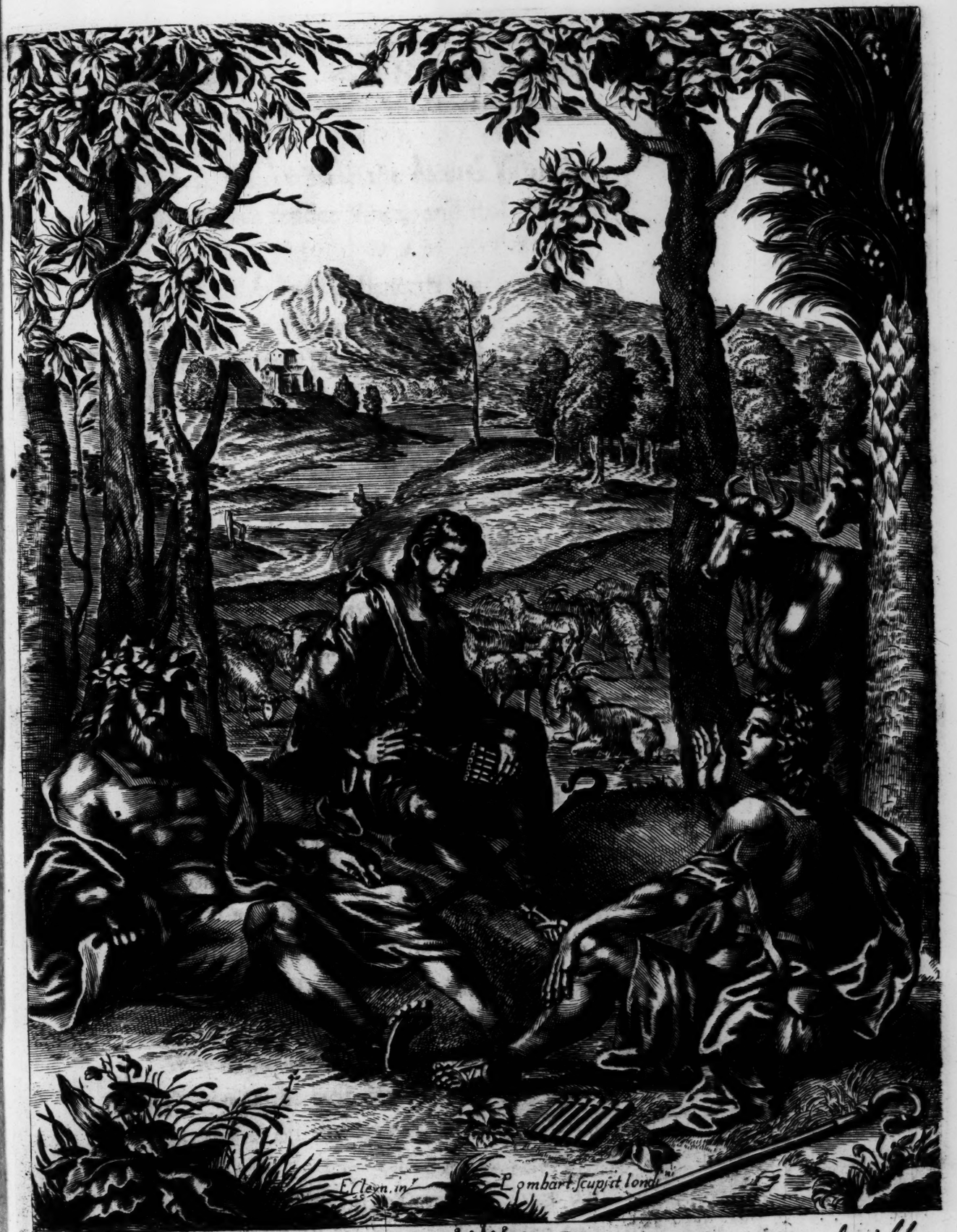
MENALCAS.

Unhappy Sheep of an Unhappy Swain,
While he *Neæra* courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the Damsel shall obtain;
Thou, Varlet, dost thy Master's gains devour:
Thou milk'st his Ewes, and often twice an hour;
Of Grass and Fodder thou defraud'st the Dams:
And of their Mothers Dugs the starving Lambs.

DAMÆTAS.

Good words, young Catamite, at least to Men:
We know who did your Business, how, and when.
And in what Chappel too you plaid your prize;
And what the Goats observ'd with leering Eyes:
The Nymphs were kind, and laught, and there your safety lies.

MEN.



To the Right Hon.ble Charles Sackvill
Earle of Dorsett & Midlesex Lord
Chamberlain of his Maj.ties houshould &c.

Past:3.

MENALCAS.

Yes, when I crept the Hedges of the Leys;
Cut *Micon*'s tender Vines, and ſtole the Stays.

DAMÆTAS.

Or rather, when beneath yon ancient Oak,
The Bow of *Daphnis* and the Shafts you broke:
When the fair Boy receiv'd the Gift of right;
And but for Miſchief, you had dy'd for ſpight.

MENALCAS.

What Nonſenſe wou'd the Fool thy Maſter prate,
When thou, his Knave, can'ſt talk at ſuch a rate!
Did I not ſee you, Raſcal, did I not!
When you lay ſnug to ſnap young *Damon*'s Goat?
His Mungril bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, There, there he goes; ſtop, ſtop the Thief.
Diſcover'd and defeated of your Prey,
You ſculk'd behind the Fence, and ſneak'd away.

DAMÆTAS.

An honeſt Man may freely take his own;
The Goat was mine, by ſinging fairly won.
A ſolemn match was made; He loſt the Prize,
Ask *Damon*, ask if he the Debt denies;
I think he dares not, if he does, he lyes.

MENALCAS.

Thou ſing with him, thou Booby; never Pipe
Was ſo profan'd to touch that blubber'd Lip:
Dunce at the beſt; in Streets but ſcarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy Straw, the ſtupid Crowd.

DAMÆTAS.

To bring it to the Tryal, will you dare
Our Pipes, our Skill, our Voices to compare?
My Brinded Heifar to the Stake I lay;
Two Thriving Calves ſhe ſuckles twice a day:

And twice beſides her Beeſtings never fail
To ſtore the Dairy, with a brimming Pail.
Now back your Singing with an equal Stake.

MENALCAS.

That ſhou'd be ſeen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my Father's Flock:
What can I wager from the common Stock?
A Stepdame too I have, a curſed ſhe,
Who rules my Hen-peck'd Sire, and orders me.
Both number twice a day the Milky Dams;
And once ſhe takes the tale of all the Lambs.
But ſince you will be mad, and ſince you may
Suſpect my Courage, if I ſhould not lay;
The Pawn I proffer ſhall be full as good:
Two Bowls I have, well turn'd of Beechen Wood;
Both by divine *Alcimedon* were made;
To neither of them yet the Lip is laid.
The Lids are Ivy, Grapes in cluſters lurk,
Beneath the Carving of the curious Work.
Two Figures on the ſides emboſs'd appear;
Conon, and what's his Name who made the Sphere,
And ſhew'd the Seaſons of the ſliding Year,
Inſtructed in his Trade the Lab'ring Swain,
And when to reap, and when to ſow the Grain?

DAMÆTAS.

And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
The Wood the ſame, from the ſame Hand they come:
The kimbo Handles ſeem with Bears-foot carv'd;
And never yet to Table have been ſerv'd:
Where *Orpheus* on his Lyre laments his Love,
With Beaſts encompaſs'd, and a dancing Grove:
But theſe, nor all the Proffers you can make,
Are worth the Heifar which I ſet to ſtake.

MENALCAS.

No more delays, vain Boaſter, but begin:
I prophecy before-hand I ſhall win.
Palæmon ſhall be Judge how ill you rhime,
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMÆTAS.

Rhymer come on, and do the worſt you can:
I fear not you, nor yet a better Man.
With ſilence, Neighbour, and Attention wait:
For 'tis a buſineſs of a high Debate.

PALÆMON.

Sing then; the Shade affords a proper place;
The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with Graſs;
The Bloſſoms blow; the Birds on buſhes ſing;
And Nature has accompliſh'd all the Spring.
The Challenge to *Damætas* ſhall belong,
Menalcas ſhall ſuſtain his under Song:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muſes love to ſing.

DAMÆTAS.

From the great Father of the Gods above
My Muſe begins; for all is full of *Jove*;
To *Jove* the care of Heav'n and Earth belongs;
My Flocks he bleſſes, and he loves my Songs.

MENALCAS.

Me *Phœbus* loves; for he my Muſe inſpires;
And in her Songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him, the God of Shepherds and their Sheep,
My bluſhing Hyacinths, and my Bays I keep.

DAMÆTAS.

My *Phyllis* Me with pelted Apples plyes.
Then tripping to the Woods the Wanton hies:
And wiſhes to be ſeen, before ſhe flies.

MEN.

MENALCAS.

But fair *Amyntas* comes unask'd to me;
And offers Love; and ſits upon my knee:
Not *Delia* to my Dogs is known ſo well as he.

DAMÆTAS.

To the dear Miſtreſs of my Love-ſick Mind,
Her Swain a pretty Preſent has deſign'd:
I ſaw two Stock-doves billing, and e're long
Will take the Neſt, and Hers ſhall be the Young.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy Wildings in the Wood I found,
And ſtood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
I ſent *Amyntas* all my preſent Store;
And will, to Morrow, ſend as many more.

DAMÆTAS.

The lovely Maid lay panting in my arms;
And all ſhe ſaid and did was full of Charms.
Winds on your Wings to Heav'n her Accents bear;
Such words as Heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MENALCAS.

Ah! what avails it me, my Love's delight,
To call you mine, when abſent from my ſight?
I hold the Nets, while you purſue the Prey;
And muſt not ſhare the Dangers of the Day.

DAMÆTAS.

I keep my Birth-day: ſend my *Phillis* home;
At Sheering-time, *Iolas*, you may come.

MENALCAS.

With *Phillis* I am more in grace than you:
Her Sorrow did my parting-ſteps purſue:
Adieu my Dear, ſhe ſaid, a long Adieu.

DAMÆTAS.

The Nightly Wolf is baneful to the Fold,
Storms to the Wheat, to Budds the bitter Cold;

But

But from my frowning Fair, more Ills I find,
Than from the Wolves, and Storms, and Winter-wind.

MENALCAS.

The Kids with pleasure browze the bushy Plain,
The Show'rs are grateful to the swelling Grain:
To teeming Ewes the Sallow's tender tree;
But more than all the World my Love to me.

DAMÆTAS.

Pollio my Rural Verse vouchsafes to read:
A Heysar, Muses, for your Patron breed.

MENALCAS.

My *Pollio* writes himself, a Bull be bred,
With spurning Heels, and with a butting Head.

DAMÆTAS.

Who *Pollio* loves, and who his Muse admires,
Let *Pollio's* fortune crown his full desires.
Let Myrrh instead of Thorn his Fences fill:
And Show'rs of Hony from his Oaks distil.

MENALCAS.

Who hates not living *Bavius*, let him be
(Dead *Mævius*) damn'd to love thy Works and thee:
The same ill taste of Sense wou'd serve to joyn
Dog Foxes in the Yoak, and sheer the Swine.

DAMÆTAS.

Ye Boys, who pluck the Flow'rs, and spoil the Spring,
Beware the secret Snake, that shoots a sting.

MENALCAS.

Graze not too near the Banks, my jolly Sheep,
The Ground is false, the running Streams are deep:
See, they have caught the Father of the Flock;
Who drys his Fleece upon the neighb'ring Rock.

DAMÆTAS.

From Rivers drive the Kids, and sling your Hook;
Anon I'll wash 'em in the shallow Brook.

MENALCAS.

To fold, my Flock; when Milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the Milk-maid tugs an empty Teat.

DAMÆTAS.

How lank my Bulls from plenteous paſture come!
But Love that drains the Herd, deſtroys the Groom.

MENALCAS.

My Flocks are free from Love, yet look ſo thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their Skin.
What magick has bewitch'd the woolly Dams,
And what ill Eyes beheld the tender Lambs?

DAMÆTAS.

Say, where the round of Heav'n, which all contains,
To three ſhort Ells on Earth our ſight reſtrains:
Tell that, and riſe a *Phœbus* for thy pains.

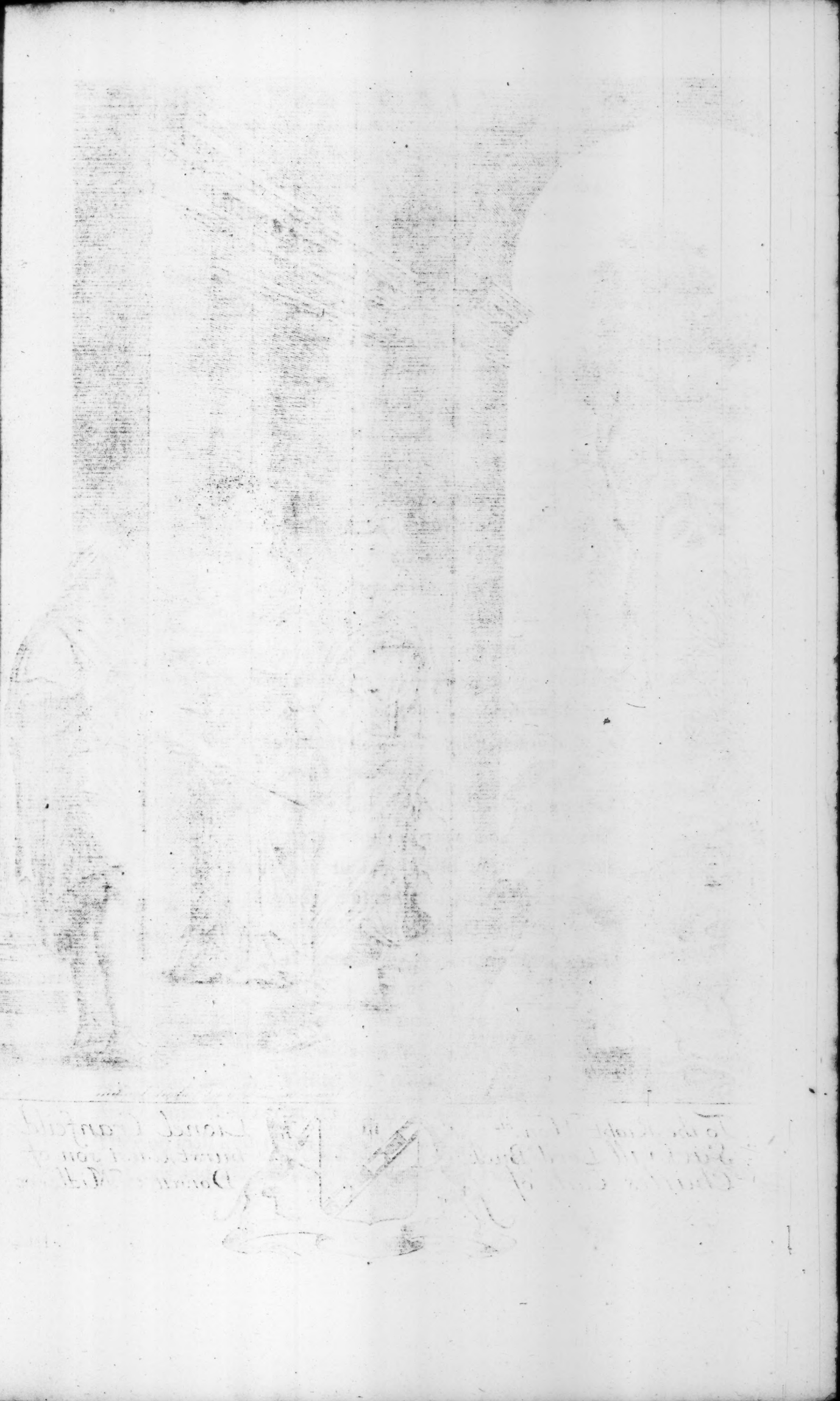
MENALCAS.

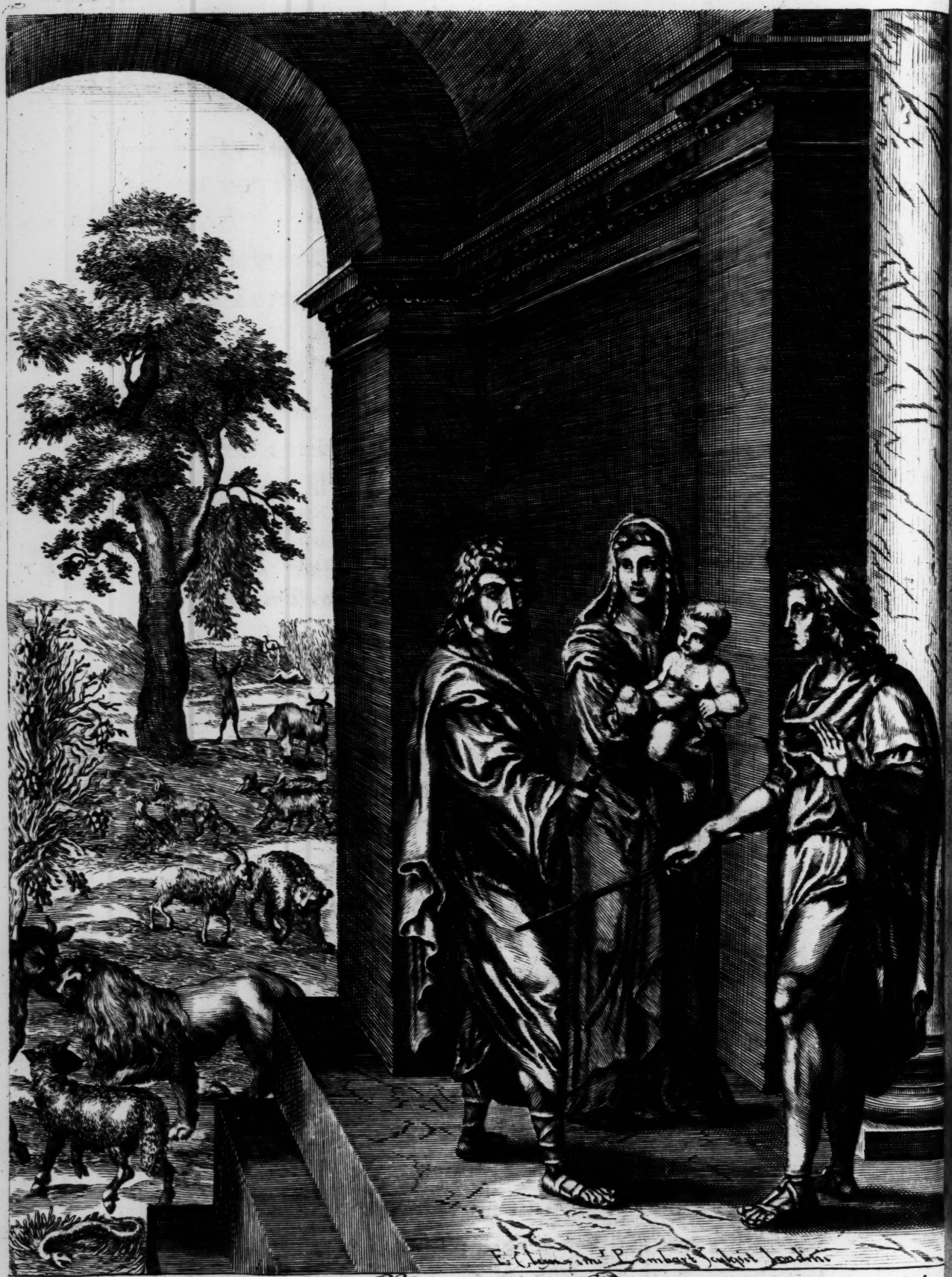
Nay tell me firſt, in what new Region ſprings
A Flow'r, that bears inſcrib'd the names of Kings:
And thou ſhalt gain a Preſent as Divine
As *Phœbus* ſelf; for *Phillis* ſhall be thine.

PALÆMON.

So nice a diff'rence in your Singing lyes,
That both have won, or both deſerv'd the Prize.
Reſt equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter Sweets, and pleaſing Pains of Love.
Now dam the Ditches, and the Floods reſtrain:
Their moiſture has already drench'd the Plain.

The





To the Right Hon.ble Lionel Cranfeild
Sackvill Lord Buck hurst, eldest son of
Charles Earle of Dorsett & Midlesex.

Past:4

The Fourth Pastoral.

OR,

POLLIO.

The Argument.

The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Salonius, *the Son of* Pollio, *born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of* Salonæ, *a City in* Dalmatia. *Many of the Verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who propheſie of our Saviour's Birth.*

Sicilian Muſe begin a loftier ſtrain!
Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that ſhade the Plain,
Delight not all; *Sicilian* Muſe, prepare
To make the vocal Woods deſerve a Conſul's care.
The laſt great Age, foretold by ſacred Rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd Courſe, *Saturnian* times
Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun
From their firſt Orb, in radiant Circles run.
The baſe degenerate Iron-off-ſpring ends;
A golden Progeny from Heav'n deſcends;
O chaſt *Lucina* ſpeed the Mother's pains,
And haſte the glorious Birth; thy own *Apollo* reigns!
The lovely Boy, with his auſpicious Face,
Shall *Pollio*'s Conſulſhip and Triumph grace;
Majeſtick Months ſet out with him to their appointed Race.
The Father baniſh'd Virtue ſhall reſtore,
And Crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no more.
The Son ſhall lead the life of Gods, and be
By Gods and Heroes ſeen, and Gods and Heroes ſee.

To the Right Hon.ble Lionel Cranfeild
Sackvill Lord Buck hurst, eldest son of
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And Crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no more.
The Son ſhall lead the life of Gods, and be
By Gods and Heroes ſeen, and Gods and Heroes ſee.

The jarring Nations he in peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind.
Unbidden Earth ſhall wreathing Ivy bring,
And fragrant Herbs (the promiſes of Spring)
As her firſt Off'rings to her Infant King.
The Goats with ſtrutting Dugs ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And lowing Herds, ſecure from Lyons feed.
His Cradle ſhall with riſing Flow'rs be crown'd;
The Serpents Brood ſhall die; the ſacred ground
Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuſe to bear,
Each common Buſh ſhall *Syrian* Roſes wear.
But when Heroick Verſe his Youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to Hereditary Praiſe;
Unlabour'd Harveſts ſhall the Fields adorn,
And cluſter'd Grapes ſhall bluſh on every Thorn.
The knotted Oaks ſhall ſhow'rs of Honey weep,
And through the Matted Graſs the liquid Gold ſhall creep.
Yet, of old Fraud ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The Merchant ſtill ſhall plough the deep for gain:
Great Cities ſhall with Walls be compaſs'd round;
And ſharpen'd Shares ſhall vex the fruitful ground.
Another *Typhis* ſhall new Seas explore,
Another *Argos* land the Chiefs, upon th' *Iberian* Shore.
Another *Helen* other Wars create,
And great *Achilles* urge the *Trojan* Fate:
But when to ripen'd Man-hood he ſhall grow,
The greedy Sailer ſhall the Seas forego;
No Keel ſhall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;
For every Soil ſhall every Product bear.
The labouring Hind his Oxen ſhall disjoyn,
No Plow ſhall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the Vine:
Nor Wool ſhall in diſſembled Colours ſhine.

But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat:
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy Web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready Honours move,
O of Cœlestial Seed! O foster Son of *Jove*!
See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding Frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;
See to their Base restor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air,
And joyful Ages from behind, in crowding Ranks appear.
To sing thy Praise, wou'd Heav'n my breath prolong,
Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song;
Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my Layes,
Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bayes:
Though each his Heav'nly Parent shou'd inspire;
The Muse instruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the Lyre.
Shou'd *Pan* contend in Verse, and thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges shou'd their God condemn.
Begin, auspicious Boy, to cast about
Thy Infant-Eyes, and with a smile, thy Mother single out;
Thy Mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous Qualms of ten long Months and Travel to requite:
Then smile; the frowning Infant's Doom is read,
No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless the Bed.

The Fifth Pastoral.

OR,

DAPHNIS.

The Argument.

Mopsus *and* Menalcas, *two very expert Shepherds at a Song, begin one by consent to the Memory of* Daphnis; *who is suppos'd by the best Criticks to represent* Julius Cæsar. Mopsus *laments his Death,* Menalcas *proclaims his Divinity. The whole Eclogue consisting of an Elegie and an Apotheosis.*

MENALCAS.

Since on the Downs our Flocks together feed,
And since my Voice can match your tuneful Reed,
Why sit we not beneath the grateful Shade,
Which Hazles, intermix'd with Elms, have made?

MOPSUS.

Whether you please that Silvan Scene to take,
Where whistling Winds uncertain Shadows make:
Or will you to the cooler Cave succeed,
Whose Mouth the curling Vines have overspread?

MENALCAS.

Your Merit and your Years command the Choice:
Amyntas only rivals you in Voice.

MOPSUS.

What will not that presuming Shepherd dare,
Who thinks his Voice with *Phœbus* may compare?

MENALCAS.

Begin you first; if either *Alcon*'s Praise,
Or dying *Phillis* have inspir'd your Lays:

To the Right Hon.ble James Bertie, Earle of Abingdon,
and Baron Norreys of Rycott Cheife Justice, and Justice
in Eyre of all his Majts Parcks Forests, and Chaces on
the South side of Trent; and Lt Liuutenant and Custos
Rotulorum of the County of Oxon.

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If her you mourn, or *Codrus* you commend,
Begin, and *Tityrus* your Flock ſhall tend.

MOPSUS.

Or ſhall I rather the ſad Verſe repeat,
Which on the Beeches bark I lately writ:
I writ, and ſung betwixt; now bring the Swain
Whoſe Voice you boaſt, and let him try the ſtrain.

MENALCAS.

Such as the Shrub to the tall Olive ſhows,
Or the pale Sallow to the bluſhing Roſe;
Such is his Voice, if I can judge aright,
Compra'd to thine, in ſweetneſs and in height.

MOPSUS.

No more, but ſit and hear the promis'd Lay,
The gloomy Grotto makes a doubtful day.
The Nymphs about the breathleſs Body wait
Of *Daphnis*, and lament his cruel Fate.
The Trees and Floods were witneſs to their Tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his Mother's Ears.
The wretched Parent, with a pious haſte,
Came running, and his lifeleſs Limbs embrac'd.
She ſigh'd, ſhe ſob'd, and, furious with deſpair,
She rent her Garments, and ſhe tore her Hair:
Accuſing all the Gods and every Star.
The Swains forgot their Sheep, nor near the brink
Of running Waters brought their Herds to drink.
The thirſty Cattle, of themſelves, abſtain'd
From Water, and their graſſy Fare diſdain'd.
The death of *Daphnis* Woods and Hills deplore,
They caſt the ſound to *Lybia*'s diſtant Shore;
The *Lybian* Lyons hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce Tygers *Daphnis* taught the Yoke to bear;
And firſt with curling Ivy dreſs'd the Spear:

Daphnis did Rites to *Bacchus* first ordain;
And holy Revels for his reeling Train.
As Vines the Trees, as Grapes the Vines adorn,
As Bulls the Herds, and Fields the Yellow Corn;
So bright a Splendor, so divine a Grace,
The glorious *Daphnis* cast on his illustrious Race.
When envious Fate the Godlike *Daphnis* took,
Our guardian Gods the Fields and Plains forsook:
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming Grain,
Nor *Phœbus* fed his Oxen on the Plain:
No fruitful Crop the sickly Fields return;
But Oats and Darnel choak the rising Corn.
And where the Vales with Violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty Burrs and Thorns disgrace the Ground.
Come, Shepherds, come, and strow with Leaves the Plain;
Such Funeral Rites your *Daphnis* did ordain.
With Cypress Boughs the Crystal Fountains hide,
And softly let the running Waters glide;
A lasting Monument to *Daphnis* raise;
With this Inscription to record his Praise,
Daphnis, the Fields Delight, the Shepherd's Love,
Renown'd on Earth, and deify'd above.
Whose Flock excell'd the fairest on the Plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the Swains.

MENALCAS.

Oh Heavenly Poet! such thy Verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd Ears,
As to the weary Swain, with cares oppress,
Beneath the Silvan Shade, refreshing Rest:
As to the feavorish Travellor, when first
He finds a Crystal Stream to quench his thirst.
In singing, as in piping, you excell;
And scarce your Master could perform so well.

O fortunate young Man, at leaſt your Lays
Are next to his, and claim the ſecond Praiſe.
Such as they are my rural Songs I join,
To raiſe our *Daphnis* to the Pow'rs Divine;
For *Daphnis* was ſo good, to love what-e're was mine.

MOPSUS.

How is my Soul with ſuch a Promiſe rais'd!
For both the Boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And *Stimichon* has often made me long,
To hear, like him, ſo ſoft ſo ſweet a Song.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis, the Gueſt of Heav'n, with wondring Eyes,
Views in the Milky Way, the ſtarry Skies:
And far beneath him, from the ſhining Sphere,
Beholds the moving Clouds, and rolling Year.
For this, with chearful Cries the Woods reſound;
The Purple Spring arrays the various ground:
The Nymphs and Shepherds dance; and *Pan* himſelf is Crown'd.
The Wolf no longer prowls for nightly Spoils,
Nor Birds the Sprindges fear, nor Stags the Toils:
For *Daphnis* reigns above; and deals from thence
His Mothers milder Beams, and peaceful Influence.
The Mountain tops unſhorn, the Rocks rejoice;
The lowly Shrubs partake of Humane Voice.
Aſſenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and ſalutes the new-admitted God.
Be ſtill propitious, ever good to thine:
Behold four hallow'd Altars we deſign;
And two to thee, and two to *Phœbus* riſe;
On both are offer'd Annual Sacrifice.
The holy Prieſts, at each returning year,
Two Bowls of Milk, and two of Oil ſhall bear;
And I my ſelf the Gueſts with friendly Bowls will chear.

Two Goblets will I crown with ſparkling Wine,
The gen'rous Vintage of the *Chian* Vine;
These will I pour to thee, and make the Nectar thine.
In Winter ſhall the Genial Feaſt be made
Before the fire; by Summer in the ſhade.
Damætas ſhall perform the Rites Divine;
And *Lictian Ægon* in the Song ſhall join.
Alpheſibæus, tripping, ſhall advance;
And mimick Satyrs in his antick Dance.
When to the Nymphs our annual Rites we pay,
And when our Fields with Victims we ſurvey:
While ſavage Boars delight in ſhady Woods,
And finny Fiſh inhabit in the Floods;
While Bees on Thime, and Locuſts feed on Dew,
Thy grateful Swains theſe Honours ſhall renew.
Such Honours as we pay to Pow'rs Divine,
To *Bacchus* and to *Ceres*, ſhall be thine.
Such annual Honours ſhall be giv'n, and thou
Shalt hear, and ſhalt condemn thy Suppliants to their Vow.

MOPSUS.

What Preſent worth thy Verſe can *Mopſus* find!
Not the ſoft Whiſpers of the Southern Wind,
That play through trembling Trees, delight me more;
Nor murm'ring Billows on the ſounding Shore;
Nor winding Streams that through the Valley glide;
And the ſcarce cover'd Pebbles gently chide.

MENALCAS.

Receive you firſt this tuneful Pipe; the ſame
That play'd my *Coridon*'s unhappy Flame.
The ſame that ſung *Neæra*'s conqu'ring Eyes;
And, had the Judge been juſt, had won the Prize.

MOPSUS.

Accept from me this Sheephook in exchange,
The Handle Braſs; the Knobs in equal range.

Antigenes,

Antigenes, with Kiſſes, often try'd
To beg this Preſent, in his Beauty's Pride;
When Youth and Love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I cou'd refuſe, to his Requeſt,
Is yours unask'd, for you deſerve it beſt.

The Sixth Pastoral.

OR,

SILENUS.

The Argument.

Two young Shepherds Chromis *and* Mnasylus, *having been often promis'd a Song by* Silenus, *chance to catch him asleep in this Pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his Promise.* Silenus *finding they wou'd be put off no longer, begins his Song; in which he describes the Formation of the Universe, and the Original of Animals, according to the* Epicurean *Philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising Transformations which have happen'd in Nature since her Birth. This Pastoral was design'd as a Complement to* Syro *the* Epicurean, *who instructed* Virgil *and* Varus *in the Principles of that Philosophy.* Silenus *acts as Tutor,* Chromis *and* Mnasylus *as the two Pupils.*

I First transferr'd to *Rome Sicilian* Strains:
Nor blush'd the *Dorick* Muse to dwell on *Mantuan* Plains.
But when I try'd her tender Voice, too young;
And fighting Kings, and bloody Battels sung,
Apollo check'd my Pride; and bade me feed
My fatning Flocks, nor dare beyond the Reed.
Admonish'd thus, while every Pen prepares
To write thy Praises, *Varus*, and thy Wars,
My Past'ral Muse her humble Tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings.
For all who read, and reading, not disdain
These rural Poems, and their lowly Strain,
The name of *Varus*, oft inscrib'd shall see,
In every Grove, and every vocal Tree;
And all the Silvan reign shall sing of thee:

Thy

To the Right Hon.ble Hugh Lord Viscount Cholmondely
of Kelles, in the Kingdom of Ireland, and Baron of
Wichmalbank in the King dom of England.

Thy name, to *Phœbus* and the Muſes known,
Shall in the front of every Page be ſhown;
For he who ſings thy Praiſe, ſecures his own.
Proceed, my Muſe: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his Eaſe, their Syre *Silenus* found.
Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his Load,
They found him ſnoring in his dark abode;
And ſeis'd with Youthful Arms the drunken God.
His roſie Wreath was dropt not long before,
Born by the tide of Wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty Can, with Ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boaſt the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His Garland they unſtring, and bind his hands:
For by the fraudful God deluded long,
They now reſolve to have their promis'd Song.
Ægle came in, to make their Party good;
The faireſt *Nais* of the Neighbouring Flood,
And, while he ſtares around, with ſtupid Eyes,
His Brows with Berries, and his Temples dyes.
He finds the Fraud, and, with a Smile, demands
On what deſign the Boys had bound his hands.
Looſe me, he cry'd; 'twas Impudence to find
A ſleeping God, 'tis Sacriledge to bind.
To you the promis'd Poem I will pay;
The Nymph ſhall be rewarded in her way.
He rais'd his voice; and ſoon a num'rous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the Song.
And Sylvan Fauns, and Savage Beaſts advanc'd,
And nodding Forreſts to the Numbers danc'd.
Not by *Hæmonian* Hills the *Thracian* Bard,
Nor awful *Phœbus* was on *Pindus* heard,
With deeper ſilence, or with more regard.

He

He ſung the ſecret Seeds of Nature's Frame;
How Seas, and Earth, and Air, and active Flame,
Fell through the mighty Void; and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball.
The tender Soil then ſtiffning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded Earth, the bounding Seas.
Then Earth and Ocean various Forms diſcloſe;
And a new Sun to the new World aroſe.
And Miſts condens'd to Clouds obſcure the Skie;
And Clouds diſſolv'd, the thirſty Ground ſupply.
The riſing Trees the lofty Mountains grace:
The lofty Mountains feed the Savage Race,
Yet few, and Strangers, in th' unpeopl'd Place.
From thence the birth of Man the Song purſu'd,
And how the World was loſt, and how renew'd.
The Reign of *Saturn*, and the Golden Age;
Prometheus Theft, and *Jove's* avenging Rage.
The Cries of *Argonauts* for *Hylas* drown'd;
With whoſe repeated Name the Shoars reſound.
Then mourns the madneſs of the *Cretan* Queen;
Happy for her if Herds had never been.
What fury, wretched Woman, ſeiz'd thy Breaſt!
The Maids of *Argos* (tho with rage poſſeſs'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the Grove)
Yet ſhun'd the guilt of thy prepoſt'rous Love.
Nor ſought the Youthful Husband of the Herd,
Though lab'ring Yokes on their own Necks they fear'd;
And felt for budding Horns on their ſmooth foreheads rear'd.
Ah, wretched Queen! you range the pathleſs Wood;
While on a flowry Bank he chaws the Cud:
Or ſleeps in Shades, or thro' the Foreſt roves;
And roars with anguiſh for his abſent Loves.
Ye Nymphs, with toils, his Foreſt-walk ſurround;
And trace his wandring Footſteps on the ground.

But, ah! perhaps my Paſſion he diſdains;
And courts the milky Mothers of the Plains.
We ſearch th' ungrateful Fugitive abroad;
While they at home ſuſtain his happy load.
He ſung the Lover's fraud; the longing Maid,
With golden Fruit, like all the Sex, betray'd.
The Siſters mourning for their Brother's loſs;
Their Bodies hid in Barks, and furr'd with Moſs.
How each a riſing Alder now appears;
And o're the *Po* diſtils her Gummy Tears.
Then ſung, how *Gallus* by a Muſes hand,
Was led and welcom'd to the ſacred Strand.
The Senate riſing to ſalute their Gueſt;
And *Linus* thus their gratitude expreſs'd.
Receive this Preſent, by the Muſes made;
The Pipe on which th' *Aſcræan* Paſtor play'd:
With which of old he charm'd the Savage Train:
And call'd the Mountain Aſhes to the Plain.
Sing thou on this, thy *Phœbus*; and the Wood
Where once his Fane of *Parian* Marble ſtood.
On this his ancient Oracles rehearſe;
And with new Numbers grace the God of Verſe.
Why ſhou'd I ſing the double *Scylla*'s Fate,
The firſt by Love transform'd, the laſt by Hate.
A beauteous Maid above, but Magick Arts,
With barking Dogs deform'd her neather parts.
What Vengeance on the paſſing Fleet ſhe pour'd,
The Maſter frighted, and the Mates devour'd.
Then raviſh'd *Philomel* the Song expreſt;
The Crime reveal'd; the Siſters cruel Feaſt;
And how in Fields the Lapwing *Tereus* reigns;
The warbling Nightingale in Woods complains.
While *Progne* makes on Chymney tops her moan;
And hovers o're the Palace once her own.

Whatever

Whatever Songs beſides, the *Delphian* God
Had taught the Laurels, and the *Spartan* Flood,
Silenus ſung: the Vales his Voice rebound;
And carry to the Skies the ſacred Sound.
And now the ſetting Sun had warn'd the Swain
To call his counted Cattle from the Plain:
Yet ſtill th' unweary'd Syre purſues the tuneful Strain.
Till unperceiv'd the Heav'ns with Stars were hung:
And ſudden Night ſurpriz'd the yet unfiniſh'd Song.

The

To the Right Hon.ble Herbert, Baron Henry Lord of Chirbury: &c

FORTITVDINE ET PRVDENTIA

Past: 7.

The Seventh Paſtoral.

OR,

MELIBOEUS.

The Argument.

Meliboeus *here gives us the Relation of a ſharp Poetical Conteſt between* Thyrſis *and* Corydon; *at which he himſelf and* Daphnis *were preſent; who both declar'd for* Corydon.

BEneath a Holm, repair'd two jolly Swains;
Their Sheep and Goats together graz'd the Plains.
Both young *Arcadians*, both alike inſpir'd
To ſing, and anſwer as the Song requir'd.
Daphnis, as Umpire, took the middle Seat;
And Fortune thether led my weary Feet.
For while I fenc'd my Myrtles from the Cold,
The Father of my Flock had wander'd from the Fold.
Of *Daphnis* I enquir'd; he, ſmiling, ſaid,
Diſmiſs your Fear, and pointed where he fed.
And, if no greater Cares diſturb your Mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the Wind.
Your lowing Heyfars, of their own accord,
At wat'ring time will ſeek the neighb'ring Ford.
Here wanton *Mincius* windes along the Meads,
And ſhades his happy Banks with bending Reeds:
And ſee from yon old Oak, that mates the Skies,
How black the Clouds of ſwarming Bees ariſe.
What ſhou'd I do! nor was *Alcippe* nigh,
Nor abſent *Phillis* cou'd my care ſupply,
To houſe, and feed by hand my weaning Lambs,
And drain the ſtrutting Udders of their Dams?
Great was the ſtrife betwixt the Singing Swains:
And I preferr'd my Pleaſure to my Gains.

Alternate Rhime the ready Champions choſe:
Theſe *Corydon* rehears'd, and *Thyrſis* thoſe.

CORYDON.

Yee Muſes, ever fair, and ever young,
Aſſiſt my Numbers, and inſpire my Song.
With all my *Codrus* O inſpire my Breaſt,
For *Codrus* after *Phœbus* ſings the beſt.
Or if my Wiſhes have preſum'd too high,
And ſtretch'd their bounds beyond Mortality,
The praiſe of artful Numbers I reſign:
And hang my Pipe upon the Sacred Pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian Swains, your Youthful Poet crown
With Ivy Wreaths; tho ſurly *Codrus* frown.
Or if he blaſt my Muſe with envious Praiſe,
Then fence my Brows with *Amuletts* of Bays.
Leſt his ill Arts or his malicious Tongue
Shou'd poyſon, or bewitch my growing Song.

CORYDON.

Theſe Branches of a Stag, this tusky Boar
(The firſt eſſay of Arms untry'd before)
Young *Mycon* offers, *Delia*, to thy Shrine;
But ſpeed his hunting with thy Pow'r divine,
Thy Statue then of *Parian* Stone ſhall ſtand;
Thy Legs in Buskins with a Purple Band.

THYRSIS.

This Bowl of Milk, theſe Cakes, (our Country Fare,)
For thee, *Priapus*, yearly we prepare.
Becauſe a little Garden is thy care.
But if the falling Lambs increaſe my Fold,
Thy Marble Statue ſhall be turn'd to Gold.

CORYDON.

Fair *Galathea*, with thy ſilver Feet,
O, whiter than the Swan, and more than *Hybla* ſweet;

Tall

Tall as a Poplar, taper as the Bole,
Come charm thy Shepherd, and reſtore my Soul.
Come when my fated Sheep, at night return;
And crown the ſilent Hours, and ſtop the roſy Morn.

THYRSIS.

May I become as abject in thy ſight,
As Sea-weed on the Shore, and black as Night:
Rough as a Bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian Herbage to contract his Jaws;
Such and ſo monſtrous let thy Swain appear,
If one day's Abſence looks not like a Year.
Hence from the Field, for Shame: the Flock deſerves
No better Feeding, while the Shepherd ſtarves.

CORYDON.

Ye moſſy Springs, inviting eaſie Sleep,
Ye Trees, whoſe leafy Shades thoſe moſſy Fountains keep,
Defend my Flock, the Summer heats are near,
And Bloſſoms on the ſwelling Vines appear.

THYRSIS.

With heapy Fires our chearful Hearth is crown'd;
And Firs for Torches in the Woods abound:
We fear not more the Winds, and wintry Cold,
Than Streams the Banks, or Wolves the bleating Fold.

CORYDON.

Our Woods, with Juniper and Cheſnuts crown'd,
With falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground;
And laviſh Nature laughs, and ſtrows her Stores around.
But if *Alexis* from our Mountains fly,
Ev'n running Rivers leave their Channels dry.

THYRSIS.

Parch'd are the Plains, and frying is the Field,
Nor with'ring Vines their juicy Vintage yield.
But if returning *Phillis* bleſs the Plain,
The Graſs revives; the Woods are green again;
And *Jove* deſcends in Show'rs of kindly Rain.

CORYDON.

The Poplar is by great *Alcides* worn:
The Brows of *Phœbus* his own Bays adorn.
The branching Vine the jolly *Bacchus* loves;
The *Cyprian* Queen delights in Mirtle Groves.
With Hazle, *Phillis* crowns her flowing Hair,
And while she loves that common Wreath to wear;
Nor Bays, nor Myrtle Boughs, with Hazle shall compare.

THYRSIS.

The towring Ash is faireſt in the Woods;
In Gardens Pines, and Poplars by the Floods:
But if my *Lycidas* will ease my Pains,
And often visit our forsaken Plains;
To him the tow'ring Ash shall yield in Woods;
In Gardens Pines, and Poplars by the Floods.

MELIBOEUS.

These Rhymes I did to Memory commend,
When Vanquish'd *Thyrsis* did in vain contend;
Since when, tis *Corydon* among the Swains,
Young *Corydon* without a Rival Reigns.

To the Right Honble Charles Lo Clifford
Baron of Lounsbrough
in the County of York

The Eighth Pastoral.

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

The Argument.

This Pastoral contains the Songs of Damon *and* Alphesiboeus. *The first of 'em bewails the loss of his Mistress, and repines at the Success of his Rival* Mopsus. *The other repeats the Charms of some Enchantress, who endeavour'd by her Spells and Magic to make* Daphnis *in Love with her.*

THE mournful Muse of two despairing Swains,
The Love rejected, and the Lover's pains;
To which the salvage *Linxes* listning stood.
The Rivers stood on heaps, and stop'd the running Flood,
The hungry Herd their needful Food refuse;
Of two despairing Swains, I sing the mournful Muse.

Great *Pollio*, thou for whom thy *Rome* prepares
The ready Triumph of thy finish'd Wars,
Whither *Timavus* or th' *Illirian* Coast,
Whatever Land or Sea thy presence boast;
Is there an hour in Fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy Deeds in Numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, cou'd I rehearse
Thy lofty Tragick Scenes, thy labour'd Verse;
The World another *Sophocles* in thee,
Another *Homer* shou'd behold in me:
Amidst thy Laurels let this Ivy twine,
Thine was my earlyest Muse; my latest shall be thine.
Scarce from the World the Shades of Night withdrew;
Scarce were the Flocks refresh'd with Morning Dew,

When

When *Damon* ſtretch'd beneath an Olive Shade,
And wildly ſtaring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Againſt the conſcious Gods, and curs'd the cruel Maid.
Star of the Morning, why doſt thou delay?
Come, *Lucifer*, drive on the lagging Day.
While I my *Niſa*'s perjur'd Faith deplore;
Witneſs ye Pow'rs, by whom ſhe falſly ſwore!
The Gods, alas, are Witneſſes in vain;
Yet ſhall my dying Breath to Heav'n complain.
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strain.

The Pines of *Mænalus*, the vocal Grove,
Are ever full of Verſe, and full of Love:
They hear the Hinds, they hear their God complain;
Who ſuffer'd not the Reeds to riſe in vain:
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strain.

Mopſus triumphs; he weds the willing Fair:
When ſuch is *Niſa*'s choice, what Lover can deſpair!
Now Griffons join with Mares; another Age
Shall ſee the Hound and Hind their Thirſt aſſwage,
Promiſcuous at the Spring: Prepare the Lights,
O *Mopſus!* and perform the bridal Rites.
Scatter thy Nuts among the ſcrambling Boys:
Thine is the Night; and thine the Nuptial Joys.
For thee the Sun declines: O happy Swain!
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strain.

O, *Niſa!* Juſtly to thy Choice condemn'd,
Whom haſt thou taken, whom haſt thou contemn'd!
For him, thou haſt refus'd my browzing Herd,
Scorn'd my thick Eye-brows, and my ſhaggy Beard.
Unhappy *Damon* ſighs, and ſings in vain:
While *Niſa* thinks no God regards a Lover's pain.
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strain.

I view'd thee firſt; how fatal was the View!
And led thee where the ruddy Wildings grew,
High on the planted hedge, and wet with Morning Dew.
Then ſcarce the bending Branches I cou'd win;
The callow Down began to cloath my Chin;
I ſaw, I periſh'd; yet indulg'd my Pain:
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strain.

I know thee, Love; in Deſarts thou wert bred;
And at the Dugs of Salvage Tygers fed:
Alien of Birth, Uſurper of the Plains:
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strains.

Relentleſs Love the cruel Mother led,
The Blood of her unhappy Babes to ſhed:
Love lent the Sword; the Mother ſtruck the blow;
Inhuman ſhe; but more inhuman thou.
Alien of Birth, Uſurper of the Plains:
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strains.

Old doting Nature change thy Courſe anew:
And let the trembling Lamb the Wolf purſue:
Let Oaks now glitter with *Heſperian* Fruit,
And purple Daffodils from Alder ſhoot.
Fat Amber let the Tamariſk diſtil:
And hooting Owls contend with Swans in Skill.
Hoarſe *Tityrus* ſtrive with *Orpheus* in the Woods:
And challenge fam'd *Arion* on the Floods.
Or, oh! let Nature ceaſe; and *Chaos* reign:
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strain.

Let Earth be Sea; and let the whelming Tide,
The lifeleſs Limbs of luckleſs *Damon* hide:

Farewel

Farewel, ye ſecret Woods, and ſhady Groves,
Haunts of my Youth, and conſcious of my Loves!
From yon high Cliff I plunge into the Main;
Take the laſt Preſent of thy dying Swain:
And ceaſe, my ſilent Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strain.

Now take your Turns, ye Muſes, to rehearſe
His Friend's complaints; and mighty Magick Verſe.
Bring running Water; bind thoſe Altars round
With Fillets; and with Vervain ſtrow the Ground:
Make fat with Frankincenſe the ſacred Fires;
To re-inflame my *Daphnis* with Deſires.
'Tis done, we want but Verſe. Reſtore, my Charms,
My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Pale *Phœbe*, drawn by Verſe from Heav'n deſcends:
And *Circe* chang'd with Charms *Ulyſſes* Friends.
Verſe breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake;
And in the winding Cavern ſplits the Snake.
Verſe fires the frozen Veins: Reſtore, my Charms,
My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Around his waxen Image firſt I wind
Three woollen Fillets, of three Colours join'd:
Thrice bind about his thrice devoted head,
Which round the ſacred Altar thrice is led.
Unequal Numbers pleaſe the Gods: my Charms,
Reſtore my *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Knit with three knots, the Fillets, knit 'em ſtreight;
And ſay, Theſe Knots to Love I conſecrate.
Haſte, *Amaryllis*, haſte; reſtore, my Charms,
My lovely *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

As

As Fire this Figure hardens, made of Clay;
And this of Wax with Fire conſumes away;
Such let the Soul of cruel *Daphnis* be;
Hard to the reſt of Women; ſoft to me.
Crumble the ſacred Mole of Salt and Corn,
Next in the Fire the Bays with Brimſtone burn.
And while it crackles in the Sulphur, ſay,
This, I for *Daphnis* burn; thus *Daphnis* burn away.
This Laurel is his Fate: Reſtore, my Charms,
My lovely *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

As when the raging Heyfar, through the Grove,
Stung with Deſire, purſues her wand'ring Love;
Faint at the laſt, ſhe ſeeks the weedy Pools,
To quench her thirſt, and on the Ruſhes rowls:
Careleſs of Night, unmindful to return,
Such fruitleſs Fires perfidious *Daphnis* burn.
While I ſo ſcorn his Love; Reſtore, my Charms,
My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

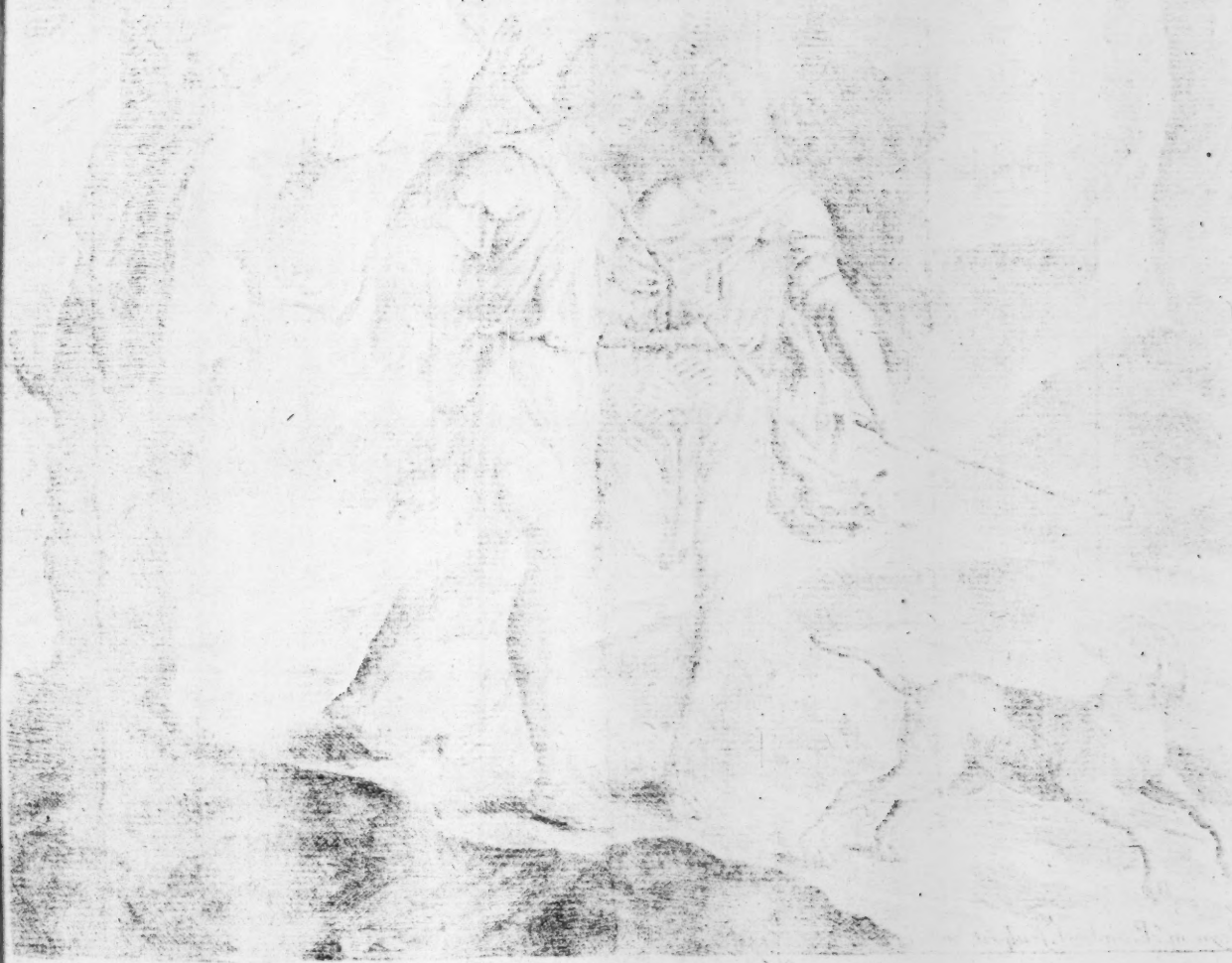
Theſe Garments once were his; and left to me;
The Pledges of his promis'd Loyalty:
Which underneath my Threſhold I beſtow;
Theſe Pawns, O ſacred Earth! to me my *Daphnis* owe.
As theſe were his, ſo mine is he; my Charms,
Reſtore their lingring Lord to my deluded Arms.

Theſe poys'nous Plants, for Magick uſe deſign'd,
(The nobleſt and the beſt of all the baneful Kind,)
Old *Mœris* brought me from the *Pontick* Strand:
And cull'd the Miſchief of a bounteous Land.
Smear'd with theſe pow'rful Juices, on the Plain,
He howls a Wolf among the hungry Train:

And oft the mighty Negromancer boaſts,
With theſe, to call from Tombs the ſtalking Ghoſts:
And from the roots to tear the ſtanding Corn;
Which, whirld aloft, to diſtant Fields is born.
Such is the ſtrength of Spells; reſtore, my Charms,
My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Bear out theſe Aſhes; caſt 'em in the Brook;
Caſt backwards o're your head, nor turn your look:
Since neither Gods, nor Godlike Verſe can move,
Break out ye ſmother'd Fires, and kindle ſmother'd Love.
Exert your utmoſt pow'r, my lingring Charms,
And force my *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

See, while my laſt endeavours I delay,
The waking Aſhes riſe, and round our Altars play!
Run to the Threſhold, *Amaryllis*, hark,
Our *Hylas* opens, and begins to bark.
Good Heav'n! may Lovers what they wiſh believe;
Or dream their wiſhes, and thoſe dreams deceive!
No more, my *Daphnis* comes; no more, my Charms;
He comes, he runs, he leaps to my deſiring Arms.



To the Right Hon.ble William Lord
Marquiss of Hartington Eldest Son to His Grace
the Duke of Devonshire.

CAVENDO TUTUS

Past: 9: l: 5.

The Ninth Pastoral.

OR,

LYCIDAS, *and* MOERIS.

The Argument.

When Virgil, *by the Favour of* Augustus, *had recover'd his Patrimony near* Mantua, *and went in hope to take Possession, he was in danger to be slain by* Arius *the* Centurian, *to whom those Lands were assign'd by the Emperour, in reward of his Service against* Brutus *and* Cassius. *This Pastoral therefore is fill'd with complaints of his hard Usage; and the Persons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of* Virgil, Mœris, *and his Friend* Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

HO *Moeris!* whether on thy way so fast?
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O *Lycidas*, at last
The Time is come I never thought to see,
(Strange Revolution for my Farm and me)
When the grim Captain in a surly Tone
Cries out, pack up ye Rascals, and be gone.
Kick'd out, we set the best Face on't we cou'd,
And these two Kids t'appease his angry Mood,
I bear, of which the Furies give him good.

LYCIDAS.

Your Country Friends were told another Tale;
That from the sloaping Mountain to the Vale,
And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his Fortune with a Song.

MOERIS.

Such was the News, indeed, but Songs and Rhymes
Prevail as much in these hard Iron Times,

As would a plump of trembling Fowl, that riſe
Againſt an Eagle ſouſing from the Skies.
And had not *Phœbus* warn'd me by the croak
Of an old Raven, from a hollow Oak,
To ſhun bebate, *Menalcas* had been ſlain,
And *Moeris* not ſurviv'd him, to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heav'n defend! cou'd barb'rous Rage induce
The Brutal Son of *Mars*, t'inſult the ſacred Muſe!
Who then ſhou'd ſing the Nymphs, or who rehearſe
The Waters gliding in a ſmoother Verſe!
Or *Amaryllis* praiſe, that Heav'nly Lay,
That ſhorten'd as we went, our tedious Way.
O *Tity'rus*, tend my Herd, and ſee them fed;
To Morning Paſtures, Evening Waters led:
And 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgils butting Head.

MOERIS.

Or what unfiniſh'd He to *Varus* read;
Thy Name, O *Varus* (if the kinder Pow'rs
Peſerve our Plains, and ſhield the *Mantuan* Tow'rs,
Obnoxious by *Cremona*'s neighb'ring Crime,)
The Wings of Swans, and ſtronger pinion'd Rhyme,
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above
Th' immortal Gift of Gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, ſing on, for I can ne're be cloy'd,
So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:
So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags diſtend,
And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a Member of the tuneful trade:
At leaſt the Shepherds ſeem to like my Lays,
But I diſcern their Flatt'ry from their Praiſe:

I nor to *Cinna*'s Ears, nor *Varus* dare aſpire;
But gabble like a Gooſe, amidſt the Swan-like Quire.

MOERIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my Mind:
Nor are they Verſes of a Vulgar Kind.
Come, *Galatea*, come, the Seas forſake;
What Pleaſures can the Tides with their hoarſe Murmurs (make?
See, on the Shore inhabits purple Spring;
Where Nightingales their Love-ſick Ditty ſing;
See, Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,
The Grottoes cool, with ſhady Poplars crown'd,
And creeping Vines on Arbours weav'd around.
Come then, and leave the Waves tumultuous roar,
Let the wild Surges vainly beat the Shore.

LYCIDAS.

Or that ſweet Song I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry Night;
The Tune I ſtill retain, but not the Words.

MOERIS.

Why, *Daphnis*, doſt thou ſearch in old Records,
To know the Seaſons when the Stars ariſe?
See *Cæſar*'s Lamp is lighted in the Skies:
The Star, whoſe Rays the bluſhing Grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly ripening Ears of Corn.
Under this influence, graft the tender Shoot;
Thy Childrens Children ſhall enjoy the Fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for Cares and Time
Change all things, and untune my Soul to Rhime:
I cou'd have once ſung down a Summer's Sun,
But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
My Voice grows hoarſe; I feel the Notes decay,
As if the Wolves had ſeen me firſt to Day.
But theſe, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.

LYCIDAS.

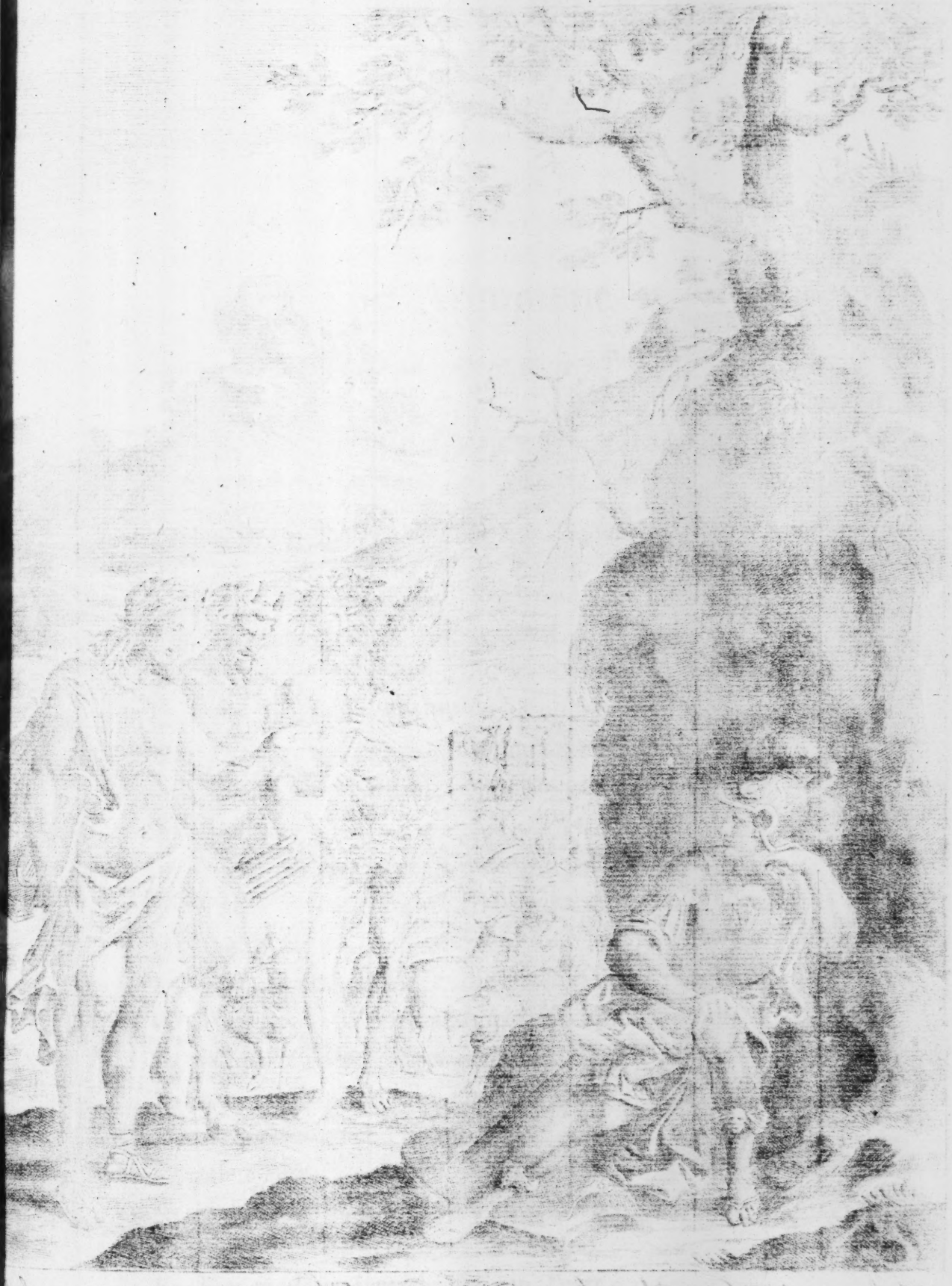
LYCIDAS.

Thy faint Excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the Waves rowl ſilent to the Shore.
Huſht Winds the topmoſt Branches ſcarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful Song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'recome;
Far off I can diſcern *Bianor*'s Tomb;
Here, where the Labourer's hands have form'd a Bow'r
Of wreathing Trees, in Singing waſte an Hour.
Reſt here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
We've Day before us yet, to reach the Town:
Or if e're Night the gath'ring Clouds we fear,
A Song will help the beating Storm to bear.
And that thou may'ſt not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll eaſe thy Shoulders of thy Load.

MOERIS.

Ceaſe to requeſt me, let us mind our way;
Another Song requires another Day.
When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoyce,
And find a Friend at Court, I'll find a Voice.

The



To the Right Hon.ble Charles Montague Esq.r one of t
Lords Comm.rs of his Maj.ts Treasury, Chancellor, and un
Treasurer of his Maj.ts Exchcq.r and one of his Maj.ts Most
Hon.ble Privy Councill.

Past:

The Tenth Pastoral

OR,

GALLUS.

The Argument.

Gallus *a great Patron of* Virgil, *and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in Love with one* Citheris, *whom he calls* Lycoris; *and who had forsaken him for the Company of a Souldier. The Poet therefore supposes his Friend* Gallus *retir'd in his heighth of Melancholy into the Solitudes of* Arcadia, *(the celebrated Scene of Pastorals;) where he represents him in a very languishing Condition, with all the Rural Deities about him, pitying his hard Usage, and condoling his Misfortune.*

THY sacred Succour, *Arethusa*, bring,
To crown my Labour: 'tis the last I sing.
Which proud *Lycoris* may with Pity view;
The Muse is mournful, tho' the Numbers few.
Refuse me not a Verse, to Grief and *Gallus* due.
So may thy Silver Streams beneath the Tide,
Unmix'd with briny Seas, securely glide.
Sing then, my *Gallus*, and his hopeless Vows;
Sing, while my Cattle crop the tender Browze.
The vocal Grove shall answer to the Sound,
And Echo, from the Vales, the tuneful Voice rebound.
What Lawns or Woods withheld you from his Aid,
Ye Nymphs, when *Gallus* was to Love betray'd;
To Love, unpity'd by the cruel Maid?
Not steepy *Pindus* cou'd retard your Course,
Nor cleft *Parnassus*, nor th' *Aonian* Source:
Nothing that owns the Muses cou'd suspend
Your Aid to *Gallus*, *Gallus* is their Friend.
For him the lofty Laurel stands in Tears;
And hung with humid Pearls the lowly Shrub appears.

Mænalian

Mænalian Pines the Godlike Swain bemoan;
When ſpread beneath a Rock he ſigh'd alone;
And cold *Lycæus* wept from every dropping Stone.
The Sheep ſurround their Shepherd, as he lyes:
Bluſh not, ſweet Poet, nor the name deſpiſe:
Along the Streams his Flock *Adonis* fed;
And yet the Queen of Beauty bleſt his Bed.
The Swains and tardy Neat-herds came, and laſt
Menalcas, wet with beating Winter Maſt.
Wond'ring, they ask'd from whence aroſe thy Flame;
Yet, more amaz'd, thy own *Apollo* came.
Fluſh'd were his Cheeks, and glowing were his Eyes:
Is ſhe thy Care, is ſhe thy Care, he cries?
Thy falſe *Lycoris* flies thy Love and thee;
And for thy Rival tempts the raging Sea,
The Forms of horrid War, and Heav'ns Inclemency.
Sylvanus came: his Brows a Country Crown
Of Fennel, and of nodding Lillies, drown.
Great *Pan* arriv'd; and we beheld him too,
His cheeks and Temples of Vermilion Hue.
Why, *Gallus*, this immod'rate Grief, he cry'd:
Think'ſt thou that Love with Tears is ſatisfi'd?
The Meads are ſooner drunk with Morning Dews;
The Bees with flow'ry Shrubs, the Goats with Brouze.
Unmov'd, and with dejected Eyes, he mourn'd:
He paus'd, and then theſe broken Words return'd.
'Tis paſt; and pity gives me no Relief:
But you, *Arcadian* Swains, ſhall ſing my Grief:
And on your Hills, my laſt Complaints renew;
So ſad a Song is onely worthy you.
How light wou'd lye the Turf upon my Breaſt,
If you my Suff'rings in your Songs expreſt!
Ah! that your Birth and Bus'neſs had been mine;
To penn the Sheep, and preſs the ſwelling Vine!

Had

'Had *Phyllis* or *Amyntas* caus'd my Pain,
Or any Nymph, or Shepherd on the Plain,
Tho *Phyllis* brown, tho black *Amyntas* were,
Are Violets not ſweet, becauſe not fair?
Beneath the Sallows, and the ſhady Vine,
My Loves had mix'd their pliant Limbs with mine;
Phyllis with Myrtle Wreaths had crown'd my Hair,
And ſoft *Amyntas* ſung away my Care.
Come, ſee what Pleaſures in our Plains abound;
The Woods, the Fountains, and the flow'ry ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half ſo true,
Here cou'd I live, and love, and dye with only you.
Now I to fighting Fields am ſent afar,
And ſtrive in Winter Camps with toils of War;
While you, (alas, that I ſhou'd find it ſo!)
To ſhun my ſight, your Native Soil forgo,
And climb the frozen *Alps*, and tread th' eternal Snow.
Ye Froſts and Snows her tender Body ſpare,
Thoſe are not Limbs for Yſicles to tear.
For me, the Wilds and Deſarts are my Choice;
The Muſes, once my Care; my once harmonious Voice.
There will I ſing, forſaken and alone,
The Rocks and hollow Caves ſhall echo to my Moan.
The Rind of ev'ry Plant her Name ſhall know;
And as the Rind extends, the Love ſhall grow.
Then on *Arcadian* Mountains will I chaſe
(Mix'd with the Woodland Nymphs) the Savage Race.
Nor Cold ſhall hinder me, with Horns and Hounds,
To thrid the Thickets, or to leap the Mounds.
And now methinks o're ſteepy Rocks I go;
And ruſh through ſounding Woods, and bend the *Parthian* (Bow:
As if with Sports my Sufferings I could eaſe,
Or by my Pains the God of Love appeaſe.

My Frenzy Changes, I delight no more
On Mountain tops, to chace the tusky Boar;
No Game but hopeleſs Love my thoughts purſue:
Once more ye Nymphs, and Songs, and ſounding Woods (adieu.
Love alters not for us, his hard Decrees,
Not tho beneath the *Thracian* Clime we freeze;
Or *Italy*'s indulgent Heav'n forgo;
And in mid-Winter tread *Sithonian* Snow.
Or when the Barks of Elms are ſcorch'd, we keep
On *Meroes* burning Plains the *Lybian* Sheep.
In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we muſt yield to Love.
My Muſes, here your ſacred Raptures end:
The Verſe was what I ow'd my ſuff'ring Friend.
This while I ſung, my Sorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending Oſiers into Baskets weav'd.
The Song, becauſe inſpir'd by you, ſhall ſhine:
And *Gallus* will approve, becauſe 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy Flames renew,
Each hour, and ev'ry moment riſe in view:
As Alders, in the Spring, their Boles extend;
And heave ſo fiercely, that the Bark they rend.
Now let us riſe, for hoarſneſs oft invades
The Singer's Voice, who ſings beneath the Shades.
From Juniper, unwholſom Dews diſtill,
That blaſt the ſooty Corn; the with'ring Herbage kill;
Away, my Goats, away: for you have browz'd your fill.

VIRGIL's Georgicks;

Dedicated to the

EARL of *Chesterfield.*

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP Earl of *Cheſterfield*, &c.

My Lord,

I *Cannot begin my Addreſs to your Lordſhip, better than in the words of* Virgil,

——Quod optanti, Divum promittere Nemo
Auderit, volvenda Dies, en, attulit ultrò.

Seven Years together I have conceal'd the longing which I had to appear before you: A time as tedious as Æneas *paſs'd in his wandring Voyage, before he reach'd the promis'd* Italy. *But I conſider'd, that nothing which my meanneſs cou'd produce, was worthy of your Patronage. At laſt this happy Occaſion offer'd, of Preſenting to you the beſt Poem of the beſt Poet. If I balk'd this opportunity, I was in deſpair of finding ſuch another; and if I took it, I was ſtill uncertain whether you wou'd vouchſafe to accept it from my hands. 'Twas a bold venture which I made, in deſiring your permiſſion to lay my unworthy Labours at your feet. But my raſhneſs has ſucceeded beyond my hopes: And you have been pleas'd not to ſuffer an Old Man to go diſcontented out of the World, for want of that protection, of which he had been ſo long Ambitious. I have known a Gentleman in diſgrace, and not daring to appear before King* Charles *the Second, though he much deſir'd it: At length he took the Confidence to attend a fair Lady to the Court, and told his Majeſty, that under her protection he had preſum'd to wait on him. With the ſame humble confidence I preſent my ſelf before your Lordſhip, and attending on* Virgil *hope a gracious reception. The Gentleman ſucceeded, becauſe the powerful Lady was his Friend; but I have too much injur'd my great Author, to expect he ſhould intercede for me. I wou'd have Tranſlated him, but according to the litteral* French *and* Italian *Phraſes, I fear I have traduc'd him. 'Tis the fault of many a well-meaning Man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice, where he had endeavour'd to do a ſervice.* Virgil *wrote his* Georgics *in the full ſtrength and vigour of his Age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his Fancy was declining. He had, (according to our homely Saying his full ſwing at this Poem, beginning it about the Age of Thirty Five; and ſcarce concluding it before he arriv'd at Forty. 'Tis obſerv'd both of him, and* Horace, *and I believe it will hold in all great Poets; that though they wrote before with a certain heat of Genius which inſpir'd them, yet that heat was not perfectly digeſted. There is requir'd a continuance of warmth to ripen the beſt and Nobleſt Fruits. Thus* Horace *in his Firſt and Second*

cond Book of Odes, *was ſtill riſing, but came not to his* Meridian *'till the Third. After which his Judgment was an overpoize to his Imagination: He grew too cautious to be bold enough, for he deſcended in his Fourth by ſlow degrees, and in his* Satires *and* Epiſtles, *was more a Philoſopher and a Critick than a Poet. In the beginning of Summer the days are almoſt at a ſtand, with little variation of length or ſhortneſs, becauſe at that time the Diurnal Motion of the Sun partakes more of a Right Line, than of a Spiral. The ſame is the Method of Nature in the frame of Man. He ſeems at Forty to be fully in his Summer Tropick; ſomewhat before, and ſomewhat after, he finds in his Soul but ſmall increaſes or decays. From Fifty to Threeſcore the Ballance generally holds even, in our colder Clymates: For he loſes not much in Fancy; and Judgment, which is the effect of Obſervation, ſtill increaſes: His ſucceeding years afford him little more than the ſtubble of his own Harveſt: Yet if his Conſtitution be healthful, his Mind may ſtill retain a decent vigour; and the Gleanings of that* Ephraim, *in Compariſon with others, will ſurpaſs the Vintage of* Abiezer. *I have call'd this ſomewhere by a bold Metaphor, a green Old Age; but* Virgil *has given me his Authority for the Figure.*

Jam Senior; ſed Cruda Deo, viridiſq; Senectus.

Amongſt thoſe few who enjoy the advantage of a latter Spring, your Lordſhip is a rare Example: Who being now arriv'd at your great Clymacterique, *yet give no proof of the leaſt decay in your Excellent Judgment, and comprehenſion of all things, which are within the compaſs of Humane Underſtanding. Your Converſation is as eaſie as it is inſtructive, and I cou'd never obſerve the leaſt vanity or the leaſt aſſuming in any thing you ſaid: but a natural unaffected Modeſty, full of good ſenſe, and well digeſted. A clearneſs of Notion, expreſs'd in ready and unſtudied words. No Man has complain'd, or ever can, that you have diſcours'd too long on any Subject: for you leave us in an eagerneſs of Learning more; pleas'd with what we hear, but not ſatisfy'd, becauſe you will not ſpeak ſo much as we cou'd wiſh. I dare not excuſe your Lordſhip from this fault; for though 'tis none in you, 'tis one to all who have the happineſs of being known to you. I muſt confeſs the Criticks make it one of* Virgil's *Beauties, that having ſaid what he thought convenient, he always left ſomewhat for the Imagination of his Readers to ſupply: That they might gratifie their fancies, by finding more, in what he had written, than at firſt they cou'd; and think they had added to his thought, when it was all there before-hand, and he only ſav'd himſelf the expence of words. However it was, I never went from your Lordſhip, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty Curſe to him who invented Ceremonies in the World, and put me on the neceſſity of withdrawing, when it was my intereſt as well as my deſire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your Lordſhip will give me leave to ſpeak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your Youth. For too much of heat is requir'd at firſt, that there may not too little be left at laſt. A Prodigal Fire is only capable of large remains: And yours, my Lord, ſtill burns the clearer in declining. The Blaze is not ſo fierce as at the firſt, but the Smoak is wholly vaniſh'd; and your Friends who ſtand about you, are not only ſenſible of a chearful warmth, but are kept at an awful diſtance by its force. In my ſmall Obſervations of Mankind, I have ever found, that ſuch as are not rather too full of Spirit when they are young, degenerate to dullneſs in their Age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but where*

the

the Principles are only Phlegm, what can be expected from the wateriſh Matter, but an inſipid Manhood, and a ſtupid old Infancy; Diſcretion in Leading-ſtrings, and a confirm'd ignorance on Crutches? Virgil *in his Third* Georgic, *when he deſcribes a Colt, who promiſes a Courſer for the Race, or for the Field of Battel, ſhews him the firſt to paſs the Bridge, which trembles under him, and to ſtem the torrent of the Flood. His beginnings muſt be in raſhneſs; a Noble Fault: But Time and Experience will correct that Errour, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weigh'd Courage; which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occaſion offers. Your Lordſhip is a Man of Honour, not only ſo unſtain'd, but ſo unqueſtion'd, that you are the living Standard of that Heroick Vertue; ſo truly ſuch, that if I wou'd flatter you, I cou'd not. It takes not from you, that you were born with Principles of Generoſity and Probity: But it adds to you, that you have cultivated Nature, and made thoſe Principles, the Rule and Meaſure of all your Actions. The World knows this, without my telling: Yet Poets have a right of Recording it to all Poſterity.*

Dignum Laude Virum, Muſa vetat Mori.

Epaminondas, Lucullus, *and the two firſt* Cæſars, *were not eſteem'd the worſe Commanders, for having made Philoſophy, and the Liberal Arts their Study.* Cicero *might have been their Equal, but that he wanted Courage. To have both theſe Vertues, and to have improv'd them both, with a ſoftneſs of Manners, and a ſweetneſs of Converſation, few of our Nobility can fill that Character: One there is, and ſo conſpicuous by his own light, that he needs not*

Digito monſtrari, & dicier Hic eſt.

To be Nobly Born, and of an Ancient Family, is in the extreams of Fortune, either good or bad; for Virtue and Deſcent are no Inheritance. A long Series of Anceſtours ſhews the Native with great advantage at the firſt; but if he any way degenerate from his Line, the leaſt Spot is viſible on Ermine. But to preſerve this whiteneſs in its Original Purity, you, my Lord, have, like that Ermine, forſaken the common Track of Buſineſs, which is not always clean: You have choſen for your ſelf a private Greatneſs, and will not be polluted with Ambition. It has been obſerv'd in former times, that none have been ſo greedy of Employments, and of managing the Publick, as they who have leaſt deſerv'd their Stations. But ſuch only merit to be call'd Patriots, under whom we ſee their Country Flouriſh. I have laugh'd ſometimes (for who wou'd always be a Heraclitus?) *when I have reflected on thoſe Men, who from time to time have ſhot themſelves into the World. I have ſeen many Succeſſions of them; ſome bolting out upon the Stage with vaſt applauſe, and others hiſs'd off, and quitting it with diſgrace. But while they were in action, I have conſtantly obſerv'd, that they ſeem'd deſirous to retreat from Buſineſs: Greatneſs they ſaid was nauſeous, and a Crow'd was troubleſome; a quiet privacy was their Ambition. Some few of them I believe ſaid this in earneſt, and were making a proviſion againſt future want, that they might enjoy their Age with eaſe: They ſaw the Happineſs of a private Life, and promis'd to themſelves a Bleſſing, which every day it was in their power to poſſeſs. But they defer'd it, and linger'd ſtill at Court, becauſe they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy: They wou'd have more, and laid in to make their Solitude Luxurious. A wretched Philoſophy, which* Epicurus *never taught them in his Garden: They lov'd the proſpect of this*

quiet

quiet in reverſion, but were not willing to have it in poſſeſſion; they wou'd firſt be Old, and made as ſure of Health and Life, as if both of them were at their diſpoſe. But put them to the neceſſity of a preſent choice, and they preferr'd continuance in Power: Like the Wretch who call'd Death to his aſſiſtance, but refus'd it when he came. The Great Scipio *was not of their Opinion, who indeed ſought Honours in his Youth, and indur'd the Fatigues with which he purchas'd them. He ſerv'd his Country when it was in need of his Courage and his Conduct, 'till he thought it was time to ſerve himſelf: But diſmounted from the Saddle, when he found the Beaſt which bore him, began to grow reſtiff and ungovernable. But your Lordſhip has given us a better Example of Moderation. You ſaw betimes that Ingratitude is not confin'd to Commonwealths; and therefore though you were form'd alike, for the greateſt of Civil Employments, and Military Commands, yet you puſh'd not your Fortune to riſe in either; but contented your ſelf with being capable, as much as any whoſoever, of defending your Country with your Sword, or aſſiſting it with your Counſel, when you were call'd. For the reſt, the reſpect and love which was paid you, not only in the Province where you live but generally by all who had the happineſs to know you, was a wiſe Exchange, for the Honours of the Court: A place of forgetfulneſs, at the beſt, for well deſervers. 'Tis neceſſary for the poliſhing of Manners, to have breath'd that Air, but tis infectious even to the beſt Morals to live always in it. 'Tis a dangerous Commerce, where an honeſt Man is ſure at the firſt of being Cheated; and he recovers not his Loſſes, but by learning to Cheat others. The undermining Smile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plauſible Converſation, is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet 'tis good to have been a looker on, without venturing to play; that a Man may know falſe Dice another time, though he never means to uſe them. I commend not him who never knew a Court, but him who forſakes it becauſe he knows it. A young Man deſerves no praiſe, who out of melancholy Zeal leaves the World before he has well try'd it, and runs headlong into Religion. He who carries a Maidenhead into a Cloyſter, is ſometimes apt to loſe it there, and to repent of his Repentance. He only is like to endure Auſterities, who has already found the inconvenience of Pleaſures. For almoſt every Man will be making Experiments in one part or another of his Life: And the danger is the leſs when we are young: For having try'd it early, we ſhall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your Lordſhip therefore may properly be ſaid to have choſen a Retreat; and not to have choſen it 'till you had maturely weigh'd the advantages of riſing higher with the hazards of the fall.* Res non parta labore, ſed relicta, *was thought by a Poet, to be one of the requiſites to a happy Life. Why ſhou'd a reaſonable Man put it into the Power of Fortune to make him miſerable, when his Anceſtours have taken care to releaſe him from her? Let him venture, ſays* Horace, Qui Zonam perdidit. *He who has nothing, plays ſecurely, for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loſes. But he who is born to a plentiful Eſtate, and is Ambitious of Offices at Court, ſets a ſtake to Fortune, which ſhe can ſeldom anſwer: If he gains nothing, he loſes all, or part of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund.*

In ſhort, however he ſucceeds, 'tis Covetouſneſs that induc'd him firſt to play, and Covetouſneſs is the undoubted ſign of ill ſenſe at bottom. The Odds are againſt him that he loſes, and one loſs may be of more conſequence to him, than all his former winnings. 'Tis like the preſent War of the Chriſtians *againſt the* Turk; *every year they gain a Victory, and by that a Town; but if they are once defeated, they loſe a Province at a blow, and endanger the ſafety of the whole Empire. You, my Lord, enjoy your quiet in a Gar-*

den,

den, where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can discompose your Mind. A good Conscience is a Port which is Land-lock'd on every side, and where no Winds can possibly invade, no Tempests can arise. There a Man may stand upon the Shore, and not only see his own Image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturb'd and silent waters. Reason was intended for a Blessing, and such it is to Men of Honour and Integrity; who desire no more, than what they are able to give themselves; like the happy Old Coricyan, *whom my Author describes in his Fourth* Georgic; *whose Fruits and Salads on which he liv'd contented, were all of his own growth, and his own Plantation.* Virgil *seems to think that the blessings of a Country Life are not compleat, without an improvement of Knowledge by Contemplation and Reading.*

O Fortunatos nimiùm, bona si sua norint
Agricolas!

'Tis but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess: A foundation of good Sense, and a cultivation of Learning, are requir'd to give a seasoning to Retirement, and make us taste the blessing. God has bestow'd on your Lordship the first of these, and you have bestow'd on your self the second. Eden *was not made for Beasts, though they were suffer'd to live in it, but for their Master, who studied God in the Works of his Creation. Neither cou'd the Devil have been happy there with all his Knowledge, for he wanted Innocence to make him so. He brought Envy, Malice, and Ambition into Paradise, which sour'd to him the sweetness of the Place. Wherever inordinate Affections are, 'tis Hell. Such only can enjoy the Country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their Passions behind them in the Town. Then they are prepar'd for Solitude; and in that Solitude is prepar'd for them*

Et secura quies, & nescia fallere vita.

As I began this Dedication with a verse of Virgil, *so I conclude it with another. The continuance of your Health, to enjoy that Happiness which you so well deserve, and which you have provided for your self, is the sincere and earnest Wish of*

Your Lordship's most Devoted,

and most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckon'd the firſt who introduc'd three new kinds of Poetry among the *Romans*, which he Copied after three the Greateſt Maſters of *Greece*. *Theocritus* and *Homer* have ſtill diſputed for the advantage over him in *Paſtoral* and *Heroicks*, but I think all are Unanimous in giving him the precedence to *Heſiod* in his *Georgics*. The truth of it is, the Sweetneſs and Ruſticity of a *Paſtoral* cannot be ſo well expreſt in any other Tongue as in the *Greek*, when rightly mixt and qualified with the *Doric* Dialect; nor can the Majeſty of an Heroick Poem any where appear ſo well as in this Language, which has a Natural greatneſs in it, and can be often render'd more deep and ſonorous by the Pronunciation of the *Ionians*. But in the middle Stile, where the Writers in both Tongues are on a Level: we ſee how far *Virgil* has excell'd all who have written in the ſame way with him.

There has been abundance of Criticiſm ſpent on *Virgil*'s *Paſtorals* and *Æneids*, but the *Georgics* are a Subject which none of the *Criticks* have ſufficiently taken into their Conſideration; moſt of 'em paſſing it over in Silence, or caſting it under the ſame head with *Paſtoral*; a diviſion by no means proper, unleſs we ſuppoſe the Stile of a Husbandman ought to be imitated in a *Georgic* as that of a Shepherd is in *Paſtoral*. But tho' the Scene of both theſe Poems lies in the ſame place; the Speakers in them are of a quite different Character, ſince the Precepts of Husbandry are not to be deliver'd with the ſimplicity of a Plow-Man, but with the addreſs of a Poet. No Rules therefore that relate to *Paſtoral*, can any way affect the *Georgics*, which fall under that Claſs of Poetry which conſiſts in giving plain and direct Inſtructions to the Reader; whether they be Moral Duties, as thoſe of *Theognis* and *Pythagoras*; or Philoſophical Speculations, as thoſe of *Aratus* and *Lucretius*; or Rules of Practice, as thoſe of *Heſiod* and *Virgil*. Among theſe different kinds of Subjects, that which the *Georgics* goes upon, is I think the meaneſt and the leaſt improving, but the moſt pleaſing and delighful. Precepts of Morality, beſides the Natural Corruption of our Tempers, which makes us averſe to them, are ſo abſtracted from Ideas of Senſe, that they ſeldom give an

opportunity for thoſe Beautiful Deſcriptions and Images which are the Spirit and Life of Poetry. Natural Philoſophy has indeed ſenſible Objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the Reader with the Intricacy of its Notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its Diſputes. But this kind of Poetry I am now ſpeaking of, addreſſes it ſelf wholly to the Imagination: It is altogether Converſant among the Fields and Woods, and has the moſt delightful part of Nature for its Province. It raiſes in our Minds a pleaſing variety of Scenes and Landskips, whilſt it teaches us: and makes the dryeſt of its Precepts look like a Deſcription. *A* Georgic *therefore is ſome part of the Science of Husbandry put into a pleaſing Dreſs, and ſet off with all the Beauties and Embelliſhments of Poetry.* Now ſince this Science of Husbandry is of a very large extent, the Poet ſhews his Skill in ſingling out ſuch Precepts to proceed on, as are uſeful, and at the ſame time moſt capable of Ornament. *Virgil* was ſo well acquainted with this Secret, that to ſet off his firſt *Georgic*, he has run into a ſet of Precepts, which are almoſt foreign to his Subject, in that Beautiful account he gives us of the Signs in Nature, which precede the Changes of the Weather.

And if there be ſo much Art in the choice of fit Precepts, there is much more requir'd in the Treating of 'em; that they may fall in after each other by a Natural unforc'd Method, and ſhew themſelves in the beſt and moſt advantagious Light. They ſhou'd all be ſo finely wrought together into the ſame Piece, that no courſe Seam may diſcover where they join; as in a curious Brede of Needle-Work, one Colour falls away by ſuch juſt degrees, and another riſes ſo inſenſibly, that we ſee the variety, without being able to diſtinguiſh the total vaniſhing of the one from the firſt appearance of the other. Nor is it ſufficient to range and diſpoſe this Body of Precepts into a clear and eaſie Method, unleſs they are deliver'd to us in the moſt pleaſing and agreeable manner: For there are ſeveral ways of conveying the ſame Truth to the Mind of Man, and to chuſe the pleaſanteſt of theſe ways, is that which chiefly diſtinguiſhes Poetry from Proſe, and makes *Virgil*'s Rules of Husbandry pleaſanter to read than *Varro*'s. Where the Proſe-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the Poet often conceals the Precept in a deſcription, and repreſents his Country-man performing the Action in which he wou'd inſtruct his Reader. Where the one ſets out as fully and diſtinctly as he can, all the parts of the Truth, which he wou'd communicate to us; the other ſingles out the moſt pleaſing Circumſtance of this Truth, and ſo conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the Underſtanding. I ſhall give one Inſtance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the *Georgics*, where the Reader may ſee the different ways *Virgil* has taken to expreſs the ſame thing, and how much pleaſanter every manner of Expreſſion is, than the plain and direct mention of it wou'd have been. It is in the Second *Georgic* where he tells us what Trees will bear Grafting on each other.

Et ſæpe alterius ramos impune videmus,
Vertere in alterius, mutatamq; inſita mala
Ferre pyrum, & prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.
—Steriles Platani malos geſſere valentes,
Caſtaneæ fagos, ornuſq; incanuit albo
Flore pyri: Glandemq; ſues fregere ſub ulmis.

——Nec longum tempus: & ingens
Exijt ad Cælum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturq; novas frondes, & non ſua poma.

Here we ſee the Poet conſider'd all the Effects of this Union between Trees of different kinds, and took notice of that Effect which had the moſt ſurprize, and by conſequence the moſt delight in it, to expreſs the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of Writing is every where much in uſe among the Poets, and is particularly practis'd by *Virgil*, who loves to ſuggeſt a Truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it: To let us ſee juſt ſo much as will naturally lead the Imagination into all the parts that lie conceal'd. This is wonderfully diverting to the Underſtanding, thus to receive a Precept, that enters as it were through a By-way, and to apprehend an Idea that draws a whole train after it: For here the Mind, which is always delighted with its own Diſcoveries, only takes the hint from the Poet, and ſeems to work out the reſt by the ſtrength of her own faculties.

But ſince the inculcating Precept upon Precept, will at length prove tireſom to the Reader, if he meets with no other Entertainment, the Poet muſt take care not to encumber his Poem with too much Buſineſs; but ſometimes to relieve the Subject with a Moral Reflection, or let it reſt a while for the ſake of a pleaſant and pertinent digreſſion. Nor is it ſufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digreſſions (as it is generally thought) unleſs they are brought in aptly, and are ſomething of a piece with the main deſign of the *Georgic*: for they ought to have a remote alliance at leaſt to the Subject, that ſo the whole Poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We ſhou'd never quite loſe ſight of the Country, tho' we are ſometimes entertain'd with a diſtant proſpect of it. Of this nature are *Virgil*'s Deſcriptions of the Original of *Agriculture*, of the Fruitfulneſs of *Italy*, of a Country Life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally riſe out of the principal Argument and Deſign of the Poem. I know no one digreſſion in the *Georgics* that may ſeem to contradict this Obſervation, beſides that in the latter end of the Firſt Book, where the Poet launches out into a diſcourſe of the Battel of *Pharſalia*, and the Actions of *Auguſtus*: But it's worth while to conſider how admirably he has turn'd the courſe of his narration into its proper Channel, and made his Husbandman concern'd even in what relates to the Battel, in thoſe inimitable Lines,

Scilicet & tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola in curvo terram molitus aratro,
Enſa invenict ſcabra rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
Grandiaq; effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

And afterwards ſpeaking of *Auguſtus*'s Actions, he ſtill remembers that *Agriculture* ought to be ſome way hinted at throughout the whole Poem.

——Non ullus Aratro
Dignus honos: ſqualent abductis arva colonis:
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in Enſem.

We

We now come to the Stile which is proper to a *Georgic*; and indeed this is the part on which the Poet muſt lay out all his ſtrength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he deſcribes may immediately preſent it ſelf, and riſe up to the Reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his Subject debaſe his Stile, and betray him into a meanneſs of Expreſſion, but every where to keep up his Verſe in all the Pomp of Numbers, and Dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a Phraſe or Saying in common talk, ſhou'd be admitted into a ſerious Poem: becauſe it takes off from the Solemnity of the expreſſion, and gives it too great a turn of Familiarity: much leſs ought the low Phraſes and Terms of Art, that are adapted to Husbandry, have any place in ſuch a Work as the *Georgic*, which is not to appear in the natural ſimplicity and nakedneſs of its Subject, but in the pleaſanteſt Dreſs that Poetry can beſtow on it. Thus *Virgil*, to deviate from the common form of Words, wou'd not make uſe of *Tempore* but *Sidere* in his firſt Verſe, and every where elſe abounds with *Metaphors*, *Greciſms*, and *Circumlocutions*, to give his Verſe the greater Pomp, and preſerve it from ſinking into a *Plebeian* Stile. And herein conſiſts *Virgil*'s Maſter-piece, who has not only excell'd all other Poets, but even himſelf in the language of his *Georgics*; where we receive more ſtrong and lively *Ideas* of things from his words, than we cou'd have done from the Objects themſelves: and find our Imaginations more affected by his Deſcriptions, than they wou'd have been by the very ſight of what he deſcribes.

I ſhall now, after this ſhort Scheme of Rules, conſider the different ſucceſs that *Heſiod* and *Virgil* have met with in this kind of Poetry, which may give us ſome further Notion of the Excellence of the *Georgics*. To begin with *Heſiod*; If we may gueſs at his Character from his Writings, he had much more of the Husbandman than the Poet in his Temper: He was wonderfully Grave, Diſcreet, and Frugal, he liv'd altogether in the Country, and was probably for his great Prudence the Oracle of the whole Neighbourhood. Theſe Principles of good Husbandry ran through his Works, and directed him to the choice of Tillage and Merchandiſe, for the Subject of that which is the moſt Celebrated of them. He is every where bent on Inſtruction, avoids all manner of Digreſſions, and does not ſtir out of the Field once in the whole *Georgic*. His Method in deſcribing Month after Month with its proper Seaſons and Employments, is too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurprize and variety of the Poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern Almanack in Verſe. The Reader is carried through a courſe of Weather, and may beforehand gueſs whether he is to meet with Snow or Rain, Clouds or Sunſhine in the next Deſcription. His Deſcriptions indeed have abundance of Nature in them, but then it is Nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. Thus when he ſpeaks of *January*; the Wild-Beaſts, ſays he, run ſhivering through the Woods with their Heads ſtooping to the Ground, and their Tails clapt between their Legs; the Goats and Oxen are almoſt dead with Cold; but it is not ſo bad with the Sheep, becauſe they have a thick Coat of Wooll about 'em. The Old Men too are bitterly pinch't with the Weather, but the young Girls feel nothing of it, who ſit at home

with

with their Mothers by a warm Fire-ſide. Thus does the Old Gentleman give himſelf up to a looſe kind of Tattle, rather than endeavour after a juſt Poetical Deſcription. Nor has he ſhewn more of Art or Judgment in the Precepts he has given us, which are ſown ſo very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often ſo minute and full of Circumſtances, that they weaken and un-nerve his Verſe. But after all, we are beholding to him for the firſt rough *sketch* of a *Georgic*: where we may ſtill diſcover ſomething venerable in the Antickneſs of the Work; but if we wou'd ſee the Deſign enlarg'd, the Figures reform'd, the Colouring laid on, and the whole Piece finiſh'd, we muſt expect it from a greater Maſter's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the Rules for Tillage and Planting into Two Books, which *Heſiod* has diſpatch'd in half a one; but has ſo rais'd the natural rudeneſs and ſimplicity of his Subject with ſuch a ſignificancy of Expreſſion, ſuch a Pomp of Verſe, ſuch variety of Tranſitions, and ſuch a ſolemn Air in his Reflections, that if we look on both Poets together, we ſee in one the plainneſs of a down-right Country-Man, and in the other, ſomething of a ruſtick Majeſty, like that of a *Roman* Dictator at the Plow-Tail. He delivers the meaneſt of his Precepts with a kind of Grandeur, he breaks the Clods and toſſes the Dung about with an air of gracefulneſs. His Prognoſtications of the Weather are taken out of *Aratus*, where we may ſee how judiciouſly he has pickt out thoſe that are moſt proper for his Husbandman's Obſervation; how he has enforc'd the Expreſſion, and heighten'd the Images which he found in the Original.

The Second Book has more wit in it, and a greater boldneſs in its Metaphors than any of the reſt. The Poet with a great Beauty applies Oblivion, Ignorance, Wonder, Deſire and the like to his Trees. The laſt *Georgic* has indeed as many Metaphors, but not ſo daring as this; for Humane Thoughts and Paſſions may be more naturally aſcrib'd to a Bee, than to an inanimate Plant. He who reads over the Pleaſures of a Country Life, as they are deſcrib'd by *Virgil* in the latter end of this Book, can ſcarce be of *Virgil*'s Mind, in perferring even the Life of a Philoſopher to it.

We may I think read the Poet's Clime in his Deſcription, for he ſeems to have been in a ſweat at the Writing of it.

——*O Quis me gelidis ſub Montibus Hæmi*
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

And is every where mentioning among his chief Pleaſures, the coolneſs of his Shades and Rivers, Vales and Grottos, which a more Northern Poet wou'd have omitted for the deſcription of a Sunny Hill, and Fire-ſide.

The Third *Georgic* ſeems to be the moſt labour'd of 'em all; there is a wonderful Vigour and Spirit in the deſcription of the Horſe and Chariot-Race. The force of Love is repreſented in Noble Inſtances, and very Sublime Expreſſions. The *Scythian* Winter-piece appears ſo very cold and bleak to the Eye, that a Man can ſcarce look on it without ſhivering. The Murrain at the end has all the expreſſiveneſs

that

that words can give. It was here that the Poet ſtrain'd hard to out-do *Lucretius* in the deſcription of his Plague; and if the Reader wou'd ſee what ſucceſs he had, he may find it at large in *Scaliger*.

But *Virgil* ſeems no where ſo well pleas'd, as when he is got among his Bees in the Fourth *Georgic*: And Ennobles the Actions of ſo trivial a Creature, with Metaphors drawn from the moſt important Concerns of Mankind. His Verſes are not a in greater noiſe and hurry in the Battels of *Æneas* and *Turnus*, than in the Engagement of two Swarms. And as in his *Æneis* he compares the Labours of his *Trojans* to thoſe of Bees and Piſmires, here he compares the Labours of the Bees to thoſe of the *Cyclops*. In ſhort, the laſt *Georgic* was a good Prelude to the *Æneis*; and very well ſhew'd what the Poet could do in the deſcription of what was really great, by his deſcribing the Mock-grandeur of an Inſect with ſo good a grace. There is more pleaſantneſs in the little Platform of a Garden, which he gives us about the middle of this Book, than in all the ſpacious Walks and Water-works of *Rapin*'s. The Speech of *Proteus* at the end can never be enough admir'd, and was indeed very fit to conclude ſo Divine a Work.

After this particular account of the Beauties in the *Georgics*, I ſhou'd in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But tho' I think there are ſome few parts in it that are not ſo Beautiful as the reſt, I ſhall not preſume to name them, as rather ſuſpecting my own Judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that Poem, which lay ſo long under *Virgil*'s Correction, and had his laſt hand put to it. The firſt *Georgic* was probably Burleſqu'd in the Author's Life-time; for we ſtill find in the Scholiaſts a Verſe that ridicules part of a Line Tranſlated from *Heſiod*. *Nudus Ara, ſere Nudus*——And we may eaſily gueſs at the Judgment of this extraordinary Critick, whoever he was, from his Cenſuring this particular Precept. We may be ſure *Virgil* wou'd not have Tranſlated it from *Heſiod*, had he not diſcover'd ſome Beauty in it; and indeed the Beauty of it is what I have before obſerv'd to be frequently met with in *Virgil*, the delivering the Precept ſo indirectly, and ſingling out the particular circumſtance of Sowing and Plowing naked, to ſuggeſt to us that theſe Employments are proper only in the hot Seaſon of the Year.

I ſhall not here compare the Stile of the *Georgics* with that of *Lucretius*, which the Reader may ſee already done in the Preface to the Second Volume of *Miſcellany Poems*; but ſhall conclude this Poem to be the moſt Compleat, Elaborate, and finiſht Piece of all Antiquity. The *Æneis* indeed is of a Nobler kind, but the *Georgic* is more perfect in its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety of Beauties in it, but thoſe of the *Georgic* are more exquiſite. In ſhort, the *Georgic* has all the perfection that can be expected in a Poem written by the greateſt Poet in the Flower of his Age, when his Invention was ready, his Imagination warm, his Judgment ſettled, and all his Faculties in their full Vigour and Maturity.

VIRGIL's

To Sr Thomas Trevor of the Inner Temple Knight
His Majestys Attorny Generall.

Geor: 1 L. 1.

Virgil's Georgics.

The First Book of the Georgics.

The Argument.

The Poet, in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general Design of each Georgic: And after a solemn Invocation of all the Gods who are any way related to his Subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, *whom he complements with Divinity; and after strikes into his Business. He shews the different kinds of Tillage proper to different Soils, traces out the Original of Agriculture, gives a Catalogue of the Husbandman's Tools, specifies the Employments peculiar to each Season, describes the changes of the Weather, with the Signs in Heaven and Earth that fore-bode them. Instances many of the Prodigies that happen'd near the time of* Julius Cæsar's *Death. And shuts up all with a Supplication to the Gods for the Safety of* Augustus, *and the Preservation of* Rome.

WHat makes a plenteous Harvest, when to turn
The fruitful Soil, and when to sowe the Corn,
The Care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine;
And how to raise on Elms the teeming Vine:
The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,
I sing, *Mecænas*, and I sing to thee.

Ye Deities! who Fields and Plains protect,
Who rule the Seasons, and the Year direct;
Bacchus and fost'ring *Ceres*, Pow'rs Divine,
Who gave us Corn for Mast, for Water Wine:
Ye Fawns, propitious to the Rural Swains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the Mountains and the Plains,
Join in my Work, and to my Numbers bring
Your needful Succour, for your Gifts I sing.

And thou, whoſe Trident ſtruck the teeming Earth,
And made a Paſſage for the Courſers Birth.
And thou, for whom the *Cæan* Shore ſuſtains
Thy Milky Herds, that graze the Flow'ry Plains.
And thou, the Shepherds tutelary God,
Leave, for a while, O *Pan!* thy lov'd Abode:
And, if *Arcadian* Fleeces be thy Care,
From Fields and Mountains to my Song repair.
Inventor, *Pallas*, of the fat'ning Oyl,
Thou Founder of the Plough and Plough-man's Toyl;
And thou, whoſe Hands the Shrowd-like Cypreſs rear;
Come all ye Gods and Goddeſſes, that wear
The rural Honours, and increaſe the Year.
You, who ſupply the Ground with Seeds of Grain;
And you, who ſwell thoſe Seeds with kindly Rain:
And chiefly thou, whoſe undetermin'd State
Is yet the Buſineſs of the Gods Debate:
Whether in after Times to be declar'd
The Patron of the World, and *Rome*'s peculiar Guard,
Or o're the Fruits and Seaſons to preſide,
And the round Circuit of the Year to guide.
Pow'rful of Bleſſings, which thou ſtrew'ſt around,
And with thy Goddeſs Mother's Myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, *Cæſar*, chuſe the watry Reign,
To ſmooth the Surges, and correct the Main?
Then Mariners, in Storms, to thee ſhall pray,
Ev'n utmoſt *Thule* ſhall thy Pow'r obey;
And *Neptune* ſhall reſign the Faſces of the Sea.
The wat'ry Virgins for thy Bed ſhall ſtrive,
And *Tethys* all her Waves in Dowry give.
Or wilt thou bleſs our Summers with thy Rays,
And ſeated near the Ballance, poiſe the Days:
Where in the Void of Heav'n a Space is free,
Betwixt the *Scorpion* and the *Maid* for thee.

The *Scorpion* ready to receive thy Laws,
Yields half his Region, and contracts his Claws.
Whatever part of Heav'n thou ſhalt obtain,
For let not Hell preſume of ſuch a Reign;
Nor let ſo dire a Thirſt of Empire move
Thy Mind, to leave thy Kindred Gods above.
Tho' *Greece* admires *Elyſium*'s bleſt Retreat,
Tho' *Proſerpine* affects her ſilent Seat,
And importun'd by *Ceres* to remove,
Prefers the Fields below to thoſe above.
But thou, propitious *Cæſar*, guide my Courſe,
And to my bold Endeavours add thy Force.
Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's Cares,
Int'reſt thy Greatneſs in our mean Affairs,
And uſe thy ſelf betimes to hear and grant our Pray'rs.
While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds
Her frozen Boſom to the Weſtern Winds;
While Mountain Snows diſſolve againſt the Sun,
And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run.
Ev'n in this early Dawning of the Year,
Produce the Plough, and yoke the ſturdy Steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his Toil,
'Till the bright Share is bury'd in the Soil.
That Crop rewards the greedy Peaſant's Pains,
Which twice the Sun, and twice the Cold ſuſtains,
And burſts the crowded Barns, with more than promis'd Gains.
But e're we ſtir the yet unbroken Ground,
The various Courſe of Seaſons muſt be found;
The Weather, and the ſetting of the Winds,
The Culture ſuiting to the ſev'ral Kinds
Of Seeds and Plants; and what will thrive and riſe,
And what the Genius of the Soil denies.
This ground with *Bacchus*, that with *Ceres* ſuits:
That other loads the Trees with happy Fruits.

A fourth with Graſs, unbidden, decks the Ground:
Thus *Tmolus* is with yellow Saffron crown'd:
India, black Ebon and white Ivory bears:
And ſoft *Idume* weeps her od'rous Tears.
Thus *Pontus* ſends her Beaver Stones from far;
And naked *Spanyards* temper Steel for War.
Epirus for th' *Elean* Chariot breeds,
(In hopes of Palms,) a Race of running Steeds.
This is the Orig'nal Contract; theſe the Laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's Cauſe,
On ſundry Places, when *Deucalian* hurl'd
his Mother's Entrails on the deſart World:
Whence Men, a hard laborious Kind, were born.
Then borrow part of Winter for thy Corn;
And early with thy Team the Gleeb in Furrows turn.
That while the Turf lies open, and unbound,
Succeeding Suns may bake the Mellow Ground.
But if the Soil be barren, only ſcar
The Surface, and but lightly print the Share,
When cold *Arcturus* riſes with the Sun:
Leſt wicked Weeds the Corn ſhou'd over-run
In watry Soils; or leſt the barren Sand
Shou'd ſuck the Moiſture from the thirſty Land.
Both theſe unhappy Soils the Swain forbears,
And keeps a Sabbath of alternate Years:
That the ſpent Earth may gather heart again;
And, better'd by Ceſſation, bear the Grain.
At leaſt where Vetches, Pulſe, and Tares have ſtood,
And Stalks of Lupines grew (a ſtubborn Wood:)
Th' enſuing Seaſon, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the Golden Year.
For Flax and Oats will burn the tender Field,
And ſleepy Poppies harmful Harveſts yield.

But ſweet Viciſſitudes of Reſt and Toyl
Make eaſy labour, and renew the Soil.
Yet ſprinkle ſordid Aſhes all around,
And load with fat'ning Dung thy fallow Ground.
Thus change of Seeds for meagre Soils is beſt;
And Earth manur'd, not idle, though at reſt.
Long Practice has a ſure Improvement found,
With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground;
When the light Stubble, to the Flames reſign'd,
Is driv'n along, and crackles in the Wind.
Whether from hence the hollow Womb of Earth
Is warm'd with ſecret Strength for better Birth,
Or when the latent Vice is cur'd by Fire,
Redundant Humours thro' the Pores expire;
Or that the Warmth diſtends the Chinks, and makes
New Breathings, whence new Nouriſhment ſhe takes;
Or that the Heat the gaping Ground conſtrains,
New Knits the Surface, and new Strings the Veins;
Leſt ſoaking Show'rs ſhou'd pierce her ſecret Seat,
Or freezing *Boreas* chill her genial Heat;
Or ſcorching Suns too violently beat.
Nor is the Profit ſmall, the Peaſant makes;
Who ſmooths with Harrows, or who pounds with Rakes
The crumbling Clods: Nor *Ceres* from on high
Regards his Labours with a grudging Eye;
Nor his, who plows acroſs the furrow'd Grounds,
And on the Back of Earth inflicts new Wounds:
For he with frequent Exerciſe Commands
Th' unwilling Soil, and tames the ſtubborn Lands.
Ye Swains, invoke the Pow'rs who rule the Sky,
For a moiſt Summer, and a Winter dry:
For Winter drout rewards the Peaſant's Pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain.

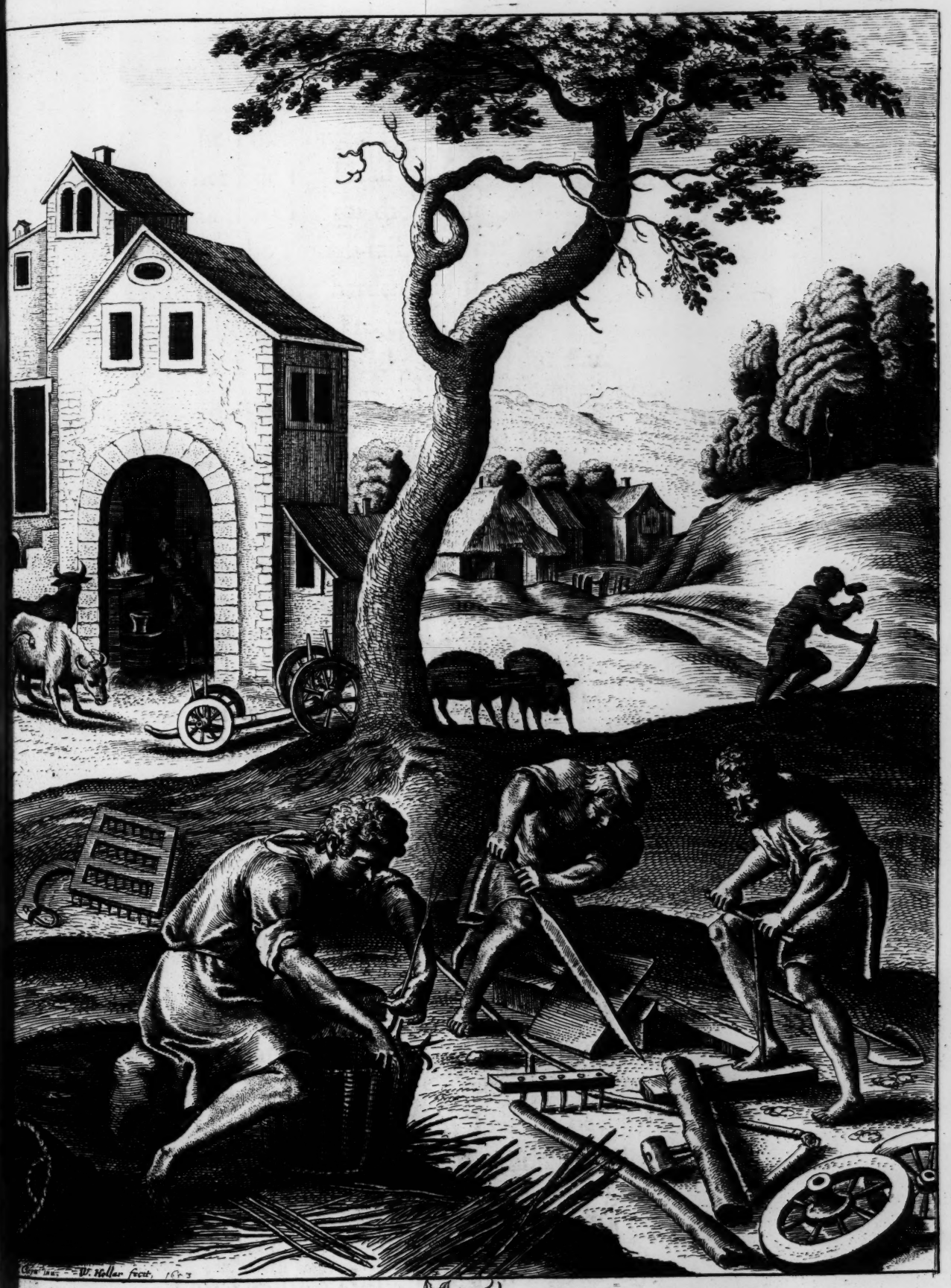
Hence

Hence *Myſia* boaſts her Harveſts, and the tops
Of *Gargarus* admire their happy Crops.
When firſt the Soil receives the fruitful Seed,
Make no delay, but cover it with ſpeed:
So fenc'd from Cold; the plyant Furrows break,
Before the ſurly Clod reſiſts the Rake.
And call the Floods from high, to ruſh amain
With pregnant Streams, to ſwell the teeming Grain.
Then when the fiery Suns too fiercely play,
And ſhrivell'd Herbs on with'ring Stems decay,
The wary Ploughman, on the Mountain's Brow,
Undams his watry Stores, huge Torrents flow;
And, ratling down the Rocks, large moiſture yield,
Temp'ring the thirſty Fever of the Field.
And leſt the Stem, too feeble for the freight,
Shou'd ſcarce ſuſtain the head's unweildy weight,
Sends in his feeding Flocks betimes t'invade
The riſing bulk of the luxuriant Blade;
E're yet th'aſpiring Off-ſpring of the Grain
O'retops the ridges of the furrow'd Plain:
And drains the ſtanding Waters, when they yield
Too large a Bev'rage to the drunken Field.
But moſt in Autumn, and the ſhow'ry Spring,
When dubious Months uncertain weather bring;
When Fountains open, when impetuous Rain
Swells haſty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain;
When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o're,
Or hollow places ſpue their wat'ry Store.
Nor yet the Ploughman, nor the lab'ring Steer,
Suſtain alone the hazards of the Year:
But glutton Geeſe, and the *Strymonian* Crane,
With foreign Troops, invade the tender Grain:
And tow'ring Weeds malignant Shadows yield;
And ſpreading *Succ'ry* choaks the riſing Field.

The

The Sire of Gods and Men, with hard Decrees,
Forbids our Plenty to be bought with Eaſe:
And wills that Mortal Men, inur'd to toil,
Shou'd exerciſe, with pains, the grudging Soil.
Himſelf invented firſt the ſhining Share,
And whetted Humane Induſtry by Care:
Himſelf did Handy-Crafts and Arts ordain;
Nor ſuffer'd Sloath to ruſt his active Reign.
E're this, no Peaſant vex'd the peaceful Ground;
Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found:
No Fences parted Fields, nor Marks nor Bounds
Diſtinguiſh'd Acres of litigious Grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful Earth
Was free to give her unexacted Birth.
Jove added Venom to the Viper's Brood,
And ſwell'd, with raging Storms, the peaceful Flood:
Commiſſion'd hungry Wolves t'infeſt the Fold,
And ſhook from Oaken Leaves the liquid Gold.
Remov'd from Humane reach the chearful Fire,
And from the Rivers bade the Wine retire:
That ſtudious Need might uſeful Arts explore;
From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store:
And force the Veins of claſhing Flints t'expire
The lurking Seeds of their Coeleſtial Fire,
Then firſt on Seas the hollow'd Alder ſwam;
Then Sailers quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name
For ev'ry fix'd and ev'ry wandring Star:
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the Northern Car.
Then Toils for Beaſts, and Lime for Birds were found,
And deep-mouth Dogs did Forreſt Walks ſurround:
And caſting Nets were ſpread in ſhallow Brooks,
Drags in the Deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks.
Then Saws were tooth'd, and founding Axes made;
(For Wedges firſt did yielding Wood invade.)

And various Arts in order did ſucceed,
(What cannot endleſs Labour urg'd by need?)
First *Ceres* taught, the Ground with Grain to ſow,
And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough;
When now *Dodonian* Oaks no more ſupply'd
Their Maſt, and Trees their Forreſt-fruit deny'd.
Soon was his Labour doubl'd to the Swain,
And blaſting Mildews blackned all his Grain.
Tough Thiſtles choak'd the Fields, and kill'd the Corn,
And an unthrifty Crop of Weeds was born.
Then Burrs and Brambles, an unbidden Crew
Of graceleſs Gueſts, th' unhappy Field ſubdue:
And Oats unbleſt, and Darnel domineers,
And ſhoots its head above the ſhining Ears.
So that unleſs the Land with daily Care
Is exercis'd, and with an Iron War,
Of Rakes and Harrows, the proud Foes expell'd,
And Birds with clamours frighted from the Field;
Unleſs the Boughs are lopp'd that ſhade the Plain,
And Heav'n invok'd with Vows for fruitful Rain,
On other Crops you may with envy look,
And ſhake for Food the long abandon'd Oak.
Nor muſt we paſs untold what Arms they wield,
Who labour Tillage and the furrow'd Field:
Without whoſe aid the Ground her Corn denys,
And nothing can be ſown, and nothing riſe.
The crooked Plough, the Share, the tow'ring height
Of Waggons, and the Cart's unweildy weight;
The Sled, the Tumbril, Hurdles and the Flail,
The Fan of *Bacchus*, with the flying Sail.
Theſe all muſt be prepar'd, if Plowmen hope
The promis'd Bleſſing of a Bounteous Crop.
Young Elms with early force in Copſes bow,
Fit for the Figure of the crooked Plough.



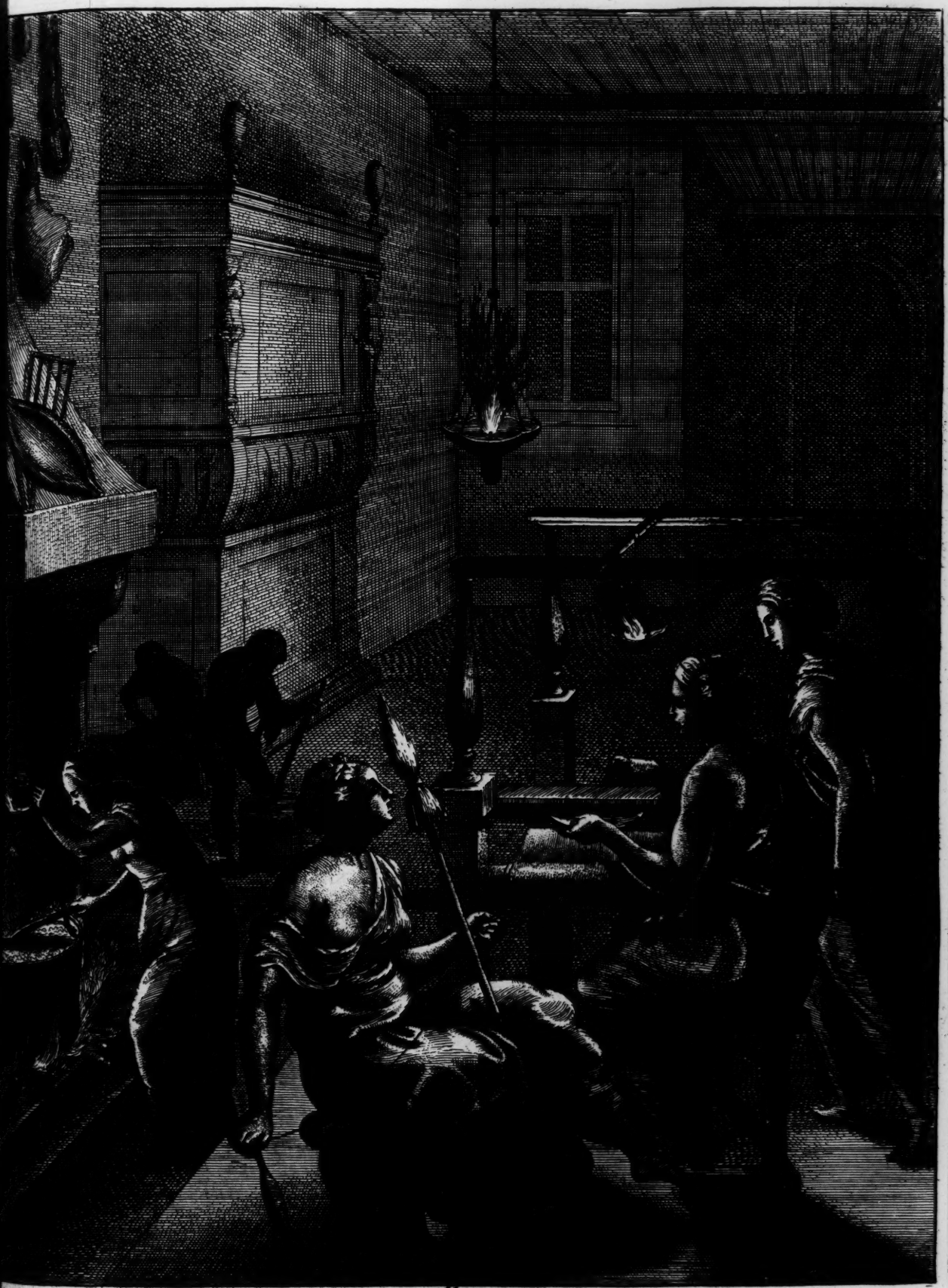
To Sr John Hawles: of Lincolns Inn in the
County of Midlesex Knt: His Majestyes Solicitor Genll:

Geor: 1 L. 240.

Of eight Foot long a faſtned Beam prepare,
On either ſide the Head produce an Ear,
And ſink a Socket for the ſhining Share.
Of Beech the Plough-tail, and the bending Yoke;
Or ſofter Linden harden'd in the Smoke.
I cou'd be long in Precepts, but I fear
So mean a Subject might offend your Ear.
Delve of convenient Depth your thraſhing Floor;
With temper'd Clay, then fill and face it o're:
And let the weighty Rowler run the round,
To ſmooth the Surface of th' unequal Ground;
Leſt crack'd with Summer Heats the flooring flies,
Or ſinks, and thro' the Crannies Weeds ariſe.
For ſundry Foes the Rural Realm ſurround:
The Field-Mouſe builds her Garner under ground,
For gather'd Grain the blind laborious Mole,
In winding Mazes works her hidden Hole.
In hollow Caverns Vermine make abode,
The hiſſing Serpent, and the ſwelling Toad:
The Corn-devouring Weezel here abides,
And the wiſe Ant her wintry Store provides.
Mark well the flowring Almonds in the Wood;
If od'rous Blooms the bearing Branches load,
The Glebe will anſwer to the Sylvan Reign,
Great Heats will follow, and large Crops of Grain.
But if a Wood of Leaves o'reſhade the Tree,
Such and ſo barren will thy Harveſt be:
In vain the Hind ſhall vex the thraſhing Floor,
For empty Chaff and Straw will be thy Store.
Some ſteep their Seed, and ſome in Cauldrons boil
With vigorous Nitre, and with Lees of Oyl,
O're gentle Fires; th' exuberant Juice to drain,
And ſwell the flatt'ring Husks with fruitful Grain.

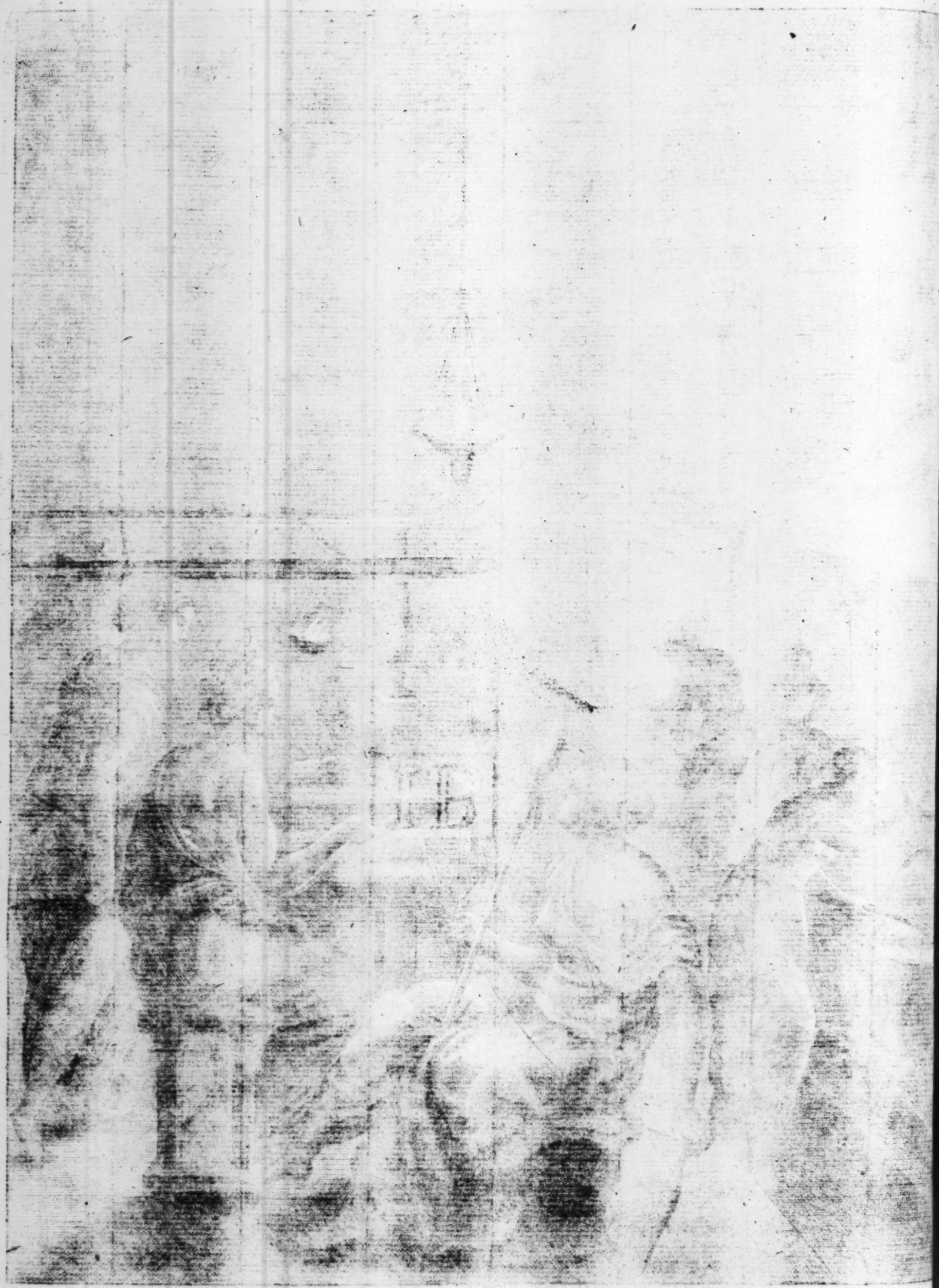
Yet is not the Succeſs for Years aſſur'd,
Tho choſen is the Seed, and fully cur'd;
Unleſs the Peaſant, with his Annual Pain,
Renews his Choice, and culls the largeſt Grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's Curſe,
Or Fates Decree, degen'rate ſtill to worſe.
So the Boats brawny Crew the Current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the Stream:
But if they ſlack their hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the Flood with headlong haſte they drive.
Nor muſt the Ploughman leſs obſerve the Skies,
When the *Kidds*, *Dragon*, and *Arcturus* riſe,
Than Saylors homeward bent, who cut their Way
Thro' *Helle*'s ſtormy Streights, and Oyſter-breeding Sea.
But when *Aſtrea*'s Ballance, hung on high,
Betwixt the Nights and Days divides the Sky,
Then Yoke your Oxen, ſow your Winter Grain;
'Till cold *December* comes with driving Rain.
Lineſeed and fruitful Poppy bury warm,
In a dry Seaſon, and prevent the Storm.
Sow Beans and Clover in a rotten Soyl,
And Millet riſing from your Annual Toyl;
When with his Golden Horns, in full Cariere,
The Bull beats down the Barriers of the Year;
And *Argos* and the Dog forſake the Northern Sphere.
But if your Care to Wheat alone extend,
Let *Maja* with her Siſters firſt deſcend,
And the bright *Gnoſian* Diadem downward bend:
Before you truſt in Earth your future Hope;
Or elſe expect a liſtleſs lazy Crop.
Some Swains have ſown before, but moſt have found
A husky Harveſt, from the grudging Ground.
Vile Vetches wou'd you ſow, or Lentils lean,
The Growth of *Egypt*, or the Kidney-bean?

Begin



To Joseph Jekyll
of the Middle Temple Esq

Geo: L. L. 390



Begin when the ſlow Waggoner deſcends,
Nor ceaſe your ſowing till Mid-winter ends:
For this, thro' twelve bright Signs *Apollo* guides
The Year, and Earth in ſev'ral Climes divides.
Five Girdles bind the Skies, the torrid Zone
Glows with the paſſing and repaſſing Sun.
Far on the right and left, th' extreams of Heav'n,
To Froſts and Snows, and bitter Blaſts are giv'n.
Betwixt the midſt and theſe, the Gods aſſign'd
Two habitable Seats for Humane Kind:
And croſs their limits cut a ſloaping way,
Which the twelve Signs in beauteous order ſway.
Two Poles turn round the Globe; one ſeen to riſe
O're *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Lybian* Skies.
The firſt ſublime in Heav'n, the laſt is whirl'd
Below the Regions of the nether World.
Around our Pole the ſpiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding Stream the Bears divides;
The leſs and greater, who by Fates Decree
Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea:
There, as they ſay, perpetual Night is found
In ſilence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or when *Aurora* leaves our Northern Sphere,
She lights the downward Heav'n, and riſes there.
And when on us ſhe breaths the living Light,
Red *Veſper* kindles there the Tapers of the Night.
From hence uncertain Seaſons we may know;
And when to reap the Grain, and when to ſow:
Or when to fell the Furzes, when 'tis meet
To ſpread the flying Canvaſs for the Fleet.
Obſerve what Stars ariſe or diſappear;
And the four Quarters of the rolling Year.
But when cold Weather and continu'd Rain,
The lab'ring Husband in his Houſe reſtrain:

Let him forecaſt his Work with timely care,
Which elſe is huddl'd, when the Skies are fair:
Then let him mark the Sheep, or whet the ſhining Share.
Or hollow Trees for Boats, or number o're
His Sacks, or meaſure his increaſing Store:
Or ſharpen Stakes, or head the Forks, or twine
The Sallow Twigs to tye the ſtragling Vine:
Or wicker Baskets weave, or aire the Corn,
Or grinded Grain betwixt two Marbles turn.
No Laws, Divine or Human, can reſtrain
From neceſſary Works, the lab'ring Swain.
Ev'n Holy-days and Feaſts permiſſion yield,
To float the Meadows, or to fence the Field,
To Fire the Brambles, ſnare the Birds, and ſteep
In wholſom Water-falls the woolly Sheep.
And oft the drudging Aſs is driv'n, with Toyl,
To neighb'ring Towns with Apples and with Oyl:
Returning late, and loaden home with Gain
Of barter'd Pitch, and Hand-mills for the Grain.
The lucky Days, in each revolving Moon,
For Labour chuſe: The Fifth be ſure to ſhun;
That gave the Furies and pale *Pluto* Birth,
And arm'd, againſt the Skies, the Sons of Earth.
With Mountains pil'd on Mountains, thrice they ſtrove
To ſcale the ſteepy Battlements of *Jove*:
And thrice his Lightning and red Thunder play'd,
And their demoliſh'd Works in Ruin laid.
The Sev'nth is, next the Tenth, the beſt to joyn
Young Oxen to the Yoke, and plant the Vine.
Then Weavers ſtretch your Stays upon the Weft:
The Ninth is good for Travel, bad for Theft.
Some Works in dead of Night are better done;
Or when the Morning Dew prevents the Sun.

Parch'd

Parch'd Meads and Stubble mow, by *Phœbe*'s Light;
Which both require the Coolneſs of the Night:
For Moiſture then abounds, and Pearly Rains
Deſcend in Silence to refreſh the Plains.
The Wife and Husband equally conſpire,
To work by Night, and rake the Winter Fire:
He ſharpens Torches in the glim'ring Room,
She ſhoots the flying Shuttle through the Loom:
Or boils in Kettles Muſt of Wine, and Skims
With Leaves, the Dregs that overflow the Brims.
And till the watchful Cock awakes the Day,
She ſings to drive the tedious hours away.
But in Warm Weather, when the Skies are clear,
By Daylight reap the Product of the Year:
And in the Sun your golden Grain diſplay,
And thraſh it out, and winnow it by Day.
Plough naked, Swain, and naked ſow the Land,
For lazy Winter nums the lab'ring Hand.
In Genial Winter, Swains enjoy their Store,
Forget their Hardſhips, and recruit for more.
The Farmer to full Bowls invites his Friends,
And what he got with Pains, with Pleaſure ſpends.
So Saylors, when eſcap'd from ſtormy Seas,
Firſt crown their Veſſels, then indulge their Eaſe.
Yet that's the proper Time to thraſh the Wood
For Maſt of Oak, your Fathers homely Food.
To gather Laurel-berries, and the Spoil
Of bloody Myrtles, and to preſs your Oyl.
For ſtalking Cranes to ſet the guileful Snare,
T'incloſe the Stags in Toyls, and Hunt the Hare.
With *Balearick* Slings, or *Gnoſſian* Bow,
To perſecute from far the flying Doe.
Then, when the Fleecy Skies new cloath the Wood,
And cakes of ruſtling Ice come rolling down the Flood.

Now

Now ſing we ſtormy Stars, when Autumn weighs
The Year, and adds to Nights, and ſhortens Days;
And Suns declining ſhine with feeble Rays:
What Cares muſt then attend the toiling Swain;
Or when the low'ring Spring, with laviſh Rain,
Beats down the ſlender Stem and bearded Grain:
While yet the Head is green, or lightly ſwell'd
With Milky-moiſture, over-looks the Field.
Ev'n when the Farmer, now ſecure of Fear,
Sends in the Swains to ſpoil the finiſh'd Year:
Ev'n while the Reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden Sheafs in brittle bands:
Oft have I ſeen a ſudden Storm ariſe,
From all the warring Winds that ſweep the Skies:
The heavy Harveſt from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born;
With ſuch a force the flying rack is driv'n;
And ſuch a Winter wears the face of Heav'n:
And oft whole ſheets deſcend of ſlucy Rain,
Suck'd by the ſpongy Clouds from off the Main:
The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown.
The Dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring ſound
The riſing Rivers float the nether ground;
And Rocks the bellowing Voice of boiling Seas rebound.
The Father of the Gods his Glory ſhrowds,
Involv'd in Tempeſts, and a Night of Clouds.
And from the middle Darkneſs flaſhing out,
By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.
Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,
Her Entrails tremble, and her Mountains nod;
And flying Beaſts in Foreſts ſeek abode:
Deep horrour ſeizes evr'y Humane Breaſt,
Their Pride is humbled, and their Fear confeſs'd:

While

To Thomas Vernon of Hanbury
in Worcester = Shire Esq

Geo: 1 L 475

While he from high his rowling Thunder throws,
And fires the Mountains with repeated blows:
The Rocks are from their old Foundations rent;
The Winds redouble, and the Rains augment:
The Waves on heaps are dash'd against the Shoar,
And now the Woods, and now the Billows roar.
In fear of this, observe the starry Signs,
Where *Saturn* houses, and where *Hermes* joins.
But first to Heav'n thy due Devotions pay,
And Annual Gifts on *Ceres* Altars lay.
When Winter's rage abates, when chearful Hours
Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flow'rs,
On the green Turf thy careless Limbs display,
And celebrate the mighty Mother's day.
For then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,
And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground:
With milder Beams the Sun securely shines;
Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines.
Let ev'ry Swain adore her Pow'r Divine,
And Milk and Honey mix with sparkling Wine:
Let all the Choir of Clowns attend the Show,
In long Procession, shouting as they go;
Invoking her to bless their yearly Stores,
Inviting Plenty to their crowded Floors.
Thus in the Spring, and thus in Summer's Heat,
Before the Sickles touch the ripening Wheat,
On *Ceres* call; and let the lab'ring Hind
With Oaken Wreaths his hollow Temples bind:
On *Ceres* let him call, and *Ceres* praise,
With uncouth Dances, and with Country Lays.
And that by certain signs we may presage
Of Heats and Rains, and Wind's impetuous rage,
The Sov'reign of the Heav'ns has set on high
The Moon, to mark the Changes of the Skye:

When

When Southern blaſts ſhou'd ceaſe, and when the Swain
Shou'd near their Folds his feeding Flocks reſtrain.
For e're the riſing Winds begin to roar,
The working Seas advance to waſh the Shoar:
Soft whiſpers run along the leavy Woods,
And Mountains whiſtle to the murm'ring Floods:
Ev'n then the doubtful Billows ſcarce abſtain
From the toſs'd Veſſel on the troubled Main:
When crying Cormorants forſake the Sea,
And ſtretching to the Covert wing their way:
When ſportful Coots run skimming o're the Strand;
When watchful Herons leave their watry Stand,
And mounting upward, with erected flight,
Gain on the Skyes, and ſoar above the ſight.
And oft before tempeſt'ous Winds ariſe,
The ſeeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies;
And, ſhooting through the darkneſs, guild the Night
With ſweeping Glories, and long trails of Light:
And Chaff with eddy Winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing Leaves are lifted from the Ground;
And floating Feathers on the Waters play.
But when the winged Thunder takes his way
From the cold North, and Eaſt and Weſt ingage,
And at their Frontiers meet with equal rage,
The Clouds are cruſh'd, a glut of gather'd Rain
The hollow Ditches fills, and floats the Plain,
And Sailors furl their droping Sheets amain.
Wet weather ſeldom hurts the moſt unwiſe,
So plain the Signs, ſuch Prophets are the Skies:
The wary Crane foreſees it firſt, and ſails
Above the Storm, and leaves the lowly Vales:
The Cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of Heav'n, and ſnuffs it in the Wind.

The Swallow skims the River's watry Face,
The Frogs renew the Croaks of their loquacious Race.
The careful Ant her ſecret Cell forſakes,
And drags her Egs along the narrow Tracks.
At either Horn the Rainbow drinks the Flood,
Huge Flocks of riſing Rooks forſake their Food,
And, crying, ſeek the Shelter of the Wood.
Beſides, the ſev'ral ſorts of watry Fowls,
That ſwim the Seas, or haunt the ſtanding Pools:
The Swans that ſail along the Silver Flood,
And dive with ſtretching Necks to ſearch their Food,
Then lave their Backs with ſprinkling Dews in vain,
And ſtem the Stream to meet the promis'd Rain.
The Crow with clam'rous Cries the Show'r demands,
And ſingle ſtalks along the Deſart Sands.
The nightly Virgin, while her Wheel ſhe plies,
Foreſees the Storm impending in the Skies,
When ſparkling Lamps their ſputt'ring Light advance,
And in the Sockets Oyly Bubbles dance.
Then after Show'rs, 'tis eaſie to deſcry
Returning Suns, and a ſerener Sky:
The Stars ſhine ſmarter, and the Moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd Beams, her ſharpen'd Horns.
The filmy *Goſſamer* now flitts no more,
Nor *Halcyons* bask on the ſhort Sunny Shoar:
Their Litter is not toſs'd by Sows unclean,
But a blue droughty Miſt deſcends upon the Plain.
And Owls, that mark the ſetting Sun, declare
A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair.
Tow'ring aloft, avenging *Niſus* flies,
While dar'd below the guilty *Scylla* lies,
Where ever frighted *Scylla* flies away,
Swift *Niſus* follows, and purſues his Prey,

Where injur'd *Niſus* takes his Airy Courſe,
Thence trembling *Scylla* flies and ſhuns his Force.
This puniſhment purſues th' unhappy Maid,
And thus the purple Hair is dearly paid.
Then, thrice the Ravens rend the liquid Air,
And croaking Notes proclaim the ſettled fair.
Then, round their Airy Palaces they fly,
To greet the Sun; and ſeis'd with ſecret Joy,
When Storms are over-blown, with Food repair
To their forſaken Neſts, and callow Care.
Not that I think their Breaſts with Heav'nly Souls
Inſpir'd, as Man, who Deſtiny controls.
But with the changeful Temper of the Skies,
As Rains condenſe, and Sun-ſhine rarifies;
So turn the Species in their alter'd Minds,
Compos'd by Calms, and diſcompos'd by Winds.
From hence proceeds the Birds harmonious Voice:
From hence the Cows exult, and friſking Lambs rejoice.
Obſerve the daily Circle of the Sun,
And the ſhort Year of each revolving Moon:
By them thou ſhalt foreſee the following day;
Nor ſhall a ſtarry Night thy Hopes betray.
When firſt the Moon appears, if then ſhe ſhrouds
Her ſilver Creſcent, tip'd with ſable Clouds;
Conclude ſhe bodes a Tempeſt on the Main,
And brews for Fields impetuous Floods of Rain.
Or if her Face with fiery Fluſhing glow,
Expect the ratling Winds aloft to blow.
But four Nights old, (for that's the ſureſt Sign,)
With ſharpen'd Horns if glorious then ſhe ſhine:
Next Day, nor only that, but all the Moon,
Till her revolving Race be wholly run;
Are void of Tempeſts, both by Land and Sea,
And Saylors in the Port their promis'd Vow ſhall pay.

Above

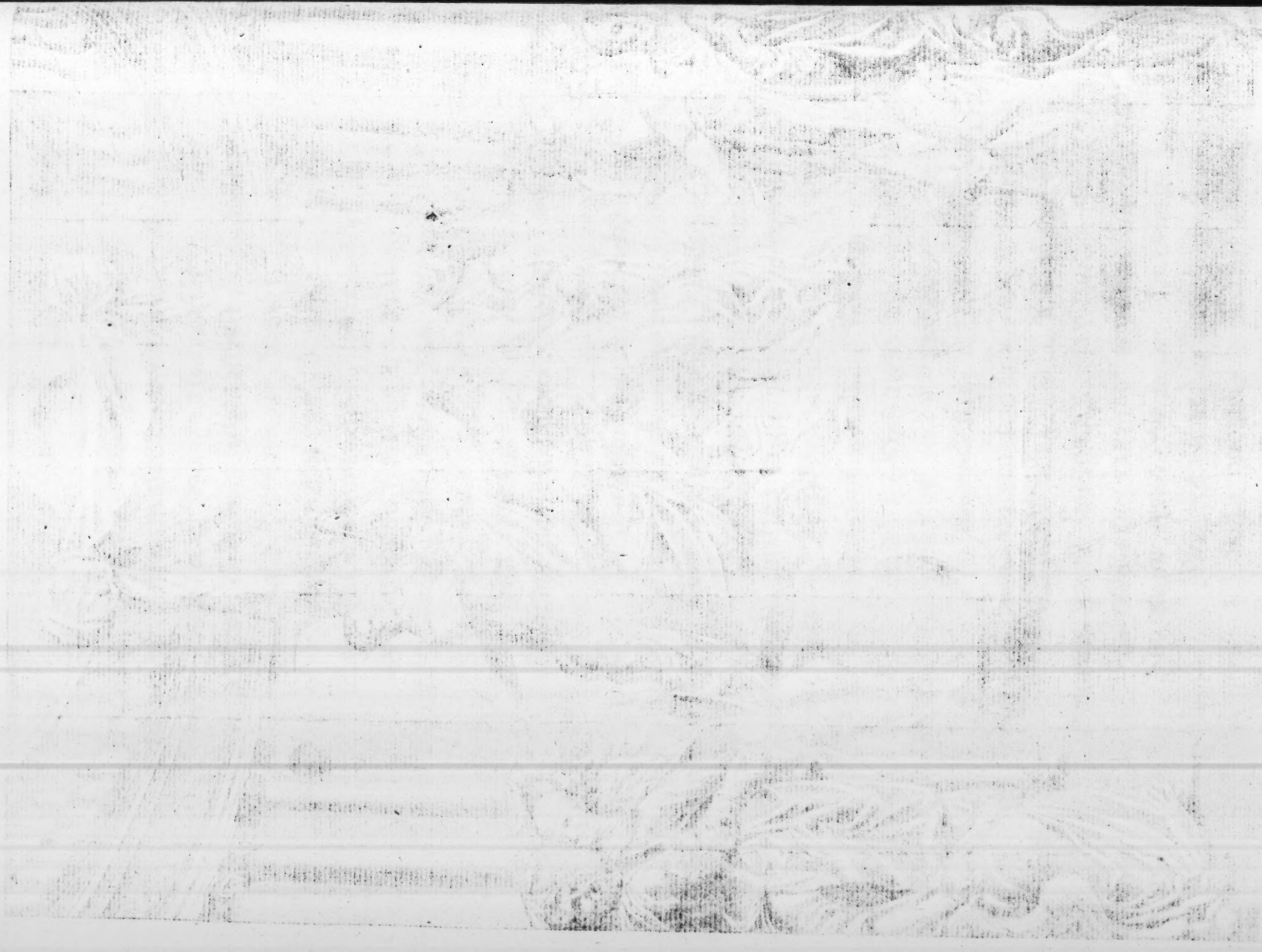
Above the reſt, the Sun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of Weather in the Skies:
For if he riſe, unwilling to his Race,
Clouds on his Brows, and Spots upon his Face;
Or if thro' Miſts he ſhoots his ſullen Beams,
Frugal of Light, in looſe and ſtragling Streams:
Suſpect a driſling Day, with Southern Rain,
Fatal to Fruits, and Flocks, and promis'd Grain.
Or if *Aurora*, with half open'd Eyes,
And a pale ſickly Cheek, ſalute the Skies;
How ſhall the Vine, with tender Leaves, defend
Her teeming Cluſters, when the Storms deſcend?
When ridgy Roofs and Tiles can ſcarce avail,
To barr the Ruin of the ratling Hail.
But more than all, the ſetting Sun ſurvey,
When down the ſteep of Heav'n he drives the Day.
For oft we find him finiſhing his Race,
With various Colours erring on his Face;
If fiery red his glowing Globe deſcends,
High Winds and furious Tempeſts he portends.
But if his Cheeks are ſwoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet Weather by his watry Hue.
If dusky Spots are vary'd on his Brow,
And, ſtreak'd with red, a troubl'd Colour ſhow;
That ſullen Mixture ſhall at once declare
Winds, Rain, and Storms, and Elemental War:
What deſp'rate Madman then wou'd venture o're
The *Frith*, or haul his Cables from the Shoar?
But if with Purple Rays he brings the Light,
And a pure Heav'n reſigns to quiet Night;
No riſing Winds, or falling Storms, are nigh:
But Northern Breezes through the Forreſt fly:
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffl'd Sky.

Th' unerring Sun by certain Signs declares,
What the late Ev'n, or early Morn prepares:
And when the South projects a ſtormy Day,
And when the clearing North will puff the Clouds away.
The Sun reveals the Secrets of the Sky;
And who dares give the Source of Light the Lye?
The change of Empires often he declares,
Fierce Tumults, hidden Treaſons, open Wars.
He firſt the Fate of *Ceſar* did foretel,
And pity'd *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Ceſar* fell.
In Iron Clouds conceal'd the Publick Light:
And Impious Mortals fear'd Eternal Night.
Nor was the Fact foretold by him alone:
Nature her ſelf ſtood forth, and ſeconded the Sun.
Earth, Air, and Seas, with Prodigies were ſign'd,
And Birds obſcene, and howling Dogs divin'd.
What Rocks did *Ætna*'s bellowing Mouth expire
From her torn Entrails! and what Floods of Fire!
What Clanks were heard, in *German* Skies afar,
Of Arms and Armies, ruſhing to the War!
Dire Earthquakes rent the ſolid *Alps* below,
And from their Summets ſhook th' Eternal Snow.
Pale Specters in the cloſe of Night were ſeen;
And Voices heard of more than Mortal Men.
In ſilent Groves, dumb Sheep and Oxen ſpoke,
And Streams ran backward, and their Beds forſook:
The yawning Earth diſclos'd th' Abyſs of Hell:
The weeping Statues did the Wars foretel;
And Holy Sweat from Brazen Idols fell.
Then riſing in his Might, the King of Floods,
Ruſht thro' the Forreſts, tore the loſty Woods;
And rowling onward, with a ſweepy Sway,
Bore Houſes, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away.

Blood

To William Dobyns
of Lincolns Inn Esqr.

Geo 1 : 625.



Blood ſprang from Wells, Wolfs howl'd in Towns by Night,
And boding Victims did the Prieſts affright.
Such Peals of Thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky Light'nings flaſh'd from ſuch a ſullen Sky.
Red Meteors ran a-croſs th' Etherial Space;
Stars diſappear'd, and Comets took their place.
For this, th' *Emathian* Plains once more were ſtrow'd
With *Roman* Bodies, and juſt Heav'n thought good
To fatten twice thoſe Fields with *Roman* Blood.
Then, after length of Time, the lab'ring Swains,
Who turn the Turfs of thoſe unhappy Plains,
Shall ruſty Piles from the plough'd Furrows take,
And over empty Helmets paſs the Rake.
Amaz'd at Antick Titles on the Stones,
And mighty Relicks of Gygantick Bones.
Ye home-born Deities, of Mortal Birth!
Thou Father *Romulus*, and Mother Earth,
Goddeſs unmov'd! whoſe Guardian Arms extend
O're *Thuſcan Tiber*'s Courſe, and *Roman* Tow'rs defend;
With youthful *Cæſar* your joint Pow'rs ingage,
Nor hinder him to ſave the ſinking Age.
O! let the Blood, already ſpilt, atone
For the paſt Crimes of curſt *Laomedon*!
Heav'n wants thee there, and long the Gods, we know,
Have grudg'd thee, *Cæſar*, to the World below.
Where Fraud and Rapine, Right and Wrong confound;
Where impious Arms from ev'ry part reſound,
And monſtrous Crimes in ev'ry Shape are crown'd.
The peaceful Peaſant to the Wars is preſt;
The Fields lye fallow in inglorious Reſt.
The Plain no Paſture to the Flock affords,
The crooked Scythes are ſtreightned into Swords:
And there *Euphrates* her ſoft Off-ſpring Arms,
And here the *Rhine* rebellows with Alarms:

The

The neighb'ring Cities range on ſev'ral ſides,
Perfidious *Mars* long plighted Leagues divides,
And o're the waſted World in Triumph rides.
So four fierce Courſers ſtarting to the Race,
Scow'r thro' the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace:
Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threat'ning Cries they fear,
But force along the trembling Charioteer.

To Sr. William Bowyer Baronet
of Denham Court in the County of Bucks.

Geor: 2. L.1

The Second Book of the Georgics.

The Argument.

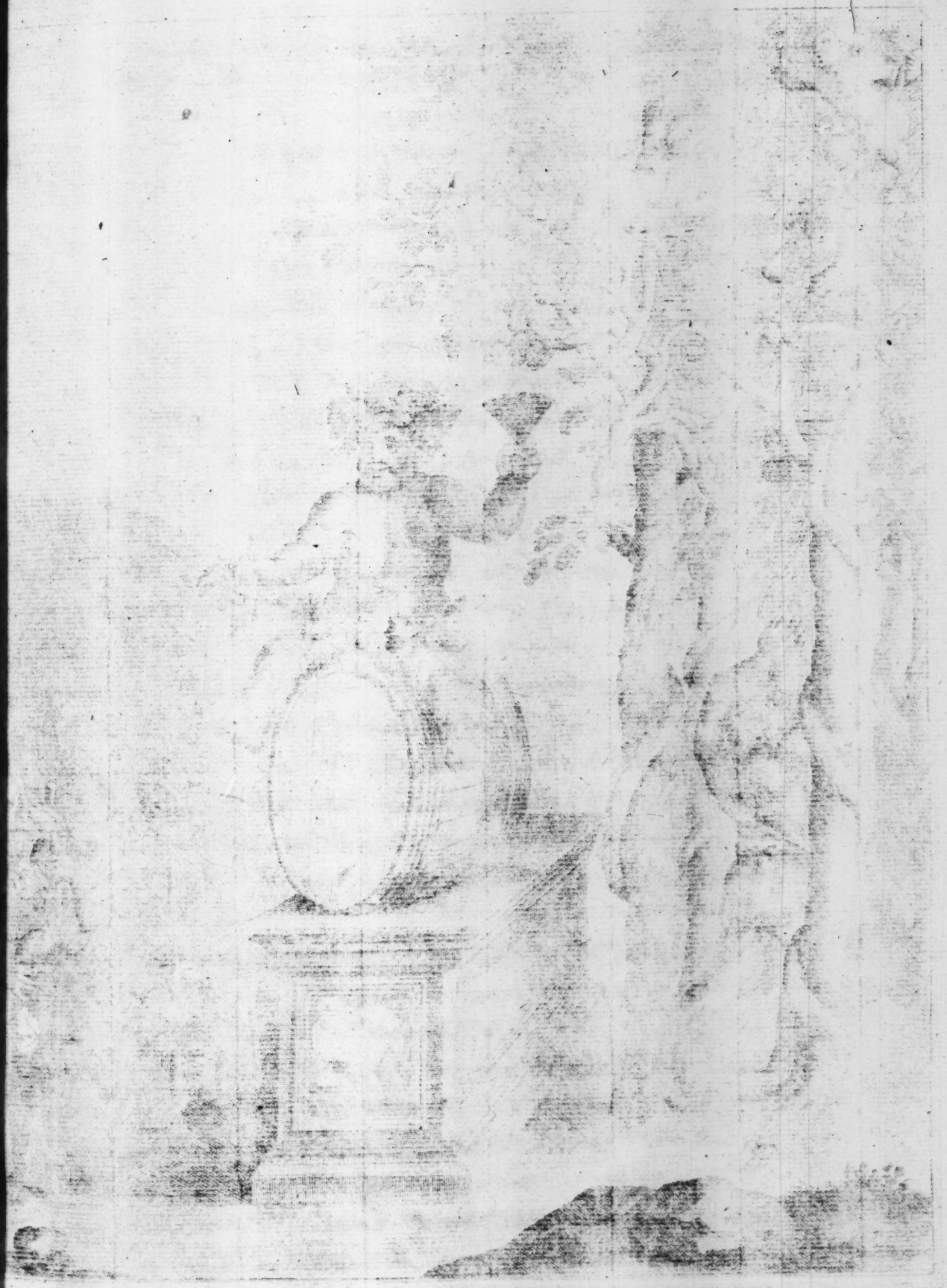
The Subject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which Argument, the Poet ſhews all the different Methods of raiſing Trees: Deſcribes their Variety; and gives Rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the Soils in which the ſeveral Plants thrive beſt: And thence takes occaſion to run out into the Praiſes of Italy. *After which he gives ſome Directions for diſcovering the Nature of every Soil; preſcribes Rules for the Dreſſing of Vines, Olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a Panegyric on a Country Life.*

THus far of Tillage, and of Heav'nly Signs;
Now ſing my Muſe the growth of gen'rous Vines:
The ſhady Groves, the Woodland Progeny,
And the ſlow Product of *Minerva*'s Tree.
Great Father *Bacchus!* to my Song repair;
For cluſtring Grapes are thy peculiar Care:
For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine,
And the laſt Bleſſings of the Year are thine.
To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'reflows.
Come ſtrip with me, my God, come drench all o're
Thy Limbs in Muſt of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore.
Some Trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe:
For ſome without the pains of Planting grow.
With Oſiers thus the Banks of Brooks abound,
Sprung from the watry Genius of the Ground:
From the ſame Principles grey Willows come;
Herculean Poplar, and the tender Broom.
But ſome from Seeds inclos'd in Earth ariſe:
For thus the maſtful Cheſnut mates the Skies.

Hence riſe the branching Beech and vocal Oke,
Where *Jove* of Old Oraculouſly ſpoke.
Some from the Root a riſing Wood diſcloſe;
Thus Elms, and thus the ſalvage Cherry grows.
Thus the green Bays, that binds the Poet's Brows,
Shoots and is ſhelter'd by the Mother's Boughs.
  Theſe ways of Planting, Nature did ordain,
For Trees and Shrubs, and all the Sylvan Reign.
Others there are, by late Experience found:
Some cut the Shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground:
Some cover rooted Stalks in deeper Mold:
Some cloven Stakes, and (wond'rous to behold,)
Their ſharpen'd ends in Earth their footing place,
And the dry Poles produce a living Race.
Some bowe their Vines, which bury'd in the Plain,
Their tops in diſtant Arches riſe again.
Others no Root require, the Lab'rer cuts
Young Slips, and in the Soil ſecurely puts.
Ev'n Stumps of Olives, bar'd of Leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
'Tis uſual now, an Inmate Graff to ſee,
With inſolence invade a Foreign Tree:
Thus Pears and Quinces from the Crabtree come;
And thus the ruddy Cornel bears the Plum.
  Then let the Learned Gard'ner mark with care
The Kinds of Stocks, and what thoſe Kinds will bear:
Explore the Nature of each ſev'ral Tree;
And known, improve with artful Induſtry:
And let no ſpot of idle Earth be found,
But cultivate the Genius of the Ground.
For open *Iſmarus* will *Bacchus* pleaſe;
Taburnus loves the ſhade of Olive Trees.
  The Virtues of the ſev'ral Soils I ſing,
Mecænas, now thy needful Succour bring!

O thou! the better part of my Renown,
Inſpire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown:
Embarque with me, while I new Tracts explore,
With flying ſails and breezes from the ſhore:
Not that my Song, in ſuch a ſcanty ſpace,
So large a Subject fully can embrace:
Not tho I were ſupply'd with Iron Lungs,
A hundred Mouths, fill'd with as many Tongues:
But ſteer my Veſſel with a ſteady hand,
And coaſt along the Shore in ſight of Land.
Nor will I tire thy Patience with a train
Of Preface, or what ancient Poets feign.
The Trees, which of themſelves advance in Air,
Are barren kinds, but ſtrongly built and fair:
Becauſe the vigour of the Native Earth
Maintains the Plant, and makes a Manly Birth.
Yet theſe, receiving Graffs of other Kind,
Or thence tranſplanted, change their ſalvage Mind:
Their Wildneſs loſe, and quitting Nature's part,
Obey the Rules and Diſcipline of Art.
The ſame do Trees, that, ſprung from barren Roots
In open fields, tranſplanted bear their Fruits.
For where they grow the Native Energy
Turns all into the Subſtance of the Tree,
Starves and deſtroys the Fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren ſhade.
The Plant that ſhoots from Seed, a ſullen Tree
At leiſure grows, for late Poſterity;
The gen'rous flavour loſt, the Fruits decay,
And ſalvage Grapes are made the Birds ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in Trees, to tame
Their wild diſorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well muſt the ground be dig'd, and better dreſs'd,
New Soil to make, and meliorate the reſt.

Old Stakes of Olive Trees in Plants revive;
By the ſame Methods *Paphian* Myrtles live:
But nobler Vines by Propagation thrive.
From Roots hard Hazles, and from Cyens riſe
Tall Aſh, and taller Oak that mates the Skies:
Palm, Poplar, Firr, deſcending from the Steep
Of Hills, to try the dangers of the Deep.
The thin-leav'd *Arbute*, Hazle graffs receives,
And Planes huge Apples bear, that bore but Leaves.
Thus Maſtful Beech the briſtly Cheſnut bears,
And the wild Aſh is white with blooming Pears.
And greedy Swine from grafted Elms are fed,
With falling Acorns, that on Oaks are bred.
But various are the ways to change the ſtate
Of Plants, to Bud, to Graff, t'Inoculate.
For where the tender Rinds of Trees diſcloſe
Their ſhooting Gems, a ſwelling Knot there grows;
Juſt in that ſpace a narrow Slit we make,
Then other Buds from bearing Trees we take:
Inſerted thus, the wounded Rind we cloſe,
In whoſe moiſt Womb th' admitted Infant grows.
But when the ſmoother Bole from Knots is free,
We make a deep Inciſion in the Tree;
And in the ſolid Wood the Slip incloſe,
The bat'ning Baſtard ſhoots again and grows:
And in ſhort ſpace the laden Boughs ariſe,
With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies.
The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown,
Of Alien Trees, and Apples not her own.
Of vegetable Woods are various Kinds,
And the ſame Species are of ſev'ral Minds.
Lotes, Willows, Elms, have diff'rent Forms allow'd,
So fun'ral Cypreſs riſing like a Shrowd.



To John Pulteney of St. James's

of the Parish of Westminster Esqr.

Geo: 2. L: 145

Fat Olive Trees of ſundry Sorts appear:
Of ſundry Shapes their unctuous Berries bear.
Radij long Olives, *Orchit's* round produce,
And bitter *Pauſia*, pounded for the Juice.
Alcinous Orchard various Apples bears:
Unlike are Bergamotes and pounder Pears.
Nor our *Italian* Vines produce the Shape,
Or Taſt, or Flavour of the *Lesbian* Grape.
The *Thaſian* Vines in richer Soils abound,
The *Mareotique* grow in barren Ground.
The *Pſythian* Grape we dry: *Lagæan* Juice,
Will ſtamm'ring Tongues, and ſtagg'ring Feet produce.
Rathe ripe are ſome, and ſome of later kind,
Of Golden ſome, and ſome of Purple Rind.
How ſhall I praiſe the *Rœthean* Grape divine,
Which yet contends not with *Falernian* Wine!
Th' *Aminean* many a Conſulſhip ſurvives,
And longer than the *Lydian* Vintage lives,
Or high *Phanæus* King of *Chian* growth:
But for large quantities, and laſting both,
The leſs *Argitis* bears the Prize away.
The *Rhodian*, ſacred to the Solemn Day,
In ſecond Services is pour'd to *Jove*;
And beſt accepted by the Gods above.
Nor muſt *Bumaſtus* his old Honours loſe,
In length and largeneſs like the Dugs of Cows.
I paſs the reſt, whoſe ev'ry Race and Name,
And Kinds, are leſs material to my Theme.
Which who wou'd learn, as ſoon may tell the Sands,
Driv'n by the Weſtern Wind on *Lybian* Lands.
Or number, when the bluſt'ring *Eurus* roars,
The Billows beating on *Ionian* Shoars.
Nor ev'ry Plant on ev'ry Soil will grow;
The Sallow loves the watry Ground, and low.

The Marſhes, Alders; Nature ſeems t'ordain
The rocky Cliff for the wild Aſhe's reign:
The baleful Yeugh to Northern Blaſts aſſigns;
To Shores the Myrtles, and to Mounts the Vines.
Regard th' extremeſt cultivated Coaſt,
From hot *Arabia* to the *Scythian* Froſt:
All ſort of Trees their ſev'ral Countries know;
Black Ebon only will in *India* grow:
And od'rous Frankincenſe on the *Sabean* Bough.
Balm ſlowly trickles through the bleeding Veins
Of happy Shrubs, in *Idumean* Plains.
The green *Egyptian* Thorn, for Med'cine good;
With *Ethiops* hoary Trees and woolly Wood,
Let others tell: and how the *Seres* ſpin
Their fleecy Foreſts in a ſlender Twine.
With mighty Trunks of Trees on *Indian* ſhoars,
Whoſe height above the feather'd Arrow ſoars,
Shot from the tougheſt Bow; and by the Brawn
Of expert Archers, with vaſt Vigour drawn.
Sharp taſted Citrons *Median* Climes produce:
Bitter the Rind, but gen'rous is the Juice:
A cordial Fruit, a preſent Antidote
Againſt the direful Stepdam's deadly Draught:
Who mixing wicked Weeds with Words impure,
The Fate of envy'd Orphans wou'd procure.
Large is the Plant, and like a Laurel grows,
And did it not a diff'rent Scent diſcloſe,
A Laurel were: the fragrant Flow'rs contemn
The ſtormy Winds, tenacious of their Stem.
With this the *Medes*, to lab'ring Age, bequeath
New Lungs, and cure the ſourneſs of the Breath.
But neither *Median* Woods, (a plenteous Land,)
Fair *Ganges*, *Hermus* rolling Golden Sand,

Nor

Nor *Bactria*, nor the richer *Indian* Fields,
Nor all the Gummy Stores *Arabia* yields;
Nor any foreign Earth of greater Name,
Can with ſweet *Italy* contend in Fame.
No Bulls whoſe Noſtrils breath a living Flame,
Have turn'd our Turf, no Teeth of Serpents here
Were ſown, an armed Hoſt, and Iron Crop to bear.
But fruitful Vines, and the fat Olives fraight,
And Harveſts heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our Fields; and on the chearful Green,
The grazing Flocks and lowing Herds are ſeen.
The Warrior Horſe here bred, is taught to train,
There flows *Clitumnus* thro' the flow'ry Plain;
Whoſe Waves, for Triumphs after proſp'rous War,
The Victim Ox, and ſnowy Sheep prepare.
Perpetual Spring our happy Climate ſees,
Twice breed the Cattle, and twice bear the Trees;
And Summer Suns recede by ſlow degrees.
Our Land is from the Land of Tygers freed,
Nor nouriſhes the Lyon's angry Seed;
Nor pois'nous Aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
Nor in ſo vaſt a length our Serpents glide,
Or rais'd on ſuch a ſpiry Volume ride.
Next add our Cities of Illuſtrious Name,
Their coſtly Labour and ſtupend'ous Frame:
Our Forts on ſteepy Hills, that far below
See wanton Streams, in winding Valleys flow.
Our twofold Seas, that waſhing either ſide,
A rich Recruit of Foreign Stores provide.
Our ſpacious Lakes; thee, *Larius*, firſt; and next
Benacus, with tempeſt'ous Billows vext.
Or ſhall I praiſe thy Ports, or mention make
Of the vaſt Mound, that binds the *Lucrine* Lake.

Or

Or the diſdainful Sea, that, ſhut from thence,
Roars round the Structure, and invades the Fence.
There, where ſecure the *Julian* Waters glide,
Or where *Avernus* Jaws admit the *Tyrrhene* Tide.
Our Quarries deep in Earth, were fam'd of old,
For Veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold.
Th' Inhabitants themſelves, their Country grace;
Henſe roſe the *Marſian* and *Sabellian* Race:
Strong limb'd and ſtout, and to the Wars inclin'd,
And hard *Ligurians*, a laborious Kind.
And *Volſcians* arm'd with Iron-headed Darts.
Beſides an Off-ſpring of undaunted Hearts,
The *Decij*, *Marij*, great *Camillus* came
From hence, and greater *Scipio's* double Name:
And mighty *Cæſar*, whoſe victorious Arms,
To fartheſt *Aſia*, carry fierce Alarms:
Avert unwarlike *Indians* from his *Rome*;
Triumph abroad, ſecure our Peace at home.
Hail, ſweet *Saturnian* Soil! of fruitful Grain
Great Parent, greater of Illuſtrious Men.
For thee my tuneful Accents will I raiſe,
And treat of Arts diſclos'd in Ancient Days:
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred Spring,
And old *Aſcræan* Verſe in *Roman* Cities ſing.
The Nature of their ſev'ral Soils now ſee,
Their Strength, their Colour, their Fertility:
And firſt for Heath, and barren hilly Ground,
Where meagre Clay and flinty Stones abound;
Where the poor Soil all Succour ſeems to want,
Yet this ſuffices the *Palladian* Plant.
Undoubted Signs of ſuch a Soil are found,
For here wild Olive-ſhoots o'reſpread the ground,
And heaps of Berries ſtrew the Fields around.

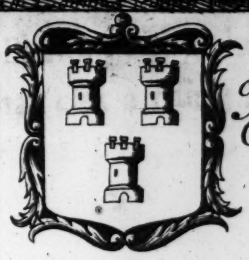
But

But where the Soil, with fat'ning Moiſture fill'd,
Is cloath'd with Graſs, and fruitful to be till'd:
Such as in chearful Vales we view from high;
Which dripping Rocks with rowling Streams ſupply,
And feed with Ooze; where riſing Hillocks run
In length, and open to the Southern Sun;
Where Fern ſucceeds, ungrateful to the Plough,
That gentle ground to gen'rous Grapes allow.
Strong Stocks of Vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the Vats with friendly Juice.
Such as our Prieſts in golden Goblets pour
To Gods, the Givers of the chearful hour.
Then when the bloated *Thuſcan* blows his Horn,
And reeking Entrails are in Chargers born.
If Herds or fleecy Flocks be more thy Care,
Or Goats that graze the Field, and burn it bare:
Then ſeek *Tarentum*'s Lawns, and fartheſt Coaſt,
Or ſuch a Field as hapleſs *Mantua* loſt:
Where Silver Swans ſail down the wat'ry Rode,
And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood.
There Cryſtal Streams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor Food nor Springs are wanting to thy Sheep.
For what the Day devours, the nightly Dew
Shall to the Morn in Perly Drops renew.
Fat crumbling Earth is fitter for the Plough,
Putrid and looſe above, and black below:
For Ploughing is an imitative Toil,
Reſembling Nature in an eaſie Soil.
No Land for Seed like this, no Fields afford
So large an Income to the Village Lord:
No toiling Teams from Harveſt-labour come
So late at Night, ſo heavy laden home.

The like of Foreſt Land is underſtood,
From whence the ſurly Ploughman grubs the Wood,
Which had for length of Ages idle ſtood.
Then Birds forſake the Ruines of their Seat,
And flying from their Neſts their Callow Young forget.
The courſe lean Gravel, on the Mountain ſides,
Scarce dewy Bev'rage for the Bees provides:
Nor Chalk nor crumbling Stones, the food of Snakes,
That work in hollow Earth their winding Tracks.
The Soil exhaling Clouds of ſubtile Dews,
Imbibing moiſture which with eaſe ſhe ſpews;
Which ruſts not Iron, and whoſe Mold is clean,
Well cloath'd with chearful Graſs, and ever green,
Is good for Olives, and aſpiring Vines;
Embracing Husband Elms in am'rous twines,
Is fit for feeding Cattle, fit to ſowe,
And equal to the Paſture and the Plough.
Such is the Soil of fat *Campanian* Fields,
Such large increaſe the Land that joins *Veſuvius* yields.
And ſuch a Country cou'd *Acerra* boaſt,
Till *Clanius* overflow'd th' unhappy Coaſt.
I teach thee next the diff'ring Soils to know;
The light for Vines, the heavyer for the Plough.
Chuſe firſt a place for ſuch a purpoſe fit,
There dig the ſolid Earth, and ſink a Pit:
Next fill the hole with its own Earth agen,
And trample with thy Feet, and tread it in:
Then if it riſe not to the former height
Of ſuperfice, conclude that Soil is light;
A proper Ground for Paſturage and Vines.
But if the ſullen Earth, ſo preſs'd, repines
Within its native Manſion to retire,
And ſtays without, a heap of heavy Mire;

'Tis

To George London, in St James's



of his Mties Ma: Royall Garden Park Gent.

Geo: 2 L 310

'Tis good for Arable, a Glebe that asks
Tough Teams of Oxen, and laborious Tasks.
Salt Earth and bitter are not fit to ſow,
Nor will be tam'd or mended with the Plough.
Sweet Grapes degen'rate there, and Fruits declin'd
From their firſt flav'rous Taſte, renounce their Kind.
This Truth by ſure Experiment is try'd;
For firſt an Oſier Colendar provide
Of Twigs thick wrought, (ſuch toiling Peaſants twine,
When thro' ſtreight Paſſages they ſtrein their Wine;)
In this cloſe Veſſel place that Earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholſom Water firſt;
Then run it through, the Drops will rope around,
And by the bitter Taſte diſcloſe the Ground.
The fatter Earth by handling we may find,
With Eaſe diſtinguiſh'd from the meagre Kind:
Poor Soil will crumble into Duſt, the Rich
Will to the Fingers cleave like clammy Pitch:
Moiſt Earth produces Corn and Graſs, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their Growth.
Let not my Land ſo large a Promiſe boaſt,
Leſt the lank Ears in length of Stem be loſt.
The heavier Earth is by her Weight betray'd,
The lighter in the poiſing Hand is weigh'd:
'Tis eaſy to diſtinguiſh by the Sight
The Colour of the Soil, and black from white.
But the cold Ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the Plants that proſper there, will ſhow;
Black Ivy, Pitch Trees, and the baleful Yeugh.
Theſe Rules conſider'd well, with early Care,
The Vineyard deſtin'd for thy Vines prepare:
But, long before the Planting, dig the Ground,
With Furrows deep that caſt a riſing Mound:

The Clods, expos'd to Winter Winds, will bake:
For putrid Earth will beſt in Vineyards rake,
And hoary Froſts, after the painful Toyl
Of delving Hinds, will rot the Mellow Soil.
Some Peaſants, not t'omit the niceſt Care,
Of the ſame Soil their Nurſery prepare,
With that of their Plantation; leſt the Tree
Tranſlated, ſhould not with the Soil agree.
Beſide, to plant it as it was, they mark
The Heav'ns four Quarters on the tender Bark;
And to the North or South reſtore the Side,
Which at their Birth did Heat or Cold abide.
So ſtrong is Cuſtom; ſuch Effects can Uſe
In tender Souls of pliant Plants produce.
Chuſe next a Province, for thy Vineyards Reign,
On Hills above, or in the lowly Plain:
If fertile Fields or Valleys be thy Choice,
Plant thick, for bounteous *Bacchus* will rejoice
In cloſe Plantations there: But if the Vine
On riſing Ground be plac'd, or Hills ſupine,
Extend thy looſe Battalions largely wide,
Opening thy Ranks and Files on either Side:
But marſhall'd all in order as they Stand,
And let no Souldier ſtraggle from his Band.
As Legions in the Field their Front diſplay,
To try the Fortune of ſome doubtful Day,
And move to meet their Foes with ſober Pace,
Strict to their Figure, tho' in wider Space;
Before the Battel joins, while from afar
The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War,
And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord,
Leaves all to Fortune, and the dint of Sword;
So let thy Vines in Intervals be ſet,
But not their Rural Diſcipline forget:

Indulge

Indulge their Width, and add a roomy Space,
That their extreameſt Lines may ſcarce embrace:
Nor this alone t'indulge a vain Delight,
And make a pleaſing Proſpect for the Sight:
But, for the Ground it ſelf this only Way,
Can equal Vigour to the Plants convey;
Which crowded, want the room, their Branches to diſplay.
How deep they muſt be planted, woud'ſt thou know?
In ſhallow Furrows Vines ſecurely grow.
Not ſo the reſt of Plants; for *Jove*'s own Tree,
That holds the Woods in awful Sov'raignty,
Requires a depth of Lodging in the Ground;
And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound:
High as his topmoſt Boughs to Heav'n aſcend,
So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend.
Therefore, nor Winds, nor Winters Rage o'rethrows
His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows.
For length of Ages laſts his happy Reign,
And Lives of Mortal Man contend in vain:
Full in the midſt of his own Strength he ſtands,
Stretching his brawny Arms, and leafy Hands;
His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills commands.
The hurtful Hazle in thy Vineyard ſhun;
Nor plant it to receive the ſetting Sun:
Nor break the topmoſt Branches from the Tree;
Nor prune, with blunted Knife, the Progeny.
Root up wild Olives from thy labour'd Lands:
For ſparkling Fire, from Hinds unwary Hands,
Is often ſcatter'd o're their unctuous rinds,
And after ſpread abroad by raging Winds.
For firſt the ſmouldring Flame the Trunk receives,
Aſcending thence, it crackles in the Leaves:
At length victorious to the Top aſpires,
Involving all the Wood in ſmoky Fires,

But moſt, when driv'n by Winds, the flaming Storm,
Of the long Files deſtroys the beauteous Form.
In Aſhes then th' unhappy Vineyard lies,
Nor will the blaſted Plants from Ruin riſe:
Nor will the wither'd Stock be green again,
But the wild Olive ſhoots, and ſhades th' ungrateful Plain.
Be not ſeduc'd with Wiſdom's empty Shows,
To ſtir the peaceful Ground when *Boreas* blows.
When Winter Froſts conſtrain the Field with Cold,
The fainty Root can take no ſteady hold.
But when the Golden Spring reveals the Year,
And the white Bird returns, whom Serpents fear:
That Seaſon deem the beſt to plant thy Vines.
Next that, is when Autumnal Warmth declines:
E're Heat is quite decay'd, or Cold begun,
Or *Capricorn* admits the Winter Sun.
The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves;
The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives.
For then Almighty *Jove* deſcends, and pours
Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs.
And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds
Her Births with kindly Juice, and foſters teeming Seeds.
Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
And Beaſts, by Nature ſtung, renew their Love.
Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn diſcloſe,
And while the balmy Weſtern Spirit blows,
Earth to the Breath her Boſom dares expoſe.
With kindly Moiſture then the Plants abound,
The Graſs ſecurely ſprings above the Ground;
The tender Twig ſhoots upward to the Skies,
And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.
The ſwerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
Unhurt by Southern Show'rs or Northern Hail.

They

They ſpread their Gems the genial Warmth to ſhare:
And boldly truſt their Buds in open Air.
In this ſoft Seaſon (Let me dare to ſing,)
The World was hatch'd by Heav'ns Imperial King:
In prime of all the Year, and Holydays of Spring.
Then did the new Creation firſt appear;
Nor other was the Tenour of the Year:
When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,
And Eaſtern Winds their Wintry Breath ſuſpend:
Then Sheep firſt ſaw the Sun in open Fields;
And ſalvage Beaſts were ſent to Stock the Wilds:
And Golden Stars flew up to Light the Skies,
And Man's relentleſs Race, from Stony Quarries riſe.
Nor cou'd the tender, new Creation, bear
Th' exceſſive Heats or Coldneſs of the Year:
But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,
The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd.
When Warmth and Moiſture did at once abound,
And Heav'ns Indulgence brooded on the Ground.
For what remains, in depth of Earth ſecure
Thy cover'd Plants, and dung with hot Manure;
And Shells and Gravel in the Ground incloſe;
For thro' their hollow Chinks the Water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in miſty Dews,
And ſteeming up, the riſing Plant renews.
Some Husbandmen, of late, have found the Way,
A hilly Heap of Stones above to lay,
And preſs the Plants with Sherds of Potters Clay.
This Fence againſt immod'rate Rain they found:
Or when the Dog-ſtar cleaves the thirſty Ground.
Be mindful when thou haſt intomb'd the Shoot,
With Store of Earth around to feed the Root;
With Iron Teeth of Rakes and Prongs, to move
The cruſted Earth, and looſen it above.

Then

Then excerciſe thy ſturdy Steers to plough
Betwixt thy Vines, and teach thy feeble Row
To mount on Reeds, and Wands, and, upward led,
On Aſhen Poles to raiſe their forky Head.
On theſe new Crutches let them learn to walk,
Till ſwerving upwards, with a ſtronger Stalk,
They brave the Winds, and, clinging to their Guide,
On tops of Elms at length triumphant ride.
But in their tender Nonage, while they ſpread
Their Springing Leafs, and lift their Infant Head,
And upward while they ſhoot in open Air,
Indulge their Child-hood, and the Nurſeling ſpare.
Nor exerciſe thy Rage on new-born Life,
But let thy Hand ſupply the Pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant Straglers, nor be loath
To ſtrip the Branches of their leafy Growth:
But when the rooted Vines, with ſteady Hold,
Can claſp their Elms, then Husbandman be bold
To lop the diſobedient Boughs, that ſtray'd
Beyond their Ranks: let crooked Steel invade
The lawleſs Troops, which Diſcipline diſclaim,
And their ſuperfluous Growth with Rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with Hedges and deep Ditches round,
Exclude th' incroaching Cattle from thy Ground,
While yet the tender Gems but juſt appear,
Unable to ſuſtain th' uncertain Year;
Whoſe Leaves are not alone foul Winter's Prey,
But oft by Summer Suns are ſcorch'd away;
And worſe than both, become th' unworthy Browze
Of Buffalo's, ſalt Goats, and hungry Cows.
For not *December*'s Froſt that burns the Boughs,
Nor Dog-days parching Heat that ſplits the Rocks,
Are half ſo harmful as the greedy Flocks:
Their venom'd Bite, and Scars indented on the Stocks.

For

To John Loving Esq of Little Ealing
in the County of Middlesex.

Geor: 2. b. 5r

For this the Malefactor Goat was laid
On *Bacchus*'s Altar, and his forfeit paid.
At *Athens* thus old Comedy began,
When round the Streets the reeling Actors ran;
In Country Villages, and croſſing ways,
Contending for the Prizes of their Plays:
And glad, with *Bacchus*, on the graſſie ſoil,
Leapt o're the Skins of Goats beſmear'd with Oyl.
Thus *Roman* Youth deriv'd from ruin'd *Troy*,
In rude *Saturnian* Rhymes expreſs their Joy:
With Taunts, and Laughter loud, their Audience pleaſe,
Deform'd with Vizards, cut from Barks of Trees:
In jolly Hymns they praiſe the God of Wine,
Whoſe Earthen Images adorn the Pine;
And there are hung on high, in honour of the Vine:
A madneſs ſo devout the Vineyard fills.
In hollow Valleys and on riſing Hills;
On what e're ſide he turns his honeſt face,
And dances in the Wind, thoſe Fields are in his grace.
To *Bacchus* therefore let us tune our Lays,
And in our Mother Tongue reſound his Praiſe.
Thin Cakes in Chargers, and a Guilty Goat,
Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altars brought;
Whoſe offer'd Entrails ſhall his Crime reproach,
And drip their Fatneſs from the Hazle Broach.
To dreſs thy Vines new labour is requir'd,
Nor muſt the painful Husbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at leaſt, in Compaſs of the Year,
Thy Vineyard muſt employ the ſturdy Steer,
To turn the Glebe; beſides thy daily pain
To break the Clods, and make the Surface plain:
T'unload the Branches or the Leaves to thin,
That ſuck the Vital Moiſture of the Vine.

Thus in a Circle runs the Peaſant's Pain,
And the Year rowls within it ſelf again.
Ev'n in the loweſt Months, when Storms have ſhed
From Vines the hairy Honours of their Head;
Not then the drudging Hind his Labour ends;
But to the coming Year his Care extends:
Ev'n then the naked Vine he perſecutes;
His Pruning Knife at once Reforms and Cuts.
Be firſt to dig the Ground, be firſt to burn
The Branches lopt, and firſt the Props return
Into thy Houſe, that bore the burden'd Vines;
But laſt to reap the Vintage of thy Wines.
Twice in the Year luxuriant Leaves o'reſhade
The incumber'd Vine; rough Brambles twice invade:
Hard Labour both! commend the large exceſs
Of ſpacious Vineyards; cultivate the leſs.
Beſides, in Woods the Shrubs of prickly Thorn,
Sallows and Reeds, on Banks of Rivers born,
Remain to cut; for Vineyards uſeful found,
To ſtay thy Vines, and fence thy fruitful Ground.
Nor when thy tender Trees at length are bound;
When peaceful Vines from Pruning Hooks are free,
When Husbands have ſurvey'd the laſt degree,
And utmoſt Files of Plants, and order'd ev'ry Tree;
Ev'n when they ſing at eaſe in full Content,
Inſulting o're the Toils they underwent;
Yet ſtill they find a future Task remain;
To turn the Soil, and break the Clods again:
And after all, their Joys are unſincere,
While falling Rains on ripening Grapes they fear.
Quite oppoſite to theſe are Olives found,
No dreſſing they require, and dread no wound;
Nor Rakes nor Harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoyce in open Air, and unconcerndly grow.

The Soil it ſelf due Nouriſhment ſupplies:
Plough but the Furrows, and the Fruits ariſe:
Content with ſmall Endeavours, 'till they ſpring.
Soft Peace they figure, and ſweet Plenty bring:
Then Olives plant, and Hymns to *Pallas* ſing.
Thus Apple Trees, whoſe Trunks are ſtrong to bear
Their ſpreading Boughs, exert themſelves in Air:
Want no ſupply, but ſtand ſecure alone,
Not truſting foreign Forces, but their own:
'Till with the ruddy freight the bending Branches groan.
Thus Trees of Nature, and each common Buſh,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red Berries bluſh.
Vile Shrubs are ſhorn for Browze: the tow'ring hight
Of unctuous Trees are Torches for the Night.
And ſhall we doubt, (indulging eaſie Sloath,)
To ſow, to ſet, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty Plants; the lowly kind,
Are for the Shepherd, or the Sheep deſign'd.
Ev'n humble Broom and Oſiers have their uſe,
And Shade for Sleep, and Food for Flocks produce;
Hedges for Corn, and Honey for the Bees:
Beſides the pleaſing Proſpect of the Trees.
How goodly looks *Cytorus*, ever green
With Boxen Groves, with what delight are ſeen
Narycian Woods of Pitch, whoſe gloomy ſhade,
Seems for retreat of heav'nly Muſes made!
But much more pleaſing are thoſe Fields to ſee,
That need not Ploughs, nor Human Induſtry.
Ev'n cold *Caucaſean* Rocks with Trees are ſpread,
And wear green Foreſts on their hilly Head.
Tho' bending from the blaſt of Eaſtern Storms,
Tho' ſhent their Leaves, and ſhatter'd are their Arms;
Yet Heav'n their various Plants for uſe deſigns:
For Houſes Cedars, and for Shipping Pines.

Cypreſs provides for Spokes, and Wheels of Wains:
And all for Keels of Ships, that ſcour the watry Plains.
Willows in Twigs are fruitful, Elms in Leaves,
The War, from ſtubborn Myrtle Shafts receives:
From Cornels Jav'lins, and the tougher Yeugh
Receives the bending Figure of a Bow.
Nor Box, nor Limes, without their uſe are made,
Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the Turner's Trade:
Which curious Hands may kerve, and Steel with Eaſe invade.
Light Alder ſtems the *Po*'s impetuous Tide,
And Bees in hollow Oaks their Hony hide.
Now ballance, with theſe Gifts, the ſumy Joys
Of Wine, attended with eternal Noiſe.
Wine urg'd to lawleſs Luſt the *Centaurs* Train,
Thro' Wine they quarrell'd, and thro' Wine were ſlain.
Oh happy, if he knew his happy State!
The Swain, who, free from Buſineſs and Debate;
Receives his eaſie Food from Nature's Hand,
And juſt Returns of cultivated Land!
No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants,
T'admit the Tydes of early Viſitants.
With eager Eyes devouring, as they paſs,
The breathing Figures of *Corinthian* Braſs.
No Statues threaten, from high Pedeſtals;
No *Perſian* Arras hides his homely Walls,
With Antick Veſts; which thro' their ſhady fold,
Betray the Streaks of ill diſſembl'd Gold.
He boaſts no Wool, whoſe native white is dy'd
With Purple Poyſon of *Aſſyrian* Pride.
No coſtly Drugs of *Araby* defile,
With foreign Scents, the Sweetneſs of his Oyl.
But eaſie Quiet, a ſecure Retreat,
A harmleſs Life that knows not how to cheat,

With

With homebred Plenty the rich Owner bleſs,
And rural Pleaſures crown his Happineſs.
Unvex'd with Quarrels, undiſturb'd with Noiſe,
The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys:
Cool Grots, and living Lakes, the Flow'ry Pride
Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide;
And ſhady Groves that eaſie Sleep invite,
And after toilſome Days, a ſoft repoſe at Night.
Wild Beaſts of Nature in his Woods abound;
And Youth, of Labour patient, plow the Ground,
Inur'd to Hardſhip, and to homely Fare.
Nor venerable Age is wanting there,
In great Examples to the Youthful Train:
Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rites prophane.
From hence *Aſtrea* took her Flight, and here
The Prints of her departing Steps appear.
Ye ſacred Muſes, with whoſe Beauty fir'd,
My Soul is raviſh'd, and my Brain inſpir'd:
Whoſe Prieſt I am, whoſe holy Fillets wear;
Wou'd you your Poet's firſt Petition hear,
Give me the Ways of wandring Stars to know:
The Depths of Heav'n above, and Earth below.
Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
And whence proceed th' Eclipſes of the Sun.
Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
And in what dark Receſs they ſhrink again.
What ſhakes the ſolid Earth, what Cauſe delays
The Summer Nights, and ſhortens Winter Days.
But if my heavy Blood reſtrain the Flight
Of my free Soul, aſpiring to the Height
Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light:
My next Deſire is, void of Care and Strife,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious Life.

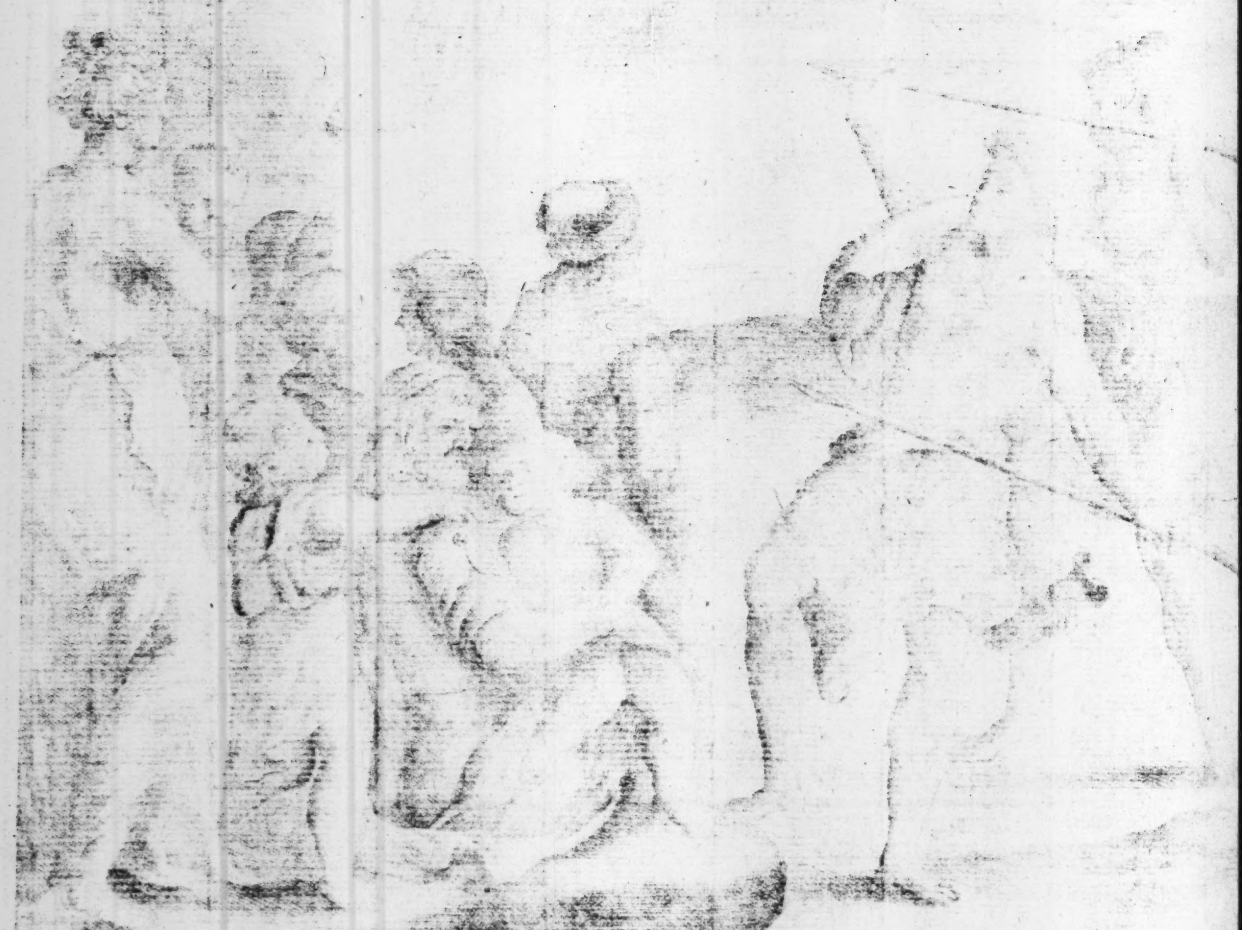
A Country Cottage near a Cryſtal Flood,
A winding Vally, and a lofty Wood.
Some God conduct me to the ſacred Shades,
Where Bacchanals are ſung by *Spartan* Maids.
Or lift me high to *Hemus* hilly Crown;
Or in the Plains of *Tempe* lay me down:
Or lead me to ſome ſolitary Place,
And cover my Retreat from Human Race.
Happy the Man, who, ſtudying Nature's Laws,
Thro' known Effects can trace the ſecret Cauſe.
His Mind poſſeſſing, in a quiet ſtate,
Fearleſs of Fortune, and reſign'd to Fate.
And happy too is he, who decks the Bow'rs
Of Sylvans, and adores the Rural Pow'rs:
Whoſe Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can ſee;
Their glitt'ring Baits, and Purple Slavery.
Nor hopes the People's Praiſe, nor fears their Frown,
Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown,
Will ſet up one, or pull another down.
Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of Tumults and Deſcents, and diſtant War:
Nor with a Superſtitious Fear is aw'd,
For what befals at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the Rich their heapy Store,
Nor his own Peace diſturbs, with Pity for the Poor.
He feeds on Fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing Ground, and laden Trees afford.
From his lov'd Home no Lucre him can draw;
The Senates mad Decrees he never ſaw;
Nor heard, at bawling Bars, corrupted Law.
Some to the Seas, and ſome to Camps reſort,
And ſome with impudence invade the Court.
In foreign Countries others ſeek Renown,
With Wars and Taxes others waſte their own.

And Houſes burn, and houſhold Gods deface,
To drink in Bowls which glitt'ring Gems enchaſe:
To loll on Couches, rich with *Cytron* Steds,
And lay their guilty Limbs in *Tyrian* Beds.
This Wretch in Earth intombs his Golden Ore,
Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd Store.
Some Patriot Fools to popular Praiſe aſpire,
Or Publick Speeches, which worſe Fools admire.
While from both Benches, with redoubl'd Sounds,
Th' Applauſe of Lords and Commoners abounds.
Some thro' Ambition, or thro' Thirſt of Gold;
Have ſlain their Brothers, or their Country ſold:
And leaving their ſweet Homes, in Exile run
To Lands that lye beneath another Sun.
The Peaſant, innocent of all theſe Ills,
With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills;
And the round Year with daily Labour fills.
From hence the Country Markets are ſupply'd:
Enough remains for houſhold Charge beſide;
His Wife, and tender Children to ſuſtain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deſerving Train.
Nor ceaſe his Labours, till the Yellow Field
A full return of bearded Harveſt yield:
A Crop ſo plenteous, as the Land to load,
O'recome the crowded Barns, and lodge on Ricks abroad.
Thus ev'ry ſev'ral Seaſon is employ'd:
Some ſpent in Toyl, and ſome in Eaſe enjoy'd.
The yeaning Ewes prevent the ſpringing Year;
The laded Boughs their Fruits in Autumn bear.
'Tis then the Vine her liquid Harveſt yields,
Bak'd in the Sun-ſhine of aſcending Fields.
The Winter comes, and then the falling Maſt,
For greedy Swine, provides a full repaſt.

Then Olives, ground in Mills, their fatneſs boaſt,
And Winter Fruits are mellow'd by the Froſt.
His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of bliſs,
His little Children climbing for a Kiſs,
Welcome their Father's late return at Night;
His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaſt delight.
His Kine with ſwelling Udders ready ſtand,
And, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's hand.
His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,
Fight harmleſs Battels in his homely Yard:
Himſelf in Ruſtick Pomp, on Holy-days,
To Rural Pow'rs a juſt Oblation pays;
And on the Green his careleſs Limbs diſplays.
The Hearth is in the midſt; the Herdſmen round
The chearful Fire, provoke his health in Goblets crown'd.
He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize;
The Groom his Fellow Groom at Buts defies;
And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.
Or ſtript for Wreſtling, ſmears his Limbs with Oyl,
And watches with a trip his Foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal *Sabines* led;
So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred:
From whom th' auſtere *Etrurian* Virtue roſe,
And this rude life our homely Fathers choſe.
Old *Rome* from ſuch a Race deriv'd her birth,
(The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth:)
Which now on ſev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compaſs all the World contains.
E're *Saturn*'s Rebel Son uſurp'd the Skies,
When Beaſts were only ſlain for Sacrifice:
While peaceful *Crete* enjoy'd her ancient Lord,
E're ſounding Hammers forg'd th' inhumane Sword:

To William Walsh of Abberley
in Worcester = shire Esqr

Geo: 2d. 1760.



E're hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath
Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peals of Death;
The good old God his Hunger did aſſwage
With Roots and Herbs, and gave the Golden Age.
But over labour'd with ſo long a Courſe,
Tis time to ſet at eaſe the ſmoaking Horſe.

The

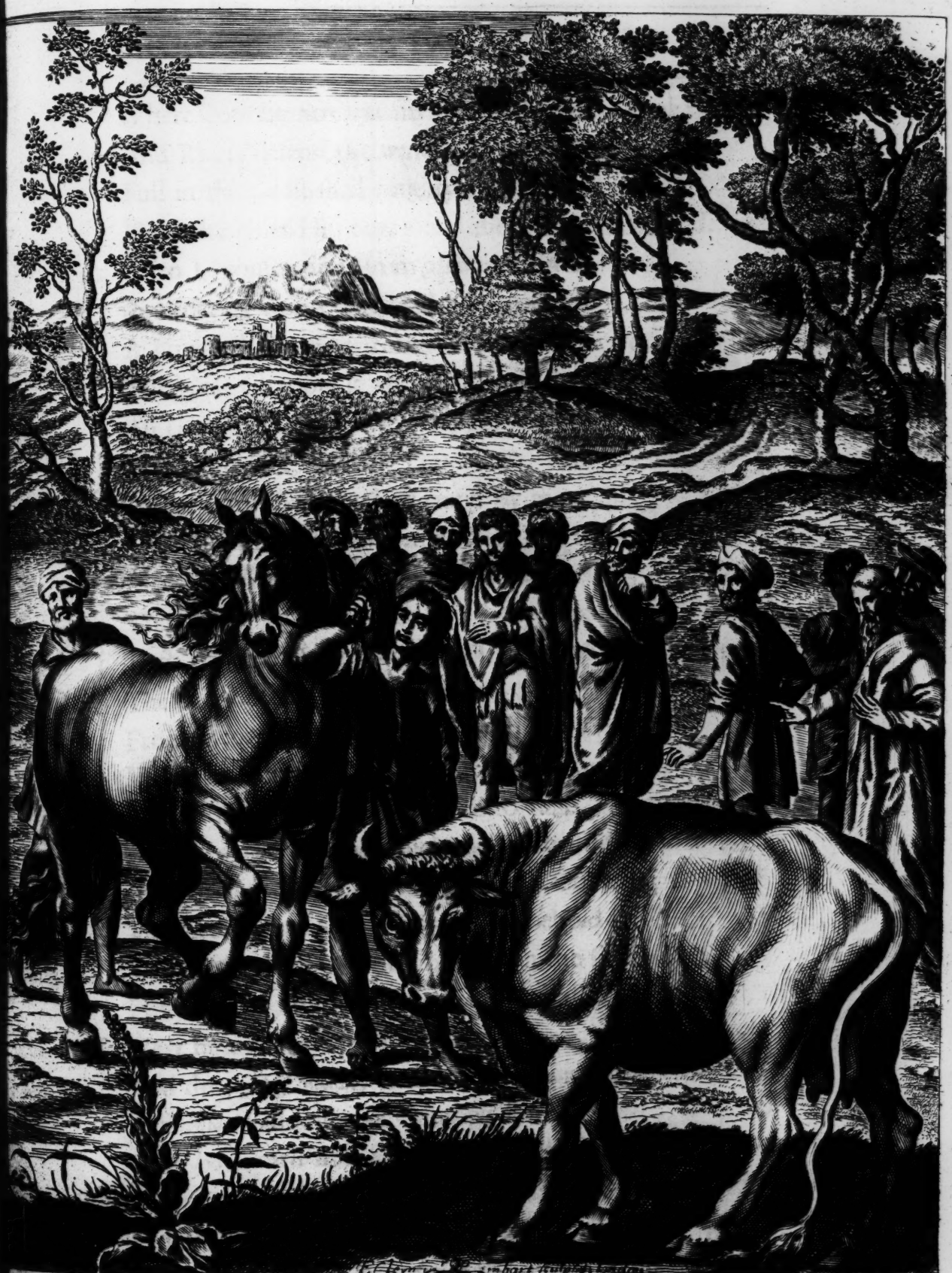
The Third Book of the Georgics.

The Argument.

This Book begins with an Invocation of ſome Rural Deities, and a Compliment to Auguſtus: *After which* Virgil *directs himſelf to* Mecænas, *and enters on his Subject. He lays down Rules for the Breeding and Management of Horſes, Oxen, Sheep, Goats, and Dogs: and interweaves ſeveral pleaſant Deſcriptions of a Chariot-Race, of the Battel of the Bulls, of the Force of Love, and of the* Scythian *Winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the Diſeaſes incident to Cattel; and ends with the Deſcription of a fatal Murrain that formerly rag'd among the* Alps.

THY Fields, propitious *Pales*, I reherſe;
And ſing thy Paſtures in no vulgar Verſe,
Amphryſian Shepherd; the *Lycæan* Woods;
Arcadia's flow'ry Plains, and pleaſing Floods.
All other Themes, that careleſs Minds invite,
Are worn with uſe; unworthy me to write.
Buſiri's Altars, and the dire Decrees
Of hard *Euriſtheus*, ev'ry Reader ſees:
Hylas the Boy, *Latona*'s erring Iſle,
And *Pelop*'s Iv'ry Shoulder, and his Toil
For fair *Hippodamé*, with all the reſt
Of *Grecian* Tales, by Poets are expreſt:
New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling Name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to Fame.
I, firſt of *Romans* ſhall in Triumph come
From conquer'd *Greece*, and bring her Trophies home:
With Foreign Spoils adorn my native place;
And with *Idume*'s Palms, my *Mantua* grace.
Of *Parian* Stone a Temple will I raiſe,
Where the ſlow *Mincius* through the Vally ſtrays:

Where



To the most Noble and Illustrious Prince
Charles Duke of Richmond and Lenox Earl of March
and Darnley Baron of Siterington Knight of the
Most noble Order of the Garter.

Geo: Gl

Where cooling Streams invite the Flocks to drink:
And Reeds defend the winding Waters Brink.
Full in the midſt ſhall mighty *Cæſar* ſtand:
Hold the chief Honours; and the Dome command.
Then I, conſpicuous in my *Tyrian* Gown,
(Submitting to his Godhead my Renown)
A hundred Courſers from the Goal will drive;
The rival Chariots in the Race ſhall ſtrive.
All *Greece* ſhall flock from far, my Games to ſee;
The Whorlbat, and the rapid Race, ſhall be
Reſerv'd for *Cæſar*, and ordain'd by me.
My ſelf, with Olive crown'd, the Gifts will bear:
Ev'n now methinks the publick ſhouts I hear:
The paſſing Pageants, and the Pomps appear.
I, to the Temple will conduct the Crew:
The Sacrifice and Sacrificers view;
From thence return, attended with my Train,
Where the proud Theatres diſcloſe the Scene:
Which interwoven *Britains* ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhew the *Triumph* which their *Shame* diſplays.
High o're the Gate, in Elephant and Gold,
The Crowd ſhall *Cæſar*'s *Indian* War behold;
The *Nile* ſhall flow beneath; and on the ſide,
His ſhatter'd Ships on Brazen Pillars ride.
Next him *Niphates* with inverted Urn,
And dropping Sedge, ſhall his *Armenia* mourn;
And *Aſian* Cities in our Triumph born.
With backward Bows the *Parthians* ſhall be there;
And, ſpurring from the Fight confeſs their Fear.
A double Wreath ſhall crown our *Cæſar*'s Brows;
Two differing Trophies, from two different Foes.
Europe with *Africk* in his Fame ſhall join;
But neither Shoar his Conqueſt ſhall confine.

The *Parian* Marble, there, ſhall ſeem to move,
In breathing Statues, not unworthy *Jove*.
Reſembling Heroes, whoſe Etherial Root,
Is *Jove* himſelf, and *Cæſar* is the Fruit.
Tros and his Race the Sculptor ſhall employ;
And he the God, who built the Walls of *Troy*.
Envy her ſelf at laſt, grown pale and dumb;
(By *Cæſar* combated and overcome)
Shall give her Hands; and fear the curling Snakes,
Of laſhing Furies, and the burning Lakes:
The Pains of famiſht *Tantalus* ſhall feel;
And *Siſyphus* that labours up the Hill
The rowling Rock in vain; and curſt *Ixion's* Wheel.
Mean time we muſt purſue the *Sylvan* Lands;
(Th' abode of Nymphs,) untouch'd by former Hands:
For ſuch, *Mæcenas*, are thy hard Commands.
Without thee nothing lofty can I ſing;
Come then, and with thy ſelf thy Genius bring:
With which inſpir'd, I brook no dull delay.
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*, open and purſue their Prey.
High *Epidaurus* urges on my ſpeed,
Fam'd for his Hills, and for his Horſes breed:
From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries rebound:
For Echo hunts along; and propagates the ſound.
A time will come, when my maturer Muſe,
In *Cæſar's* Wars, a Nobler Theme ſhall chuſe.
And through more Ages bear my Soveraign's Praiſe;
Than have from *Tithon* paſt to *Cæſar's* Days.
The Generous Youth, who ſtudious of the Prize,
The Race of running Courſers multiplies;
Or to the Plough the ſturdy Bullock breeds,
May know that from the Dam the worth of each proceeds.

The Mother Cow muſt wear a low'ring look,
Sour headed, ſtrongly neck'd, to bear the Yoke.
Her double Dew-lap from her Chin deſcends:
And at her Thighs the pondrous burthen ends.
Long are her ſides and large, her Limbs are great;
Rough are her Ears, and broad her horny Feet.
Her Colour ſhining Black, but fleck'd with white;
She toſſes from the Yoke; provokes the Fight:
She riſes in her Gate, is free from Fears;
And in her Face a Bull's Reſemblance bears:
Her ample Forehead with a Star is crown'd;
And with her length of Tail ſhe ſweeps the Ground.
The Bull's Inſult at Four ſhe may ſuſtain;
But, after Ten, from Nuptial Rites refrain.
Six Seaſons uſe; but then releaſe the Cow,
Unfit for Love, and for the lab'ring Plough.
Now while their Youth is fill'd with kindly Fire,
Submit thy Females to the luſty Sire:
Watch the quick motions of the friſking Tail,
Then ſerve their fury with the ruſhing Male,
Indulging Pleaſure leſt the Breed ſhou'd fail.
In Youth alone, unhappy Mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty Bliſs is fugitive;
Diſcolour'd Sickneſs, anxious Labours come,
And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom.
Yearly thy Herds in vigour will impair;
Recruit and mend 'em with thy Yearly care:
Still propagate, for ſtill they fall away,
'Tis Prudence to prevent th' entire decay.
Like Diligence requires the Courſer's Race;
In early Choice; and for a longer ſpace.
The Colt, that for a Stallion is deſign'd,
By ſure Preſages ſhows his generous Kind,
Of able Body, ſound of Limb and Wind.

Upright he walks, on Paſterns firm and ſtraight;
His Motions eaſie; prancing in his Gate.
The firſt to lead the Way, to tempt the Flood;
To paſs the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling (Wood.
Dauntleſs at empty Noiſes; lofty neck'd;
Sharp headed, Barrel belly'd, broadly back'd.
Brawny his Cheſt, and deep, his Colour gray;
For Beauty dappled, or the brighteſt Bay:
Faint white and Dun will ſcarce the Rearing pay.
The fiery Courſer, when he hears from far,
The ſprightly Trumpets, and the ſhouts of War,
Pricks up his Ears; and trembling with Delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd Fight.
On his right Shoulder his thick Mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at ſpeed; and dances in the Wind.
His horny Hoofs are jetty black, and round;
His Chine is double; ſtarting, with a bound
He turns the Turf, and ſhakes the ſolid Ground.
Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Noſtrils flow:
He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.
Such was the Steed in *Græcian* Poets fam'd,
Proud *Cyllarus*, by *Spartan Pollux* tam'd:
Such Courſers bore to Fight the God of *Thrace*;
And ſuch, *Achilles*, was thy warlike Race.
In ſuch a Shape, grim *Saturn* did reſtrain
His Heav'nly Limbs, and flow'd with ſuch a Mane.
When, half ſurpriz'd, and fearing to be ſeen,
The Leacher gallop'd from his Jealous Queen:
Ran up the Ridges of the Rocks amain;
And with ſhrill Neighings fill'd the Neighbouring Plain.
But worn with Years, when dire Diſeaſes come,
Then hide is not Ignoble Age, at Home:
In Peace t'enjoy his former Palms and Pains;
And gratefully be kind to his Remains.

For

For when his Blood no Youthful Spirits move,
He languiſhes and labours in his Love.
And when the ſprightly Seed ſhou'd ſwiftly come,
Dribling he drudges, and defrauds the Womb.
In vain he burns, like haſty Stubble Fires;
And in himſelf his former ſelf requires.
His Age and Courage weigh: Nor thoſe alone,
But note his Father's Virtues and his own;
Obſerve if he diſdains to yield the Prize;
Of Loſs impatient, proud of Victories.
Haſt thou beheld, when from the Goal they ſtart,
The Youthful Charioteers with heaving Heart,
Ruſh to the Race; and panting, ſcarcely bear
Th' extreams of feaveriſh hope, and chilling Fear;
Stoop to the Reins, and laſh with all their force;
The flying Chariot kindles in the Courſe:
And now a-low; and now aloft they fly,
As born through Air, and ſeem to touch the Sky.
No ſtop, no ſtay, but Clouds of Sand ariſe;
Spurn'd, and caſt backward on the Follower's Eyes.
The hindmoſt blows the foam upon the firſt:
Such is the love of Praiſe, an Honourable Thirſt.
Bold *Erictbonius* was the firſt, who join'd
Four Horſes for the rapid Race deſign'd;
And o're the duſty Wheels preſiding ſate;
The *Lapythæ* to Chariots, add the State
Of Bits and Bridles; taught the Steed to bound;
To run the Ring, and trace the mazy round.
To ſtop, to fly, the Rules of War to know:
T' obey the Rider; and to dare the Foe.
To chuſe a Youthful Steed, with Courage fir'd;
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd Maſters; and in ſundry Ways:
Their Labours equal, and alike their Praiſe.

But

But once again the batter'd Horſe beware,
The weak old Stallion will deceive thy care.
Though Famous in his Youth for force and ſpeed,
Or was of *Argos* or *Epirian* breed,
Or did from *Neptune's* Race, or from himſelf proceed.
These things premis'd, when now the Nuptial time
Approaches for the ſtately Steed to climb;
With Food inable him, to make his Court;
Diſtend his Chine, and pamper him for ſport.
Feed him with Herbs, whatever thou can'ſt find,
Of generous warmth; and of ſalacious kind.
Then Water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirſt again, with Bran.
Inſtructed thus, produce him to the Faire;
And joyn in Wedlock to the longing Mare.
For if the Sire be faint, or out of caſe,
He will be copied in his famiſh'd Race:
And ſink beneath the pleaſing Task aſſign'd:
(For all's too little for the craving Kind.)
As for the Females, with induſtrious care
Take down their Mettle, keep 'em lean and bare;
When conſcious of their paſt delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the ſport agen;
With ſcanty meaſure then ſupply their food;
And, when athirſt, reſtrain 'em from the flood:
Their Bodies harraſs, ſink 'em when they run;
And fry their Melting Marrow in the Sun.
Starve 'em, when Barns beneath their burthen groan,
And winnow'd Chaff, by Weſtern Winds is blown.
For Fear the rankneſs of the ſwelling Womb
Shou'd ſcant the paſſage, and confine the room.
Leſt the Fat Furrows ſhou'd the ſenſe deſtroy
Of Genial Luſt; and dull the Seat of Joy.

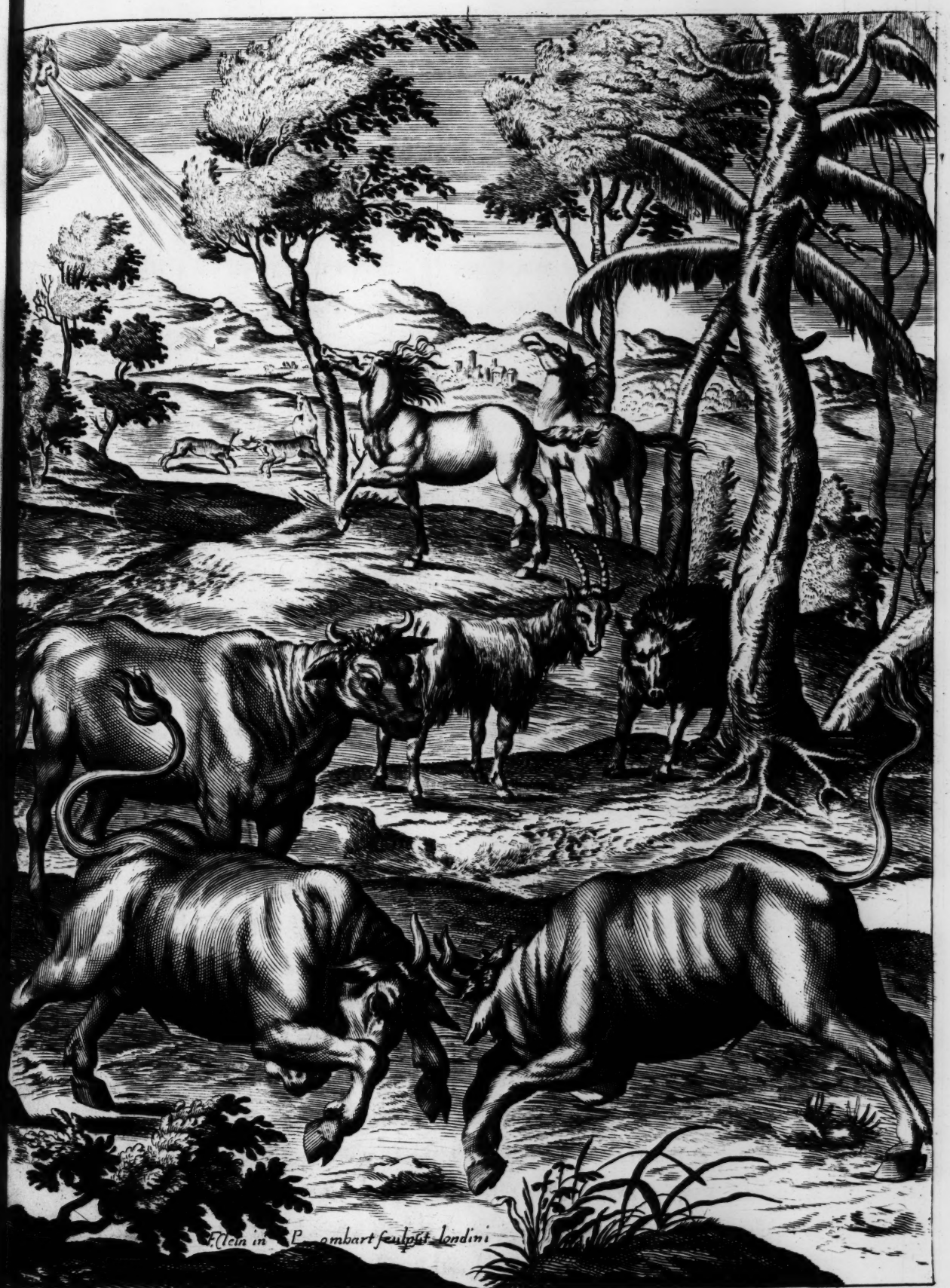
But let 'em ſuck the Seed with greedy force;
And cloſe involve the Vigour of the Horſe.
The Male has done; thy care muſt now proceed
To teeming Females; and the promis'd breed.
Firſt let 'em run at large; and never know
The taming Yoak, or draw the crooked Plough.
Let 'em not leap the Ditch, or ſwim the Flood;
Or lumber o're the Meads; or croſs the Wood.
But range the Forreſt, by the ſilver ſide
Of ſome cool Stream, where Nature ſhall provide
Green Graſs and fat'ning Clover for their fare!
And Moſſy Caverns for their Noontide lare:
With Rocks above to ſhield the ſharp Nocturnal air.
About th' *Alburnian* Groves, with Holly green,
Of winged Inſects mighty ſwarms are ſeen:
This flying Plague (to mark its quality;)
Oeſtros the *Grecians* call: *Aſylus*, we:
A fierce loud buzzing Breez; their ſtings draw blood;
And drive the Cattel gadding through the Wood.
Seiz'd with unuſual pains, they loudly cry,
Tanagrus haſtens thence; and leaves his Channel dry.
This Curſe the jealous *Juno* did invent;
And firſt imploy'd for *Io*'s Puniſhment.
To ſhun this Ill, the cunning Leach ordains
In Summer's Sultry Heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the Females, e're the Sun ariſe,
Or late at Night, when Stars adorn the Skies.
When ſhe has calv'd, then ſet the Dam aſide;
And for the tender Progeny provide.
Diſtinguiſh all betimes, with branding Fire;
To note the Tribe, the Lineage, and the Sire.
Whom to reſerve for Husband of the Herd;
Or who ſhall be to Sacrifice preferr'd;

Or whom thou ſhalt to turn thy Glebe allow;
To ſmooth the Furrows, and ſuſtain the Plough:
The reſt, for whom no Lot is yet decreed,
May run in Paſtures, and at Pleaſure feed.
The Calf, by Nature and by Genius made
To turn the Glebe, breed to the Rural Trade.
Set him betimes to School; and let him be
Inſtructed there in Rules of Husbandry:
While yet his youth is flexible and green;
Nor bad Examples of the World has ſeen.
Early begin the ſtubborn Child to break;
For his ſoft Neck, a ſupple Collar make
Of bending Oſiers; and (with time and care
Enur'd that eaſie Servitude to bear)
Thy flattering Method on the Youth purſue:
Join'd with his School-Fellows, by two and two,
Perſwade 'em firſt to lead an empty Wheel,
That ſcarce the duſt can raiſe; or they can feel:
In length of Time produce the lab'ring Yoke
And ſhining Shares, that make the Furrow ſmoak.
E're the licentious Youth be thus reſtrain'd,
Or Moral Precepts on their Minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of Leaves, and marſhy Weed,
But with thy Sickle reap the rankeſt land:
And miniſter the blade, with bounteous hand.
Nor be with harmful parſimony won
To follow what our homely Sires have done;
Who fill'd the Pail with Beeſtings of the Cow:
But all her Udder to the Calf allow.
If to the Warlike Steed thy Studies bend,
Or for the Prize in Chariots to contend;
Near *Piſa's* Flood the Rapid Wheels to guide,
Or in *Olympian* Groves aloft to ride,

The

The generous Labours of the Courſer, firſt
Muſt be with ſight of Arms and ſounds of Trumpets nurſt:
Inur'd the groaning Axle-tree to bear;
And let him claſhing Whips in Stables hear.
Sooth him with Praiſe, and make him underſtand
The loud Applauſes of Maſter's Hand:
This from his Weaning, let him well be taught;
And then betimes in a ſoft Snaffle wrought:
Before his tender Joints with Nerves are knit;
Untry'd in Arms, and trembling at the Bit.
But when to four full Springs his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with Pride to prance;
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
To turn, to bound in meaſure; and Curvet.
Let him, to this, with eaſie pains be brought:
And ſeem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus, form'd for ſpeed, he challenges the Wind;
And leaves the *Scythian* Arrow far behind:
He ſcours along the Field, with looſen'd Reins;
And treads ſo light, he ſcarcely prints the Plains.
Like *Boreas* in his Race, when ruſhing forth,
He ſweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:
The waving Harveſt bends beneath his blaſt;
The Foreſt ſhakes, the Groves their Honours caſt;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Purſues the foaming Surges to the Shoar.
Thus o're th' *Elean* Plains, thy well-breath'd Horſe
Impels the flying Carr, and wins the Courſe.
Or, bred to *Belgian* Waggons, leads the Way;
Untir'd at night, and chearful all the Day.
When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
Indulge his Growth, and his gaunt ſides ſupply.
Before his Training, keep him poor and low;
For his ſtout Stomach with his Food will grow;

The pamper'd Colt will Diſcipline diſdain,
Impatient of the Laſh, and reſtiff to the Rein.
Woud'ſt thou their Courage and their Strength improve,
Too ſoon they muſt not feel the ſtings of Love.
Whether the Bull or Courſer be thy Care,
Let him not leap the Cow, nor mount the Mare.
The youthful Bull muſt wander in the Wood;
Behind the Mountain, or beyond the Flood:
Or, in the Stall at home his Fodder find;
Far from the Charms of that alluring Kind.
With two fair Eyes his Miſtreſs burns his Breaſt;
He looks, and languiſhes, and leaves his Reſt;
Forſakes his Food, and pining for the Laſs,
Is joyleſs of the Grove, and ſpurns the growing graſs.
The ſoft Seducer, with enticing Looks,
The bellowing Rivals to the Fight provokes.
A beauteous Heifer in the Woods is bred;
The ſtooping Warriours, aiming Head to Head,
Engage their claſhing Horns; with dreadful Sound
The Foreſt rattles, and the Rocks rebound.
They fence, they puſh, and puſhing loudly roar;
Their Dewlaps and their Sides are bath'd in Gore.
Nor when the War is over, is it Peace;
Nor will the vanquiſh'd Bull his Claim releaſe:
But feeding in his Breaſt his ancient Fires,
And curſing Fate, from his proud Foe retires.
Driv'n from his Native Land, to foreign Grounds,
He with a gen'rous Rage reſents his Wounds;
His ignominious-Flight, the Victor's boaſt,
And more than both, the Loves, which unreveng'd he loſt.
Often he turns his Eyes, and, with a Groan,
Surveys the pleaſing Kingdoms, once his own.



To Sr Justinian Isham of Lamport in Northampton Shire Barronet

Geo 3. L340.

And therefore to repair his Strength he tries:
Hardning his Limbs with painful Exerciſe,
And rough upon the flinty Rock he lies.
On prickly Leaves, and on ſharp Herbs he feeds,
Then to the Prelude of a War proceeds.
His Horns, yet ſore, he tries againſt a Tree:
And meditates his abſent Enemy.
He ſnuffs the Wind, his heels the Sand excite;
But, when he ſtands collected in his might,
He roars, and promiſes a more ſucceſsful Fight.
Then, to redeem his Honour at a blow,
He moves his Camp, to meet his careleſs Foe.
Not with more Madneſs, rolling from afar,
The ſpumy Waves proclaim the watry War.
And mounting upwards, with a mighty Roar,
March onwards, and inſult the rocky ſhoar.
They mate the middle Region with their height;
And fall no leſs, than with a Mountain's weight;
The Waters boil, and belching from below
Black Sands, as from a forceful Engine throw.
Thus every Creature, and of every Kind,
The ſecret Joys of ſweet Coition find:
Not only Man's Imperial Race; but they
That wing the liquid Air; or ſwim the Sea,
Or haunt the Deſart, ruſh into the flame:
For Love is Lord of all; and is in all the ſame.
'Tis with this rage, the Mother Lion ſtung,
Scours o're the Plain; regardleſs of her young:
Demanding Rites of Love; ſhe ſternly ſtalks;
And hunts her Lover in his lonely Walks.
'Tis then the ſhapeleſs Bear his Den forſakes;
In Woods and Fields a wild deſtruction makes.
Boars whet their Tusks; to battel Tygers move;
Enrag'd with Hunger, more enrag'd with Love.

Then wo to him, that in the defart Land
Of *Lybia* travels, o're the burning Sand.
The Stallion ſnuffs the well-known Scent afar;
And ſnorts and trembles for the diſtant Mare:
Nor Bits nor Bridles can his Rage reſtrain;
And rugged Rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o're Mountains, and contemns
Unruly Torrents, and unfoorded Streams.
The briſtled Boar, who feels the pleaſing Wound,
New grinds his arming Tusks, and digs the Ground.
The ſleepy Leacher ſhuts his little Eyes;
About his churning Chaps the frothy bubbles riſe:
He rubs his ſides againſt a Tree, prepares
And hardens both his Shoulders for the Wars.
What did the *Youth*, when Love's unerring Dart
Transfixt his Liver; and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his watry way he took;
About him, and above, the Billows broke:
The Sluces of the Skie were open ſpread;
And rowling Thunder rattl'd o're his Head.
The raging Tempeſt call'd him back in vain;
And every boding Omen of the Main.
Nor cou'd his Kindred; nor the kindly Force
Of weeping Parents, change his fatal Courſe.
No, not the dying Maid, who muſt deplore
His floating Carcaſs on the *Seſtian* ſhore.
I paſs the Wars that ſpotted *Lynx's* make
With their fierce Rivals, for the Females ſake:
The howling Wolves, the Maſtiffs amorous rage;
When ev'n the fearful Stag dares for his Hind engage.
But far above the reſt, the furious Mare,
Barr'd from the Male, is frantick with deſpair.
For when her pouting Vent declares her pain,
She tears the Harneſs, and the rends the Reyn;

For

For this; (when *Venus* gave them rage and pow'r)
Their Maſters mangl'd Members they devour;
Of Love defrauded in their longing Hour.
For Love they force thro' Thickets of the Wood,
They climb the ſteepy Hills, and ſtem the Flood.
When at the Spring's approach their Marrow burns,
(For with the Spring their genial Warmth returns)
The Mares to Cliffs of rugged Rocks repair,
And with wide Noſtrils ſnuff the Weſtern Air:
When (wondrous to relate) the Parent Wind,
Without the Stallion, propagates the Kind.
Then fir'd with amorous rage, they take their Flight
Through Plains, and mount the Hills unequal height;
Nor to the North, nor to the Riſing Sun,
Nor Southward to the Rainy Regions run,
But boring to the Weſt, and hov'ring there,
With gaping Mouths, they draw prolifick air:
With which impregnate, from their Groins they ſhed
A ſlimy Juice, by falſe Conception bred.
The Shepherd knows it well; and calls by Name
Hippomanes, to note the Mother's Flame.
This, gather'd in the Planetary Hour,
With noxious Weeds, and ſpell'd with Words of Pow'r,
Dire Stepdames in the Magick Bowl infuſe;
And mix, for deadly Draughts, the poyſ'nous Juice.
But time is loſt, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleaſing Path purſue;
Surveying Nature, with too nice a view.
Let this ſuffice for Herds, our following Care
Shall woolly Flocks, and ſhaggy Goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what Oyl I muſt beſtow,
To raiſe my Subject from a Ground ſo low:
And the mean Matter which my Theme affords,
To embelliſh with Magnificence of Words.

But

But the commanding Muſe my Chariot guides;
Which o're the dubious Cliff ſecurely rides:
And pleas'd I am, no beaten Road to take:
But firſt the way to new Diſcov'ries make.
Now, ſacred *Pales*, in a lofty ſtrain,
I ſing the Rural Honours of thy Reign.
Firſt with aſſiduous care, from Winter keep
Well fodder'd in the Stalls, thy tender Sheep.
Then ſpread with Straw, the bedding of thy Fold;
With Fern beneath, to fend the bitter Cold.
That free from Gouts thou may'ſt preſerve thy Care:
And clear from Scabs, produc'd by freezing Air.
Next let thy Goats officiouſly be nurs'd;
And led to living Streams; to quench their Thirſt.
Feed 'em with Winter-brouze, and for their lare
A Cote that opens to the South prepare:
Where basking in the Sun-ſhine they may lye,
And the ſhort Remnants of his Heat enjoy.
This during Winter's driſly Reign be done:
'Till the new Ram receives th' exalted Sun:
For hairy Goats of equal profit are
With woolly Sheep, and ask an equal Care.
'Tis true, the Fleece, when drunk with *Tyrian* Juice,
Is dearly ſold; but not for needful uſe:
For the ſalacious Goat encreaſes more;
And twice as largely yields her milky Store.
The ſtill diſtended Udders never fail;
But when they ſeem exhauſted ſwell the Pail.
Mean time the Paſtor ſhears their hoary Beards;
And eaſes of their Hair, the loaden Herds.
Their Camelots, warm in Tents, the Souldier hold;
And ſhield the ſhiv'ring Mariner from Cold.
On Shrubs they brouze, and on the bleaky Top
Of rugged Hills, the thorny Bramble crop.

Attended

To the Right Worshipfull S.r Thomas Mompesson
of Bathampton in the County of Wilts. Knight.

MA FOY EN DIEU

Geor: 3. l. 465

Attended with their bleating Kids they come
At Night unask'd, and mindful of their home;
And ſcarce their ſwelling Bags the threſhold overcome.
So much the more thy diligence beſtow
In depth of Winter, to defend the Snow:
By how much leſs the tender helpleſs Kind,
For their own ills, can fit Proviſion find.
Then miniſter the browze, with bounteous hand;
And open let thy Stacks all Winter ſtand.
But when the Weſtern Winds with vital pow'r
Call forth the tender Graſs, and budding Flower;
Then, at the laſt, produce in open Air
Both Flocks; and ſend 'em to their Summer fare.
Before the Sun, while *Heſperus* appears;
Firſt let 'em ſip from Herbs the pearly tears
Of Morning Dews: and after break their Faſt
On Green-ſword Ground; (a cool and grateful taſte:)
But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the Dews,
And the Sun's ſultry heat their thirſt renews;
When creaking Graſhoppers on Shrubs complain,
Then lead 'em to their wat'ring Troughs again.
In Summer's heat, ſome bending Valley find,
Clos'd from the Sun, but open to the Wind:
Or ſeek ſome ancient Oak, whoſe Arms extend
In ample breadth, thy Cattle to defend:
Or ſolitary Grove, or gloomy Glade:
To ſhield 'em with its venerable Shade.
Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again
When the low Sun is ſinking to the Main.
When riſing *Cynthia* ſheds her ſilver Dews;
And the cool Evening-breeze the Meads renews:
When Linnets fill the Woods with tuneful ſound,
And hollow ſhoars the *Halcions* Voice rebound.

Why

Why ſhou'd my Muſe enlarge on *Lybian* Swains;
Their ſcatter'd Cottages, and ample Plains?
Where oft the Flocks, without a Leader ſtray;
Or through continu'd Deſarts take their way;
And, feeding, add the length of Night to day.
Whole Months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor Folds, nor hoſpitable Harbour know.
Such an extent of Plains, ſo vaſt a ſpace
Of Wilds unknown, and of untaſted Graſs
Allures their Eyes: The Shepherd laſt appears,
And with him all his Patrimony bears:
His Houſe and houſehold Gods! his trade of War,
His Bow and Quiver; and his truſty Cur.
Thus, under heavy Arms, the Youth of *Rome*
Their long laborious Marches overcome;
Chearly their tedious Travels undergo:
And pitch their ſudden Camp before the Foe.
Not ſo the *Scythian* Shepherd tends his Fold;
Nor he who bears in *Thrace* the bitter cold:
Nor he, who treads the bleak *Meotian* Strand;
Or where proud *Iſter* rouls his yellow Sand.
Early they ſtall their Flocks and Herds; for there
No Graſs the Fields, no Leaves the Foreſts wear.
The frozen Earth lies buried there, below
A hilly heap, ſev'n Cubits deep in Snow:
And all the *Weſte* Allies of ſtormy *Boreas* blow.
The Sun from far, peeps with a ſickly face;
Too weak the Clouds, and mighty Fogs to chace;
When up the Skies, he ſhoots his roſie Head;
Or in the ruddy Ocean ſeeks his Bed.
Swift Rivers, are with ſudden Ice conſtrain'd;
And ſtudded Wheels are on its back ſuſtain'd.
An Hoſtry now for Waggons; which before
Tall Ships of burthen, on its Boſom bore.

The

To John Dormer of Rousham
in the County of Oxford Esqr

Geo: 3 : L570

The brazen Cauldrons, with the Froſt are flaw'd;
The Garment, ſtiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd;
With Axes firſt they cleave the Wine, and thence
By weight, the ſolid portions they diſpence.
From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
Long Iſicles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard.
Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
Obſcure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.
The ſtarving Cattle periſh in their Stalls,
Huge Oxen ſtand enclos'd in wint'ry Walls
Of Snow congeal'd; whole Herds are bury'd there
Of mighty Stags, and ſcarce their Horns appear.
The dext'rous Huntſman wounds not theſe afar,
With Shafts, or Darts, or makes a diſtant War
With Dogs; or pitches Toyls to ſtop their Flight:
But cloſe engages in unequal Fight.
And while they ſtrive in vain to make their way
Through hills of Snow, and pitifully bray;
Aſſaults with dint of Sword, or pointed Spears,
And homeward, on his Back, the joyful burthen bears.
The Men to ſubterranean Caves retire;
Secure from Cold; and crowd the chearful Fire:
With Trunks of Elms and Oaks, the Hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of Heav'n abroad.
Their jovial Nights, in frollicks and in play
They paſs, to drive the tedious Hours away.
And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets cheer,
Of windy Cider, and of barmy Beer.
Such are the cold *Ryphean* Race; and ſuch
The ſavage *Scythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch*.
Where Skins of Beaſts, the rude *Barbarians* wear;
The ſpoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear.
Is Wool thy care? Let not thy Cattle go
Where Buſhes are, where Burs and Thiſtles grow;

Nor in too rank a Paſture let 'em feed:
Then of the pureſt white ſelect thy Breed.
Ev'n though a ſnowy Ram thou ſhalt behold,
Prefer him not in haſte, for Husband to thy Fold.
But ſearch his Mouth; and if a ſwarthy Tongue
Is underneath his humid Pallat hung;
Reject him, leſt he darken all the Flock;
And ſubſtitute another from thy Stock.
'Twas thus with Fleeces milky white (if we
May truſt report,) *Pan* God of *Arcady*
Did bribe thee *Cynthia*; nor didſt thou diſdain
When call'd in woody ſhades, to cure a Lover's pain.
If Milk be thy deſign; with plenteous hand
Bring Clover-graſs; and from the marſhy Land
Salt Herbage for the fodd'ring Rack provide;
To fill their Bags, and ſwell the milky Tide:
Theſe raiſe their Thirſt, and to the Taſte reſtore
The ſavour of the Salt, on which they fed before.
Some, when the Kids their Dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their ſoft Mouths reſtrain.
Their morning Milk, the *Peaſants* preſs at Night:
Their Evening Meal, before the riſing Light
To Market bear: or ſparingly they ſteep
With ſeas'ning Salt, and ſtor'd, for Winter keep.
Nor laſt, forget thy faithful Dogs: but feed
With fat'ning Whey the Maſtiffs gen'rous breed;
And *Spartan* Race: who for the Folds relief
Will proſecute with Cries the Nightly Thief:
Repulſe the prouling Wolf, and hold at Bay,
The Mountain Robbers, ruſhing to the Prey.
With cries of Hounds, thou may'ſt purſue the fear
Of flying Hares, and chace the fallow Deer;
Rouze from their defart Dens, the briſl'd Rage
Of Boars, and beamy Stags in Toyls engage.

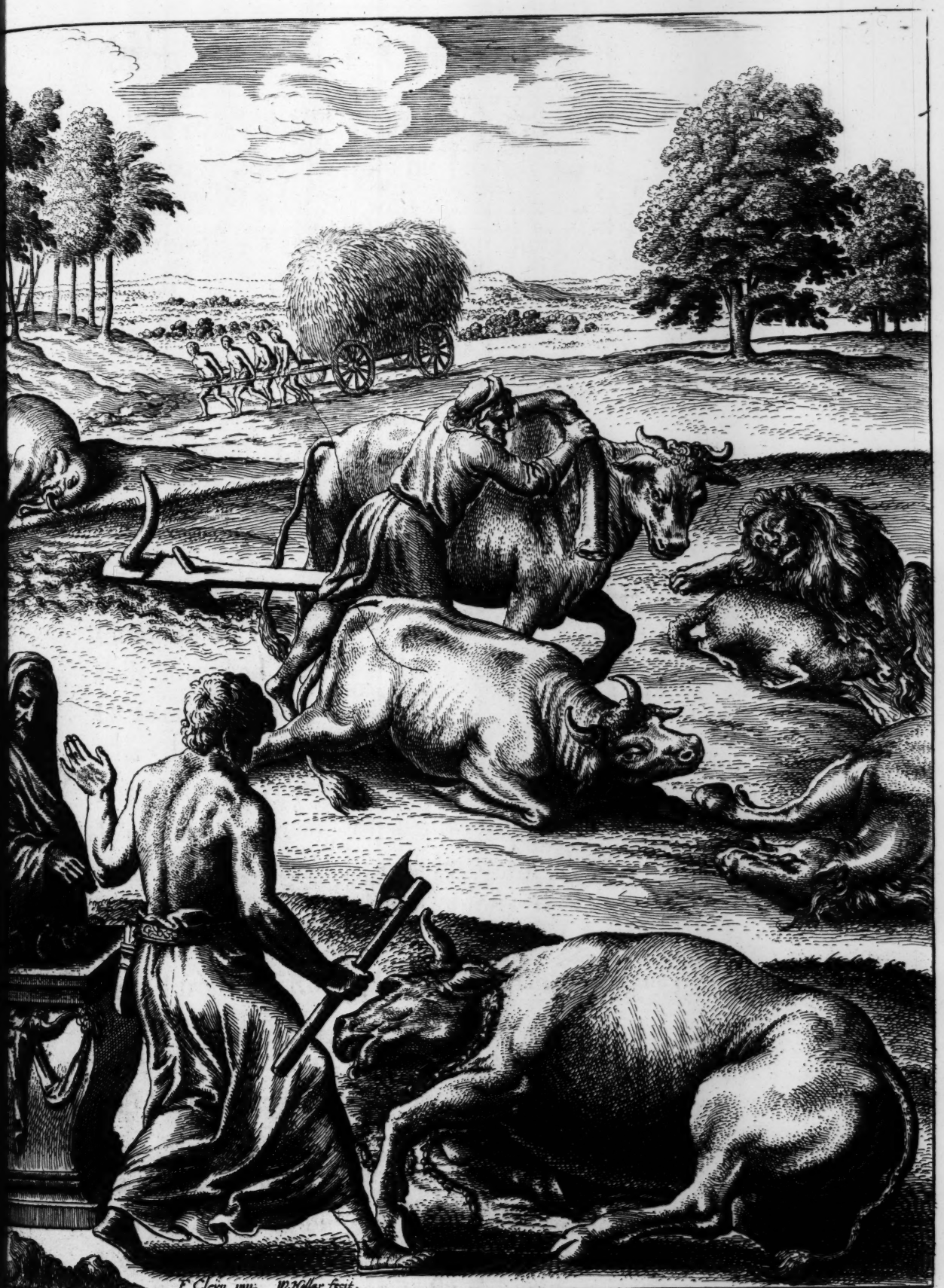
With

With ſmoak of burning Cedar ſcent thy Walls:
And fume with ſtinking *Galbanum* thy Stalls:
With that rank Odour from thy dwelling Place
To drive the Viper's brood, and all the venom'd Race.
For often under Stalls unmov'd, they lye,
Obſcure in ſhades, and ſhunning Heav'ns broad Eye.
And Snakes, familiar, to the Hearth ſucceed,
Diſcloſe their Eggs, and near the Chimney breed.
Whether, to roofy Houſes they repair,
Or Sun themſelves abroad in open Air,
In all abodes of peſtilential Kind,
To Sheep and Oxen, and the painful Hind.
Take, Shepherd take, a plant of ſtubborn Oak;
And labour him with many a ſturdy ſtroak:
Or with hard Stones, demoliſh from a-far
His haughty Creſt, the ſeat of all the War.
Invade his hiſſing Throat, and winding ſpires;
'Till ſtretch'd in length, th' unfolded Foe retires.
He drags his Tail; and for his Head provides:
And in ſome ſecret cranny ſlowly glides;
But leaves expos'd to blows, his Back and batter'd ſides.
In fair *Calabria*'s Woods, a Snake is bred,
With curling Creſt, and with advancing Head:
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding Track;
His Belly ſpotted, burniſht is his Back:
While Springs are broken, while the *Southern* Air
And dropping Heav'ns, the moiſten'd Earth repair,
He lives on ſtanding Lakes, and trembling Bogs,
And fills his Maw with Fiſh, or with loquacious Frogs.
But when, in muddy Pools, the water ſinks;
And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o're with Chinks;
He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground;
And hiſſing, rowls his glaring Eyes around.

With Thirſt inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the Fields, and wide Deſtruction threats.
Oh let not Sleep, my cloſing Eyes invade,
In open Plains, or in the ſecret Shade,
When he, renew'd in all the ſpeckl'd Pride
Of pompous Youth, has caſt his ſlough aſide:
And in his Summer Liv'ry rowls along:
Erect, and brandiſhing his forky Tongue,
Leaving his Neſt, and his imperfect Young;
And thoughtleſs of his Eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of Poyſon, for the foll'wing Year.
The Cauſes and the Signs ſhall next be told,
Of ev'ry Sickneſs that infects the Fold.
A ſcabby Tetter on their pelts will ſtick,
When the raw Rain has pierc'd them to the quick:
Or ſearching Froſts, have eaten through the Skin,
Or burning Iſicles are lodg'd within:
Or when the Fleece is ſhorn, if ſweat remains
Unwaſh'd, and ſoaks into their empty Veins:
When their defenceleſs Limbs, the Brambles tear;
Short of their Wool, and naked from the Sheer.
Good Shepherds after ſheering, drench their Sheep,
And their Flocks Father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the Stream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked Limbs with mother'd Oyl;
Or from the Founts where living Sulphurs boyl,
They mix a Med'cine to foment their Limbs;
With Scum that on the molten Silver ſwims.
Fat Pitch, and black Bitumen, add to theſe,
Beſides, the waxen labour of the Bees:
And *Hellebore*, and *Squills* deep rooted in the Seas,
Receits abound; but ſearching all thy Store,
The beſt is ſtill at hand, to launch the Sore:

And cut the Head; for till the Core be found,
The ſecret Vice is fed, and gathers Ground:
While making fruitleſs Moan, the Shepherd ſtands,
And, when the launching Knife requires his hands,
Vain help, with idle Pray'rs from Heav'n demands.
Deep in their Bones when Feavers fix their ſeat,
And rack their Limbs; and lick the vital heat;
The ready Cure to cool the raging Pain,
Is underneath the Foot to breath a Vein.
This remedy the *Scythian* Shepherds found:
Th' Inhabitants of *Thracia*'s hilly Ground,
And *Gelons* uſe it; when for drink and Food
They mix their cruddl'd Milk with Horſes Blood.
But where thou ſeeſt a ſingle Sheep remain
In ſhades aloof, or couch'd upon the Plain;
Or liſtleſly to crop the tender Graſs;
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
Revenge the Crime; and take the Traytor's head,
E're in the faultleſs Flock the dire Contagion ſpread.
On Winter Seas we fewer Storms behold,
Than foul Diſeaſes that infect the Fold.
Nor do thoſe ills, on ſingle Bodies prey;
But oft'ner bring the Nation to decay;
And ſweep the preſent Stock, and future Hope away.
A dire Example of this Truth appears:
When, after ſuch a length of rowling Years,
We ſee the naked *Alps*, and thin Remains
Of ſcatter'd Cotts, and yet unpeopl'd Plains:
Once fill'd with grazing Flocks, the Shepherds happy Reigns.
Here from the vicious Air, and ſickly Skies,
A Plague did on the dumb Creation riſe:
During th' Autumnal Heats th' Infection grew,
Tame Cattle, and the Beaſts of Nature ſlew.

Poys'ning the Standing Lakes; and Pools Impure:
Nor was the foodful Graſs in Fields ſecure.
Strange Death! For when the thirſty fire had drunk
Their vital Blood, and the dry Nerves were ſhrunk;
When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
A wat'riſh Humour ſwell'd and ooz'd agen:
Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,
Ordain'd by Nature for a better uſe.
The Victim Ox, that was for Altars preſt,
Trim'd with white Ribbons, and with Garlands dreſt,
Sunk of himſelf, without the Gods Command:
Preventing the ſlow Sacrificer's Hand.
Or, by the holy Butcher, if he fell,
Th' inſpected Entrails, cou'd no Fates foretel.
Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames ariſe;
But Clouds of ſmouldring Smoke, forbad the Sacrifice.
Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,
Or the black Poyſon ſtain'd the ſandy Floor.
The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forſake,
And render their ſweet Souls before the plenteous Rack.
The fawning Dog runs mad; the wheaſing Swine
With Coughs is choak'd; and labours from the Chine:
The Victor Horſe, forgetful of his Food,
The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood.
He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears
A doubtful Sweat in clammy drops appears:
Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.
Such are the Symptoms of the young Diſeaſe;
But in time's proceſs, when his pains encreaſe,
He rouls his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans
With patient ſobbing, and with manly Moans.
He heaves for Breath: which, from his Lungs ſupply'd,
And fetch'd from far, diſtends his lab'ring ſide.



To Fredrick Filney of Filney Hall
in Hant. Shire Esq.

Geo 3: L 72.

2

To his rough Palat, his dry Tongue ſucceeds;
And roapy Gore, he from his Noſtrils bleeds.
A Drench of Wine has with ſucceſs been us'd;
And through a Horn, the gen'rous Juice infus'd:
Which timely taken op'd his cloſing Jaws;
But, if too late, the Patient's death did cauſe.
For the too vig'rous Doſe, too fiercely wrought;
And added Fury to the Strength it brought.
Recruited into Rage, he grinds his Teeth
In his own Fleſh, and feeds approaching Death.
Ye Gods, to better Fate, good Men diſpoſe;
And turn that Impious Errour on our Foes!
The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of Tillage; and the crooked Plough)
Falls down and dies; and dying ſpews a Flood
Of foamy Madneſs, mix'd with clotted Blood.
The Clown, who curſing Providence repines,
His Mournful Fellow from the Team disjoyns:
With many a groan, forſakes his fruitleſs care;
And in th' unfiniſh'd Furrow leaves the Share.
The pineing Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,
Nor flow'ry Meads can eaſe; nor Cryſtal floods
Roul'd from the Rock: His flabby Flanks decreaſe;
His Eyes are ſettled in a ſtupid peace.
His bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown;
And his unweildy Neck, hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deſerving Toil
To turn the Glebe; or ſmooth the rugged Soil!
And yet he never ſupt in ſolemn State,
Nor undigeſted Feaſts did urge his Fate;
Nor day, to Night, luxurioufly did joyn;
Nor ſurfeited on rich *Campanian* Wine.
Simple his Bev'rage; homely was his Food;
The wholſom Herbage, and the running Flood:

No

No dreadful Dreams awak'd him with affright;
His Pains by Day, ſecur'd his Reſt by Night.
'Twas then that *Buffalo's*, ill pair'd, were ſeen
To draw the Carr of *Jove's* Imperial Queen
For want of Oxen: and the lab'ring Swain
Scratch'd with a Rake, a Furrow for his Grain:
And cover'd, with his hand, the ſhallow Seed again.
He Yokes himſelf, and up the Hilly height,
With his own Shoulders, draws the Waggon's weight.
The nightly Wolf, that round th' Encloſure prowl'd
To leap the Fence; now plots not on the Fold.
Tam'd with a ſharper Pain. The fearful Doe
And flying Stag, amidſt the Grey-Hounds go:
And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their fiercer Foe.
The ſcaly Nations of the Sea profound,
Like Shipwreck'd Carcaſſes are driv'n aground:
And mighty *Phocæ*, never ſeen before
In ſhallow Streams, are ſtranded on the ſhore.
The Viper dead, within her Hole is found:
Defenceleſs was the ſhelter of the ground.
The water-Snake, whom Fiſh and Paddocks fed,
With ſtaring Scales lies poyſon'd in his Bed:
To Birds their Native Heav'ns contagious prove,
From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above.
Beſides, to change their Paſture 'tis in vain:
Or truſt to Phyſick; Phyſick is their Bane.
The Learned Leaches in deſpair depart:
And ſhake their Heads, deſponding of their Art.
Tiſiphone, let looſe from under ground,
Majeſtically pale, now treads the round:
Before her drives Diſeaſes, and affright;
And every moment riſes to the ſight:
Aſpiring to the Skies; encroaching on the light.

The

The Rivers and their Banks, and Hills around,
With lowings, and with dying Bleats reſound.
At length, ſhe ſtrikes an Univerſal Blow;
To Death at once whole Herds of Cattle go:
Sheep, Oxen, Horſes fall; and, heap'd on high,
The diff'ring Species in Confuſion lie.
'Till warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
To lodge their loathſom Carrion underground.
For, uſeleſs to the Currier were their Hides:
Nor cou'd their tainted Fleſh with Ocean Tides
Be freed from Filth; nor cou'd *Vulcanian* Flame
The Stench aboliſh; or the Savour tame.
Nor ſafely cou'd they ſhear their fleecy Store;
(Made drunk with poys'nons Juice, and ſtiff with Gore:)
Or touch the Web: But if the Veſt they wear,
Red Bliſters riſing on their Paps appear,
And flaming Carbuncles; and noiſom Sweat,
And clammy Dews, that loathſom Lice beget:
'Till the ſlow creeping Evil eats his way,
Conſumes the parching Limbs; and makes the Life his prey.

The Fourth Book of the Georgics.

The Argument.

Virgil *has taken care to raiſe the Subject of each Georgic: In the Firſt he has only dead Matter on which to work. In the ſecond he juſt ſteps on the World of Life, and deſcribes that degree of it which is to be found in Vegetables. In the third he advances to Animals. And in the laſt, ſingles out the Bee, which may be reckon'd the moſt ſagacious of 'em, for his Subject.*

In this Georgic he ſhews us what Station is moſt proper for the Bees, and when they begin to gather Honey: How to call 'em home when they ſwarm; and how to part 'em when they are engag'd in Battel. From hence he takes occaſion to diſcover their different Kinds; and, after an Excurſion, relates their prudent and politick Adminiſtration of Affairs, and the ſeveral Diſeaſes that often rage in their Hives, with the proper Symptoms and Remedies of each Diſeaſe. In the laſt place he lays down a method of repairing their Kind, ſuppoſing their whole Breed loſt; and gives at large the Hiſtory of its Invention.

THE Gifts of Heav'n my foll'wing Song purſues,
Aerial Hóney, and Ambroſial Dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part, that ſings
Embattel'd Squadrons and advent'rous Kings:
A mighty Pomp, tho' made of little Things.
Their Arms, their Arts, their Manners I diſcloſe,
And how they War, and whence the People roſe:
Slight is the Subject, but the Praiſe not ſmall,
If Heav'n aſſiſt, and *Phœbus* hear my Call.
Firſt, for thy Bees a quiet Station find,
And lodge 'em under Covert of the Wind:
For Winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded Carriers from their Ev'ning Hive.
Far from the Cows and Goats inſulting Crew,
That trample down the Flow'rs, and bruſh the Dew:
The painted Lizard, and the Birds of Prey,
Foes of the frugal Kind, be far away.

The

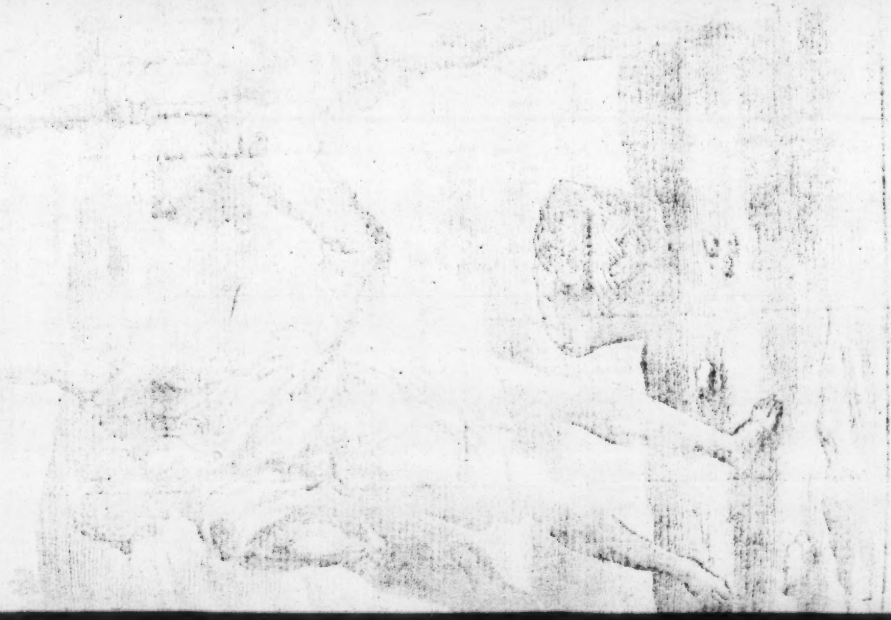
To Richard Norton of Southwick in Hant-shire Esqr.

Geo. 4: Li.

The Titmouſe, and the Peckers hungry Brood,
And *Progne*, with her Boſom ſtain'd in Blood:
Theſe rob the trading Citizens, and bear
The trembling Captives thro' the liquid Air;
And for their callow young a cruel Feaſt prepare.
But near a living Stream their Manſion place,
Edg'd round with Moſs, and tufts of matted Graſs:
And plant (the Winds impetuous rage to ſtop,)
Wild Olive Trees, or Palms, before the buiſy Shop:
That when the youthful Prince, with proud allarm,
Calls out the vent'rous Colony to ſwarm;
When firſt their way thro' yielding Air they wing,
New to the Pleaſures of their native Spring;
The Banks of Brooks may make a cool retreat
For the raw Souldiers from the ſcalding Heat:
And neighb'ring Trees, with friendly Shade invite
The Troops unus'd to long laborious Flight.
Then o're the running Stream, or ſtanding Lake,
A Paſſage for thy weary People make;
With Oſier Floats the ſtanding Water ſtrow;
Of maſſy Stones make Bridges, if it flow:
That basking in the Sun thy Bees may lye,
And reſting there, their flaggy Pinions dry:
When late returning home, the laden Hoſt,
By raging Winds is wreck'd upon the Coaſt.
Wild Thyme and Sav'ry ſet around their Cell,
Sweet to the taſte, and fragrant to the Smell:
Set rows of Roſemary with flow'ring Stem,
And let the purple Vi'lets drink the Stream.
Whether thou build the Palace of thy Bees
With twiſted Oſiers, or with Barks of Trees;
Make but a narrow Mouth: for as the Cold
Congeals into a Lump the liquid Gold;

So 'tis again diſſolv'd by Summer's heat,
And the ſweet Labours both Extreams defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th' induſtrious Kind
With dawby Wax and Flow'rs the Chinks have lin'd.
And, with their Stores of gather'd Glue, contrive
To ſtop the Vents, and Crannies of their Hive.
Not Birdlime, or *Idean* Pitch produce
A more tenacious Maſs of clammy Juice.
Nor Bees are lodg'd in Hives alone, but found
In Chambers of their own, beneath the Ground:
Their vaulted Roofs are hung in Pumices,
And in the rotten Trunks of hollow Trees.
But plaiſter thou the chinky Hives with Clay,
And leafy Branches o're their Lodgings lay.
Nor place them where too deep a Water flows,
Or where the Yeugh their pois'nous Neighbour grows:
Nor roſt red Crabs t' offend the niceneſs of their Noſe.
Nor near the ſteaming Stench of muddy Ground;
Nor hollow Rocks that render back the Sound,
And doubled Images of Voice rebound.
For what remains, when Golden Suns appear,
And under Earth have driv'n the Winter Year:
The winged Nation wanders thro' the Skies,
And o're the Plains, and ſhady Forreſt flies:
Then ſtooping on the Meads and leafy Bow'rs;
They skim the Floods, and ſip the purple Flow'rs.
Exhalted hence, and drunk with ſecret Joy,
Their young Succeſſion all their Cares employ:
They breed, they brood, inſtruct and educate,
And make Proviſion for the future State:
They work their waxen Lodgings in their Hives,
And labour Honey to ſuſtain their Lives.
But when thou ſeeſt a ſwarming Cloud ariſe,
That ſweeps aloft, and darkens all the Skies:

The



To the Right Hon.ble S.r William Trumbull K.t
Principall Secretary of State & one of his Mai.ties Most
Hon.ble Privy Councill.

VIRTVTE ET INDVSTRIA

Geo: 4. 1. 85.

The Motions of their haſty Flight attend;
And know to Floods, or Woods, their airy march they bend.
Then Melfoil beat, and Hony-ſuckles pound,
With theſe alluring Savours ſtrew the Ground;
And mix with tinkling Braſs, the Cymbals droning Sound.
Streight to their ancient Cells, recall'd from Air,
The reconcil'd Deſerters will repair.
But if inteſtine Broils allarm the Hive,
(For two Pretenders oft for Empire ſtrive)
The Vulgar in divided Factions jar;
And murm'ring Sounds proclaim the Civil War.
Inflam'd with Ire, and trembling with Diſdain,
Scarce can their Limbs, their mighty Souls contain.
With Shouts, the Cowards Courage they excite,
And martial Clangors call 'em out to fight:
With hoarſe Allarms the hollow Camp rebounds,
That imitates the Trumpets angry Sounds:
Then to their common Standard they repair;
The nimble Horſemen ſcour the Fields of Air,
In form of Battel drawn, they iſſue forth,
And ev'ry Knight is proud to prove his Worth.
Preſt for their Country's Honour, and their King's,
On their ſharp Beaks they whet their pointed Stings;
And exerciſe their Arms, and tremble with their Wings.
Full in the midſt, the haughty Monarchs ride,
The truſty Guards come up, and cloſe the Side;
With Shouts the daring Foe to Battel is defy'd.
Thus in the Seaſon of unclouded Spring,
To War they follow their undaunted King:
Crowd thro' their Gates, and in the Fields of Light,
The ſhocking Squadrons meet in mortal Fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
And heaps of ſlaughter'd Souldiers bite the Ground.
Hard Hailſtones lye not thicker on the Plain;
Nor ſhaken Oaks ſuch Show'rs of Acorns rain.

With gorgeous Wings the Marks of Sov'raign ſway,
The two contending Princes make their way;
Intrepid thro' the midſt of danger go;
Their Friends encourage, and amaze the Foe.
With mighty Souls in narrow Bodies preſt,
They challenge, and encounter Breaſt to Breaſt;
So fix'd on Fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obſtinately bent to win or dye;
That long the doubtful Combat they maintain,
Till one prevails (for one can only Reign.)
Yet all thoſe dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A caſt of ſcatter'd Duſt will ſoon alay,
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the Chiefs are ſund'red from the Fight,
Then to the lawful King reſtore his Right.
And let the waſtful Prodigal be ſlain,
That he, who beſt deſerves, alone may reign.
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd is the Regal Race,
One Monarch wears an honeſt open Face;
Shap'd to his Size, and Godlike to behold,
His Royal Body ſhines with ſpecks of Gold,
And ruddy Skales; for Empire he deſign'd,
Is better born, and of a Nobler Kind.
That other looks like Nature in diſgrace,
Gaunt are his ſides, and ſullen is his face:
And like their grizly Prince appears his gloomy Race:
Grim, ghaſtly, rugged, like a thirſty train
That long have travel'd through a deſart plain,
And ſpet from their dry Chaps the gather'd duſt again.
The better Brood, unlike the Baſtard Crew,
Are mark'd with Royal ſtreaks of ſhining hue;
Glitt'ring and ardent, though in Body leſs:
From theſe at pointed Seaſons hope to preſs

Huge heavy Honey-Combs, of Golden Juice,
Not only ſweet, but pure, and fit for uſe:
T'allay the Strength and Hardneſs of the Wine,
And with old *Bacchus*, new Metheglin join.
But when the Swarms are eager of their play,
And loath their empty Hives, and idly ſtray,
Reſtrain the wanton Fugitives, and take
A timely Care to bring the Truants back.
The Task is eaſie: but to clip the Wings
Of their high-flying Arbitrary Kings:
At their Command, the People ſwarm away;
Confine the Tyrant, and the Slaves will ſtay.
Sweet Gardens, full of Saffron Flow'rs, invite
The wandring Gluttons, and retard their Flight.
Beſides, the God obſcene, who frights away,
With his Lath Sword, the Thiefs and Birds of Prey.
With his own hand, the Guardian of the Bees,
For Slips of Pines, may ſearch the Mountain Trees:
And with wild Thyme and Sav'ry, plant the Plain,
'Till his hard horny Fingers ake with Pain:
And deck with fruitful Trees the Fields around,
And with refreſhing Waters drench the Ground.
Now, did I not ſo near my Labours end,
Strike Sail, and haſt'ning to the Harbour tend;
My Song to Flow'ry Gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable Arts, to ſing
The *Pæſtan* Roſes, and their double Spring:
How Sycc'ry drinks the running Streams, and how
Green Beds of Parſley near the River grow;
How Cucumers along the Surface creep,
With crooked Bodies, and with Bellies deep.
The late *Narciſſus*, and the winding Trail
Of Bears-foot, Myrtles green, and Ivy pale.

For

For where with ſtately Tow'rs *Tarentum* ſtands,
And deep *Galeſus* ſoaks the yellow Sands,
I chanc'd an Old *Corycian* Swain to know,
Lord of few Acres, and thoſe barren too;
Unfit for Sheep or Vines, and more unfit to ſow:
Yet lab'ring well his little Spot of Ground,
Some ſcatt'ring Potherbs here and there he found:
Which cultivated with his daily Care,
And bruis'd with Vervain, were his frugal Fare.
Sometimes white Lyllies did their Leaves afford,
With wholſom Poppy-flow'rs, to mend his homely Board:
For late returning home he ſup'd at eaſe,
And wiſely deem'd the Wealth of Monarchs leſs:
The little of his own, becauſe his own, did pleaſe.
To quit his Care, he gather'd firſt of all
In Spring the Roſes, Apples in the Fall:
And when cold Winter ſplit the Rocks in twain,
And Ice the running Rivers did reſtrain,
He ſtrip'd the Bears-foot of its leafy growth;
And, calling Weſtern Winds, accus'd the Spring of ſloath.
He therefore firſt among the Swains was found,
To reap the Product of his labour'd Ground,
And ſqueeſe the Combs with Golden Liquor Crown'd.
His Limes were firſt in Flow'rs, his lofty Pines,
With friendly Shade, ſecur'd his tender Vines.
For ev'ry Bloom his Trees in Spring afford,
An Autumn Apple was by tale reſtor'd.
He knew to rank his Elms in even rows;
For Fruit the grafted Peartree to diſpoſe:
And tame to Plums, the ſourneſs of the Sloes.
With ſpreading Planes he made a cool retreat,
To ſhade good Fellows from the Summer's heat.
But ſtreighten'd in my ſpace, I muſt forſake
This Task; for others afterwards to take.

Deſcribe

Deſcribe we next the Nature of the Bees,
Beſtow'd by *Jove* for ſecret Services:
When by the tinkling Sound of Timbrels led,
The King of Heav'n in *Cretan* Caves they fed.
Of all the Race of Animals, alone
The Bees have common Cities of their own:
And common Sons, beneath one Law they live,
And with one common Stock their Traffick drive.
Each has a certain home, a ſev'ral Stall:
All is the States, the State provides for all.
Mindful of coming Cold, they ſhare the Pain:
And hoard, for Winter's uſe, the Summer's gain.
Some o're the Publick Magazines preſide,
And ſome are ſent new forrage to provide:
Theſe drudge in Fields abroad, and thoſe at home
Lay deep Foundations for the labour'd Comb,
With dew, *Narciſſus* Leaves, and clammy Gum.
To pitch the waxen Flooring ſome contrive:
Some nurſe the future Nation of the Hive:
Sweet Honey ſome condenſe, ſome purge the Grout;
The reſt, in Cells apart, the liquid *Nectar* ſhut.
All, with united Force, combine to drive
The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive.
With Envy ſtung, they view each others Deeds:
With Diligence the fragrant Work proceeds.
As when the *Cyclops*, at th' Almighty Nod,
New Thunder haſten for their angry God:
Subdu'd in Fire the Stubborn Mettal lyes,
One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plyes;
And draws, and blows reciprocating Air:
Others to quench the hiſſing Maſs prepare:
With lifted Arms they order ev'ry Blow,
And chime their ſounding Hammers in a Row;
With labour'd Anvils *Ætna* groans below.

Strongly they ſtrike, huge Flakes of Flames expire,
With Tongs they turn the Steel, and vex it in the Fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the Bees, and ſuch their buſie Care:
Studious of Honey, each in his Degree,
The youthful Swarm, the grave experienc'd Bee:
That in the Field; this in Affairs of State,
Employ'd at home, abides within the Gate:
To fortify the Combs, to build the Wall,
To prop the Ruins leſt the Fabrick fall:
But late at Night, with weary Pinions come
The lab'ring Youth, and heavy laden home.
Plains, Meads, and Orchards all the day he plies,
The gleans of yellow Thime diſtend his Thighs:
He ſpoils the Saffron Flow'rs, he ſips the blues
Of Vi'lets, wilding Blooms, and Willow Dews.
Their Toyl is common, common is their Sleep;
They ſhake their Wings when Morn begins to peep;
Ruſh through the City Gates without delay,
Nor ends their Work, but with declining Day:
Then having ſpent the laſt remains of Light,
They give their Bodies due repoſe at Night:
When hollow Murmurs of their Ev'ning Bells,
Diſmiſs the ſleepy Swains, and toll 'em to their Cells.
When once in Beds their weary Limbs they ſteep,
No buzzing Sounds diſturb their Golden Sleep.
'Tis ſacred Silence all. Nor dare they ſtray,
When Rain is promis'd, or a ſtormy Day:
But near the City Walls their Watring take,
Nor Forrage far, but ſhort Excurſions make.
And as when empty Barks on Billows float,
With ſandy Ballaſt Sailors trim the Boat;
So Bees bear Gravel Stones, whoſe poiſing Weight
Steers thro' the whiſtling Winds their ſteddy Flight.

But

But what's more ſtrange, their modeſt Appetites,
Averſe from *Venus*, fly the Nuptial Rites.
No luſt enervates their Heroic Mind,
Nor waſts their Strength on wanton Woman-Kind.
But in their Mouths reſide their Genial Pow'rs,
They gather Children from the Leaves and Flow'rs.
Thus make they Kings to fill the Regal Seat;
And thus their little Citizens create:
And waxen Cities build, and Palaces of State.
And oft on Rocks their tender Wings they tear,
And ſink beneath the Burthens which they bear.
Such Rage of Honey in their Boſom beats:
And ſuch a Zeal they have for flow'ry Sweets.
Thus tho' the race of Life they quickly run;
Which in the ſpace of ſev'n ſhort Years is done,
Th' immortal Line in ſure Succeſſion reigns,
The Fortune of the Family remains:
And Grandſires Grandſons the long Liſt contains.
Beſides, not *Egypt*, *India*, *Media* more
With ſervile Awe, their Idol King adore:
While he ſurvives, in Concord and Content
The Commons live, by no Diviſions rent;
But the great Monarch's Death diſſolves the Government.
All goes to Ruin, they themſelves contrive
To rob the Honey, and ſubvert the Hive.
The King preſides, his Subjects Toil ſurveys;
The ſervile Rout their careful *Ceſar* praiſe:
Him they extol, they worſhip him alone,
They crowd his Levees, and ſupport his Throne:
They raiſe him on their ſhoulders with a Shout:
And when their Sov'raign's Quarrels calls 'em out,
His Foes to mortal Combat they defie,
And think it honour at his feet to die.

Indue'd by ſuch Examples, ſome have taught
That Bees have Portions of Etherial Thought:
Endu'd with Particles of Heavenly Fires:
For God the whole created Maſs inſpires;
Thro' Heav'n and Earth, and Oceans depth he throws
His Influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence Flocks, and Herds, and Men, and Beaſts, and Fowls
With Breath are quicken'd; and attract their Souls.
Hence take the Forms his Preſcience did ordain,
And into him at length reſolve again.
No room is left for Death, they mount the Sky,
And to their own congenial Planets fly.
Now when thou haſt decreed to ſeize their Stores,
And by Prerogative to break their Doors:
With ſprinkl'd Water firſt the City choak,
And then purſue the Citizens with Smoak.
Two Honey Harveſts fall in ev'ry Year:
Firſt, when the pleaſing *Pleiades* appear,
And ſpringing upward ſpurn the briny Seas:
Again, when their affrighted Quire ſurveys
The watry *Scorpion* mend his Pace behind,
With a black Train of Storms, and Winter Wind;
They plunge into the Deep, and ſafe Protection find.
Prone to Revenge, the Bees, a wrathful Race,
When once provok'd aſſault th' Agreſſor's Face:
And through the purple Veins a paſſage find;
There fix their Stings, and leave their Souls behind.
But if a pinching Winter thou foreſee,
And would'ſt preſerve thy famiſh'd Family;
With fragrant Thyme the City fumigate,
And break the waxen Walls to ſave the State.
For lurking Lizards often lodge, by Stealth,
Within the Suburbs, and purloyn their Wealth.

And Lizards ſhunning Light, a dark Retreat
Have found in Combs, and undermin'd the Seat.
Or lazy Drones, without their Share of Pain;
In Winter Quarters free, devour the Gain:
Or Waſps infeſt the Camp with loud Alarms,
And mix in Battel with unequal Arms:
Or ſecret Moaths are there in Silence fed;
Or Spiders in the Vault, their ſnary Webs have ſpred.
The more oppreſs'd by Foes, or Famine pin'd;
The more increaſe thy Care to ſave the ſinking Kind.
With Greens and Flow'rs recruit their empty Hives,
And ſeek freſh Forrage to ſuſtain their Lives.
But ſince they ſhare with Man one common Fate,
In Health and Sickneſs, and in Turns of State;
Obſerve the Symptons when they fall away,
And languiſh with inſenſible Decay.
They change their Hue, with hagger'd Eyes they ſtare,
Lean are their Looks, and ſhagged is their Hair:
And Crowds of dead, that never muſt return
To their lov'd Hives, in decent Pomp are born:
Their Friends attend the Herſe, the next Relations Mourn.
The ſick, for Air before the Portal gaſp,
Their feeble Legs within each other claſp.
Or idle in their empty Hives remain,
Benum'd with Cold, and lifleſs of their Gain.
Soft Whiſpers then, and broken Sounds are heard,
As when the Woods by gentle Winds are ſtir'd.
Such ſtifled noiſe as the doſe Furnace hides,
Or dying Murmurs of departing Tides.
This when thou feeſt, *Galbanean* Odours uſe,
And Honey in the ſickly Hive infuſe.
Thro' reeden Pipes convey the Golden Flood,
T'invite the People to their wonted Food.

Mix

Mix it with thicken'd Juice of ſodden Wines,
And Raiſins from the Grapes of *Pſythian* Vines:
To theſe add pounded Galls, and Roſes dry,
And with *Cecropian* Thyme, ſtrong ſcented Centaury.
A Flow'r there is that grows in Meadow Ground,
Amellus call'd, and eaſie to be found;
For from one Root the riſing Stem beſtows
A Wood of Leaves, and vi'let-purple Boughs:
The Flow'r it ſelf is glorious to behold,
And ſhines on Altars like refulgent Gold:
Sharp to the Taſte, by Shepherds near the Stream
Of *Mella* found, and thence they gave the Name.
Boyl this reſtoring Root in gen'rous Wine,
And ſet beſide the Door, the ſickly Stock to dine.
But if the lab'ring Kind be wholly loſt,
And not to be retriev'd with Care or Coſt;
'Tis time to touch the Precepts of an Art,
Th' *Arcadian* Maſter did of old impart:
And how he ſtock'd his empty Hives again,
Renew'd with putrid Gore of Oxen ſlain.
An ancient Legend I prepare to ſing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal Spring.
For where with ſev'n-fold Horns myſterious *Nile*
Surrounds the Skirts of *Egypt*'s fruitful Iſle,
And where in Pomp the Sun-burnt People ride
On painted Barges, o're the teeming Tide,
Which pouring down from *Ethiopian* Lands,
Makes green the Soyl with Slime, and black prolific Sands;
That length of Region, and large Tract of Ground
In this one Art a ſure relief have found.
Firſt, in a place, by Nature cloſe, they build
A narrow Flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.

In

In this, four Windows are contriv'd, that ſtrike
To the four Winds oppos'd, their Beams oblique.
A Steer of two Years old they take, whoſe Head
Now firſt with burniſh'd Horns begins to ſpread:
They ſtop his Noſtrils, while he ſtrives in vain
To breath free Air, and ſtruggles with his Pain.
Knock'd down, he dyes: his Bowels bruis'd within,
Betray no Wound on his unbroken Skin.
Extended thus, in this obſcene Abode,
They leave the Beaſt; but firſt ſweet Flow'rs are ſtrow'd
Beneath his Body, broken Boughs and Thyme,
And pleaſing Caſſia juſt renew'd in prime.
This muſt be done, e're Spring makes equal Day,
When *Weſtern* Winds on curling Waters play:
E're painted Meads produce their Flow'ry Crops,
Or Swallows twitter on the Chimney Tops.
The tainted Blood, in this cloſe Priſon pent,
Begins to boyl and through the Bones ferment.
Then, wondrous to behold, new Creatures riſe,
A moving Maſs at firſt, and ſhort of Thighs;
'Till ſhooting out with Legs, and imp'd with Wings,
The Grubs proceed to Bees with pointed Stings:
And more and more affecting Air, they try
Their tender Pinions, and begin to fly:
At length, like Summer Storms from ſpreading Clouds,
That burſt at once, and pour impetuous Floods;
Or Flights of Arrows from the *Parthian* Bows,
When from afar they gaul embattel'd Foes;
With ſuch a Tempeſt thro' the Skies they Steer;
And ſuch a form the winged Squadrons bear.
What God, O Muſe! this uſeful Science taught?
Or by what Man's Experience was it brought?

Sad

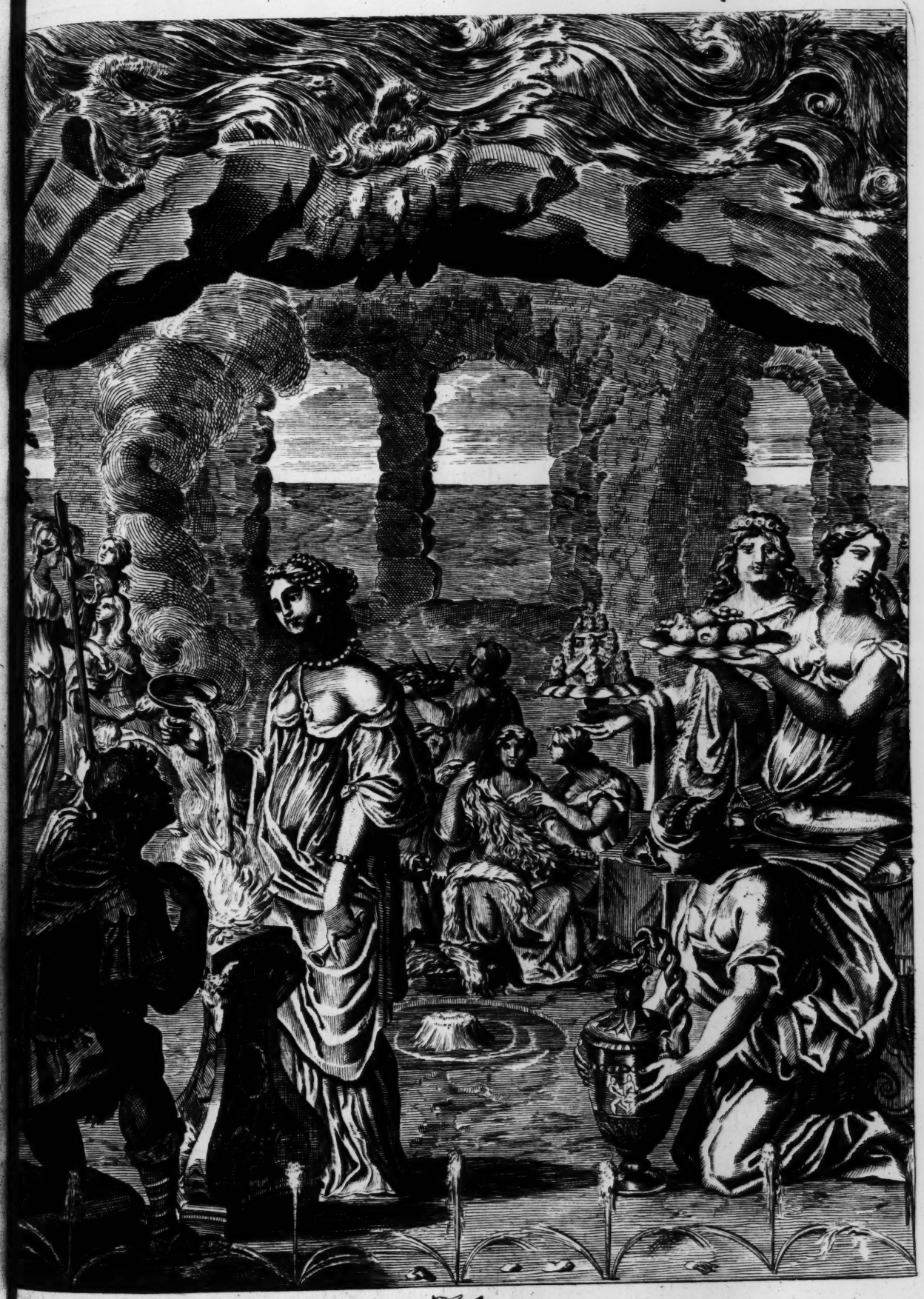
Sad *Ariſtæus* from fair *Tempe* fled,
His Bees with Famine, or Diſeaſes dead:
On *Peneus*'s Banks he ſtood, and near his holy Head.
And while his falling Tears the Stream ſupply'd,
Thus mourning, to his Mother Goddeſs cry'd.
Mother *Cyrene*, Mother, whoſe abode
Is in the depth of this immortal Flood:
What boots it, that from *Phœbus*'s Loyns I ſpring,
The third by him and thee, from Heav'ns high King?
O! Where is all thy boaſted Pity gone,
And Promiſe of the Skies to thy deluded Son?
Why didſt thou me, unhappy me, create?
Odious to Gods, and born to bitter Fate.
Whom, ſcarce my Sheep, and ſcarce my painful Plough,
The needful Aids of Human Life allow;
So wretched is thy Son, ſo hard a Mother thou.
Proceed, inhuman Parent in thy Scorn;
Root up my Trees, with Blites deſtroy my Corn;
My Vineyards Ruin, and my Sheepfolds burn.
Let looſe thy Rage, let all thy Spite be ſhown,
Since thus thy hate perſues the Praiſes of thy Son.
But from her Moſſy Bow'r below the Ground,
His careful Mother heard the Plaintive ſound;
Encompaſs'd with her Sea-green Siſters round.
One common Work they ply'd: their Diſtaffs full
With carded Locks of blue *Mileſian* Wool.
Spio with *Drymo* brown, and *Xanthe* fair,
And ſweet *Phyllodoce* with long diſhevel'd Hair:
Cydippe with *Licorias*, one a Maid,
And one that once had call'd *Lucina*'s Aid.
Clio and *Beroe*, from one Father both,
Both girt with Gold, and clad in particolour'd Cloth.

Opis

Opis the meek, and *Deiopeia* proud;
Niſæa ſoftly, with *Ligæa* loud;
Thalia joyous, *Ephyre* the ſad,
And *Arethuſa* once *Diana*'s Maid,
But now, her Quiver left, to Love betray'd.
To theſe, *Climene* the ſweet Theft declares,
Of *Mars*; and *Vulcans* unavailing Cares:
And all the Rapes of Gods, and ev'ry Love,
From ancient *Chaos* down to youthful *Jove*.
Thus while ſhe ſings, the Siſters turn the Wheel,
Empty the wooly Rock, and fill the Reel.
A mournful Sound, agen the Mother hears;
Agen the mournful Sound invades the Siſter's Ears:
Starting at once from their green Seats, they riſe;
Fear in their Heart, Amazement in their Eyes.
But *Arethuſa* leaping from her Bed,
Firſt lifts above the Waves her beauteous Head;
And, crying from afar, thus to *Cyrene* ſaid.
O Siſter! not with cauſeleſs Fear poſſeſt,
No Stranger Voice diſturbs thy tender Breaſt.
'Tis *Ariſteus*, 'tis thy darling Son,
Who to his careleſs Mother makes his Moan.
Near his Paternal Stream he ſadly ſtands,
With down-caſt Eyes, wet cheeks, and folded Hands:
Upbraiding Heav'n from whence his Lineage came,
And cruel calls the Gods, and cruel thee, by Name.
Cyrene mov'd with Love, and ſeiz'd with Fear,
Cries out, conduct my Son, conduct him here:
'Tis lawful for the Youth, deriv'd from Gods,
To view the Secrets of our deep Abodes.
At once ſhe wav'd her Hand on either ſide,
At once the Ranks of ſwelling Streams divide.

Two riſing Heaps of liquid Cryſtal ſtand,
And leave a Space betwixt, of empty Sand.
Thus ſafe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his Mother's watry Palace leads.
With wond'ring Eyes he views the ſecret Store
Of Lakes, that pent in hollow Caverns, roar.
He hears the crackling Sound of Coral Woods,
And ſees the ſecret Source of ſubterranean Floods.
And where, diſtinguiſh'd in their ſev'ral Cells,
The Fount of *Phaſis*, and of *Lycus* dwells;
Where ſwift *Enipeus* in his Bed appears,
And *Tiber* his Majeſtick Forehead rears.
Whence *Anio* flows, and *Hypanis*, profound,
Breaks through th' oppoſing Rocks with raging Sound.
Where *Po* firſt iſſues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his Cradle, rules the Floods.
Two Golden Horns on his large Front he wears,
And his grim Face a Bull's Reſemblance bears.
With rapid Courſe he ſeeks the ſacred Main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful Plain.
Now to the Court arriv'd, th' admiring Son
Beholds the vaulted Roofs of *Pory* Stone;
Now to his Mother Goddeſs tells his Grief,
Which ſhe with Pity hears, and promiſes Relief.
Th' officious Nymphs, attending in a Ring,
With Waters drawn from their perpetual Spring,
From earthly dregs his Body purifie,
And rub his Temples, with fine Towels, dry:
Then load the Tables with a lib'ral Feaſt,
And honour with full Bowls their friendly Gueſt.
The ſacred Altars are involv'd in Smoak,
And the bright Quire their kindred Gods invoke.

Two



To S^r Bartholomew Midle

Shower of the Temple. Kn^t.

Go: 4. l. 535.

Two Bowls the Mother fills with *Lydian* Wine;
Then thus, Let theſe be pour'd, with Rites divine,
To the great Authors of our wat'ry Line.
To Father Ocean, this; and this, ſhe ſaid,
Be to the Nymphs his ſacred Siſters paid,
Who rule the wat'ry Plains, and hold the woodland Shade.
She ſprinkl'd thrice, with Wine, the Veſtal Fire,
Thrice to the vaulted Roof the Flames aſpire.
Rais'd with ſo bleſt an Omen, ſhe begun,
With Words like theſe, to chear her drooping Son.
In the *Carpathian* Bottom makes abode
The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God;
High o're the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,
His azure Carr and finny Courſers guides:
Proteus his Name: to his *Pallenian* Port,
I ſee from far the weary God reſort.
Him, not alone, we River Gods adore,
But aged *Nereus* hearkens to his Lore.
With ſure foreſight, and with unerring Doom,
He ſees what is, and was, and is to come.
This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep
His ſcaly Flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.
Implore his Aid, for *Proteus* onely knows
The ſecret Cauſe, and Cure of all thy Woes.
But firſt the wily Wizard muſt be caught,
For unconſtrain'd he nothing tells for naught;
Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Flatt'ry bought.
Surpriſe him firſt, and with hard Fetters bind;
Then all his Frauds will vaniſh into Wind.
I will my ſelf conduct thee on thy Way,
When next the Southing Sun inflames the Day;
When the dry Herbage thirſts for Dews in vain,
And Sheep, in Shades, avoid the parching Plain.

Then will I lead thee to his ſecret Seat;
When weary with his Toyl, and ſcorch'd with Heat,
The wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat.
His Eyes with heavy Slumber overcaſt;
With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him faſt:
Thus ſurely bound, yet be not over bold,
The ſlipp'ry God will try to looſe his hold:
And various Forms aſſume, to cheat thy ſight;
And with vain Images of Beaſts affright.
With foamy Tusks will ſeem a briſtly Boar,
Or imitate the Lion's angry Roar;
Break out in crackling Flames to ſhun thy Snares,
Or Hiſs a Dragon, or a Tyger ſtares:
Or with a Wile, thy Caution to betray,
In fleeting Streams attempt to ſlide away.
But thou, the more he varies Forms, beware
To ſtrain his Fetters with a ſtricter Care:
'Till tiring all his Arts, he turns agen
To his true Shape, in which he firſt was ſeen.
This ſaid, with *Nectar* ſhe her Son anoints;
Infuſing Vigour through his mortal Joints:
Down from his Head the liquid Odours ran;
He breath'd of Heav'n, and look'd above a Man.
Within a Mountain's hollow Womb, there lies
A large Receſs, conceal'd from Human Eyes;
Where heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,
In Form of War, their wat'ry Ranks divide;
And there, like Centries ſet, without the Mouth abide:
A Station ſafe for Ships, when Tempeſts roar,
A ſilent Harbour, and a cover'd Shoar.
Secure within reſides the various God,
And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode.

Hether

To Simon Harcourt of Stanton Harcourt
in the County of Oxon Esqr

Geo 4: L: 635.

Hether with ſilent Steps, ſecure from Sight,
The Goddeſs guides her Son, and turns him from the Light:
Her ſelf, involv'd in Clouds, precipitates her Flight.
'Twas Noon; the ſultry Dog-ſtar from the Sky
Scorch'd *Indian* Swains, the rivell'd Graſs was dry;
The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood,
And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the Mud:
When weary *Proteus*, from the briny Waves,
Retir'd for Shelter to his wonted Caves:
His finny Flocks about their Shepherd play,
And rowling round him, ſpirt the bitter Sea.
Unweildily they wallow firſt in Ooze,
Then in the ſhady Covert ſeek Repoſe.
Himſelf their Herdſman, on the middle Mount,
Takes of his muſter'd Flocks a juſt Account.
So, ſeated on a Rock, a Shepherd's Groom
Surveys his Ev'ning Flocks returning Home:
When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs, from far,
Provoke the prouling Wolf to nightly War.
Th' Occaſion offers, and the Youth complies:
For ſcarce the weary God had clos'd his Eyes;
When ruſhing on, with ſhouts, he binds in Chains
The drowzy Prophet, and his Limbs conſtrains.
He, not unmindful of his uſual Art,
Firſt in diſſembled Fire attempts to part:
Then roaring Beaſts, and running Streams he tryes,
And wearies all his Miracles of Lies:
But having ſhifted ev'ry Form to ſcape,
Convinc'd of Conqueſt, he reſum'd his ſhape:
And thus, at length, in human Accent ſpoke.
Audacious Youth, what madneſs cou'd provoke
A Mortal Man t' invade a ſleeping God?
What Buis'neſs brought thee to my dark abode?

To

To this, th'audacious Youth; Thou know'ſt full well
My Name, and Buis'neſs, God, nor need I tell:
No Man can *Proteus* cheat; but *Proteus* leave
Thy fraudful Arts, and do not thou deceive.
Foll'wing the Gods Command, I come t'implore
Thy Help, my periſh'd People to reſtore.
The Seer, who could not yet his Wrath aſſwage,
Rowl'd his green Eyes, that ſparkl'd with his Rage;
And gnaſh'd his Teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar God
Purſues thy Crimes, nor with a Common Rod.
Thy great Miſdeeds have met a due Reward,
And *Orpheus*'s dying Pray'rs at length are heard.
For Crimes, not his, the Lover loſt his Life,
And at thy Hands requires his murther'd Wife:
Nor (if the Fates aſſiſt not) canſt thou ſcape
The juſt Revenge of that intended Rape.
To ſhun thy lawleſs Luſt, the dying Bride,
Unwary, took along the River's ſide:
Nor, at her Heels perceiv'd the deadly Snake,
That kept the Bank, in Covert of the Brake.
But all her fellow Nymphs the Mountains tear
With loud Laments, and break the yielding Air:
The Realms of *Mars* remurmur'd all around,
And Echoes to th' *Athenian* Shoars rebound.
Th' unhappy Husband, Husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful Harp his Loſs deplore,
And ſought, his mournful Mind with Muſick to reſtore.
On thee, dear Wife, in Deſarts all alone,
He call'd, ſigh'd, ſung, his Griefs with Day begun,
Nor were they finiſh'd with the ſetting Sun.
Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night,
He took his way, thro' Forreſts void of Light:

And

To the Hon.ble John
to John EARL of BATH
by Act of Parliam.t for
the Publick Accounts

Granville second Son
one of the Com.rs appointed
Examining Taking & Stating
of the Kingdome.

Geor: 4: c. 7.

And dar'd amidſt the trembling Ghoſts to ſing,
And ſtood before th' inexorable King.
Th' Infernal Troops like paſſing Shadows glide,
And, liſt'ning, crowd the ſweet Muſician's ſide.
Not flocks of Birds when driv'n by Storms, or Night,
Stretch to the Foreſt with ſo thick a flight.
Men, Matrons, Children, and th' unmarry'd Maid,
* The mighty Heroes more Majeſtic ſhade;
And Youths on Fun'ral Piles before their Parents laid.
All theſe *Cocytus* bounds with ſqualid Reeds,
With Muddy Ditches, and with deadly Weeds:
And baleful *Styx* encompaſſes around,
With Nine ſlow circling Streams, th' unhappy ground.
Ev'n from the depths of Hell the Damn'd advance,
Th' Infernal Manſions nodding ſeem to dance;
The gaping three-mouth'd Dog forgets to ſnarl,
The Furies harken, and their Snakes uncurl:
Ixion ſeems no more his Pains to feel,
But leans attentive on his ſtanding Wheel.
All Dangers paſt, at length the lovely Bride,
In ſafety goes, with her Melodious Guide;
Longing the common Light again to ſhare,
And draw the vital breath of upper Air:
He firſt, and cloſe behind him follow'd ſhe,
For ſuch was *Proſerpine's* ſevere Decree.
When ſtrong Deſires th' impatient Youth invade;
By little Caution and much Love betray'd:
A fault which eaſie Pardon might receive,
Were Lovers Judges, or cou'd Hell forgive.
For near the Confines of Etherial Light,
And longing for the glimm'ring of a ſight,
Th' unwary Lover caſt his Eyes behind,
Forgetful of the Law, nor Maſter of his Mind.

* *This whole Line is taken from the Marqueſs of* Normanby's *Tranſlation.*

Straight

Straight all his Hopes exhal'd in empty Smoke;
And his long Toils were forfeit for a Look.
Three flaſhes of blue Light'ning gave the ſign
Of Cov'nants broke, three peals of Thunder joyn.
Then thus the Bride; What fury ſeiz'd on thee,
Unhappy Man! to loſe thy ſelf and Me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel Deſtinies,
An Iron Slumber ſhuts my ſwimming Eyes.
And now farewel, involv'd in Shades of Night,
For ever I am raviſh'd from thy ſight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands, to joyn
In ſweet Embraces; ah! no longer thine!
She ſaid, and from his Eyes the fleeting Fair
Retir'd like ſubtile Smoke diſſolv'd in Air;
And left her hopeleſs Lover in deſpair.
In vain, with folding Arms, the Youth aſſay'd
To ſtop her flight, and ſtrain the flying Shade:
He prays, he raves, all Means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, aſtoniſh'd with ſurpriſe;
But ſhe return'd no more, to bleſs his longing Eyes.
Nor wou'd th' Infernal Ferry-Man once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther ſhore.
What ſhou'd He do, who twice had loſt his Love?
What Notes invent, what new Petitions move?
Her Soul already was conſign'd to Fate,
And ſhiv'ring in the leaky Sculler ſate.
For ſev'n continu'd Months, if Fame ſay true,
The wretched Swain his Sorrows did renew;
By *Strymon*'s freezing Streams he ſate alone,
The Rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him ſing his Wrongs,
Fierce Tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning Tongues.

So

So, cloſe in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,
The Mother Nightingale laments alone:
Whoſe Neſt ſome prying Churl had found, and thence,
By Stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.
But ſhe ſupplies the Night with mournful Strains,
And melancholy Muſick fills the Plains.
Sad *Orpheus* thus his tedious Hours employs,
Averſe from *Venus*, and from nuptial Joys.
Alone he tempts the frozen Floods, alone
Th' unhappy Climes, where Spring was never known:
He mourn'd his wretched Wife, in vain reſtor'd,
And *Pluto*'s unavailing Boon deplor'd.
The *Thracian* Matrons, who the Youth accus'd,
Of Love diſdain'd, and Marriage Rites refus'd:
With Furies, and Nocturnal *Orgies* fir'd,
At length, againſt his ſacred Life conſpir'd.
Whom ev'n the ſavage Beaſts had ſpar'd, they kill'd,
And ſtrew'd his mangl'd Limbs about the Field.
Then, when his Head, from his fair Shoulders torn,
Waſh'd by the Waters, was on *Hebrus* born;
Ev'n then his trembling Tongue invok'd his Bride;
With his laſt Voice, *Eurydice*, he cry'd,
Eurydice, the Rocks and River-banks reply'd.
This anſwer *Proteus* gave, nor more he ſaid,
But in the Billows plung'd his hoary Head;
And where he leap'd, the Waves in Circles widely ſpread.
The Nymph return'd, her drooping Son to chear,
And bade him baniſh his ſuperfluous fear:
For now, ſaid ſhe, the Cauſe is known, from whence
Thy Woe ſucceeded, and for what Offence:
The Nymphs, Companions of th'unhappy Maid,
This puniſhment upon thy Crimes have laid;

And ſent a Plague among thy thriving Bees.
With Vows and ſuppliant Pray'rs their Pow'rs appeaſe:
The ſoft *Napæan* Race will ſoon repent
Their Anger, and remit the Puniſhment.
The ſecret in an eaſie Method lies;
Select four Brawny Bulls for Sacrifice,
Which on *Lycæus* graze, without a Guide;
Add four fair Heifars yet in Yoke untry'd:
For theſe, four Altars in their Temple rear,
And then adore the Woodland Pow'rs with Pray'r.
From the ſlain Victims pour the ſtreaming Blood,
And leave their Bodies in the ſhady Wood:
Nine Mornings thence, *Lethean* Poppy bring,
T' appeaſe the *Manes* of the Poets King:
And to propitiate his offended Bride,
A fatted Calf, and a black Ewe provide:
This finiſh'd, to the former Woods repair.
His Mother's Precepts he performs with care;
The Temple viſits, and adores with Pray'r.
Four Altars raiſes, from his Herd he culls,
For Slaughter, four the faireſt of his Bulls;
Four Heifars from his Female Store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the Yoke.
Nine Mornings thence, with Sacrifice and Pray'rs,
The Pow'rs aton'd, he to the Grove repairs.
Behold a Prodigy! for from within
The broken Bowels, and the bloated Skin,
A buzzing noiſe of Bees his Ears alarms,
Straight iſſue through the Sides aſſembling Swarms:
Dark as a Cloud they make a wheeling Flight,
Then on a neighb'ring Tree, deſcending, light:
Like a large Cluſter of black Grapes they ſhow,
And make a large dependance from the Bough.

Thus

Thus have I ſung of Fields, and Flocks, and Trees,
And of the waxen Work of lab'ring Bees;
While mighty *Cæſar*, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on *Euphrates* Banks the Spoils of War:
With conq'ring Arts aſſerts his Country's Cauſe,
With Arts of Peace the willing People draws:
On the glad Earth the Golden Age renews,
And his great Father's Path to Heav'n purſues.
While I at *Naples* paſs my peaceful Days,
Affecting Studies of leſs noiſy Praiſe;
And bold, through Youth, beneath the Beechen Shade,
The Lays of Shepherds, and their Loves have plaid.

The

TO THE

MOST HONOURABLE

John, Lord Marqueſs of *Normanby*,

EARL of *MULGRAVE*, &c.

AND

Knight of the *Moſt Noble Order of the Garter.*

A HEROICK Poem, truly ſuch, is undoubtedly the greateſt Work which the Soul of Man is capable to perform. The Deſign of it, is to form the Mind to Heroick Virtue by Example; 'tis convey'd in Verſe, that it may delight, while it inſtructs: The Action of it is always one, entire, and great. The leaſt and moſt trivial Epiſodes, or under-Actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either neceſſary, or convenient to carry on the main Deſign. Either ſo neceſſary, that without them the Poem muſt be Imperfect, or ſo convenient, that no others can be imagin'd more ſuitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm Building; even the Cavities ought not to be fill'd with Rubbiſh, which is of a periſhable kind, deſtructive to the ſtrength: But with Brick or Stone, though of leſs pieces, yet of the ſame Nature, and fitted to the Cranies. Even the leaſt portions of them muſt be of the Epick kind; all things muſt be Grave, Majeſtical, and Sublime: Nothing of a Foreign Nature, like the trifling *Novels*, which *Ariſtotle* and others have inſerted in their Poems. By which the Reader is miſs-led into another ſort of Pleaſure, oppoſite to that which is deſign'd in an Epick Poem. One raiſes the Soul and hardens it to Virtue, the other ſoftens it again and unbends it into Vice. One conduces to the Poet's aim, the compleating of his Work; which he is driving on, labouring and haſt'ning in every Line: the other ſlackens his pace, diverts him from his Way, and locks him up like a Knight Errant in an Enchanted Caſtle, when he ſhould be purſuing his firſt Adventure. *Statius*, as *Boſſu* has well obſerv'd, was ambitious of trying his ſtrength with his Maſter *Virgil*, as *Virgil* had before try'd his with *Homer*. The *Grecian* gave the two *Romans* an Example, in the Games which were Celebrated at the Funerals of *Patroclus*.

Virgil

Virgil imitated the Invention of *Homer*, but chang'd the Sports. But both the *Greek* and *Latin* Poet, took their occasions from the Subject; though to confess the Truth, they were both Ornamental, or at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. *Statius*, who through his whole Poem, is noted for want of Conduct and Judgment; instead of staying, as he might have done, for the Death of *Capaneus*, *Hippomedon*, *Tideus*, or some other of his Seven Champions, (who are Heroes all alike) for more properly for the Tragical end of the two Brothers, whose Exequies the next Successor had leisure to perform, when the Siege was rais'd, and in the Interval betwixt the Poets first Action, and his second; went out of his way, as it were on propense Malice to commit a Fault. For he took his opportunity to kill a Royal Infant, by the means of a Serpent, (that Author of all Evil) to make way for those Funeral Honours, which he intended for him. Now if this Innocent had been of any Relation to his *Thebais*; if he had either farther'd or hinder'd the taking of the Town, the Poet might have found some sorry Excuse at least, for detaining the Reader from the promis'd Siege. On these terms, this *Capaneus* of a Poet ingag'd his two Immortal Predecessours, and his Success was answerable to his Enterprise.

If this Oeconomy must be observ'd in the minutest Parts of an Epick Poem, which, to a common Reader, seem to be detach'd from the Body, and almost independent of it; what Soul, tho' lent into the World with great advantages of Nature, cultivated with the liberal Arts and Sciences; conversant with Histories of the Dead, and enrich'd with Observations on the Living, can be sufficient to inform the whole Body of so great a Work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict Method, on some few of those many Rules of imitating Nature, which *Aristotle* drew from *Homer*'s Iliads, and Odyss[illegible] and which he fitted to the *Drama*; furnishing himself also with Observations from the Practice of the Theater, when it flourish'd under *Aeschilus*, *Eurypides*, and *Sophocles*. For the Original of the Stage was from the Epick Poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded Acting, and gave Laws to it: What at first was told Artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight, and hearing. Those Episodes of *Homer*, which were proper for the Stage, the Poets amplify'd each into an Action: Out of his Limbs they form'd their Bodies; What he had Contracted they Enlarg'd: Out of one *Hercules* were made infinite of Pigmies; yet all endued with humane Souls: For from him, their great Creator, they have each of them the *Divinæ particulam Auræ*. They flow'd from him at first, and are at last resolv'd into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and Symetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great Action was Copied by them according to the proportions of the *Drama*: If he finish'd his Orb within the Year, it suffic'd to teach them, that their Action being less, and being also less diversify'd with Incidents, their Orb, of consequence, must be circumscrib'd in a less compass, which they reduc'd, within the limits either of a Natural, or an Artificial Day. So that as he taught them to amplifie what he had shorten'd, by the same Rule apply'd the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplifi'd. Tragedy is the minature of Humane Life; an Epick Poem is the draught at length. Here, my Lord, I must contract also, for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the

time

time of a Stage-Action ſhou'd ſo ſtrictly be confin'd to Twenty Four Hours, as never to exceed them, for which *Ariſtotle* contends, and the *Grecian* Stage has practis'd. Some longer ſpace, on ſome occaſions, I think may be allow'd, eſpecially for the *Engliſh* Theater, which requires more variety of Incidents, than the *French*. *Corneille* himſelf, after long Practice, was inclin'd to think, that the time allotted by the Ancients was too ſhort to raiſe and finiſh a great Action: And better a Mechanick Rule were ſtretch'd or broken, than a great Beauty were omitted. To raiſe, and afterwards to calm the Paſſions, to purge the Soul from Pride, by the Examples of Humane Miſeries, which befall the greateſt; in few words, to expel Arrogance, and introduce Compaſſion, are the great effects of Tragedy. Great, I muſt confeſs, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are Habits to be introduc'd at three Hours warning? Are radical Diſeaſes ſo ſuddenly remov'd? A Mountebank may promiſe ſuch a Cure, but a skilful Phyſician will not undertake it. An Epick Poem is not in ſo much haſte: it works leiſurely; the Changes which it makes are ſlow; but the Cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of Tragedy, as I ſaid, are too violent to be laſting. If it be anſwer'd that for this Reaſon Tragedies are often to be ſeen, and the Doſe to be repeated; this is tacitely to confeſs, that there is more Virtue in one Heroick Poem than in many Tragedies. A Man is humbled one Day, and his Pride returns the next. Chymical Medicines are obſerv'd to Relieve oft'ner than to Cure: For 'tis the nature of Spirits to make ſwift impreſſions, but not deep. *Galenical* Decoctions, to which I may properly compare an Epick Poem, have more of Body in them; they work by their ſubſtance and their weight. It is one Reaſon of *Ariſtotle*'s to prove, that Tradegy is the more Noble, becauſe it turns in a ſhorter Compaſs; the whole Action being circumſcrib'd within the ſpace of Four-and-Twenty Hours. He might prove as well that a Muſhroom is to be preferr'd before a Peach, becauſe it ſhoots up in the compaſs of a Night. A Chariot may be driven round the Pillar in leſs ſpace than a large Machine, becauſe the Bulk is not ſo great: Is the *Moon* a more Noble Planet than *Saturn*, becauſe ſhe makes her Revolution in leſs than Thirty Days, and he in little leſs than Thirty Years? Both their Orbs are in proportion to their ſeveral Magnitudes; and, conſequently, the quickneſs or ſlowneſs of their Motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no Augument of the greater or leſs Perfection. And beſides, what Virtue is there in a Tragedy, which is not contain'd in an Epick Poem? Where Pride is humbled, Vertue rewarded, and Vice puniſh'd; and thoſe more amply treated, than the narrowneſs of the *Drama* can admit? The ſhining Quality of an Epick Heroe, his Magnanimity, his Conſtancy, his Patience, his Piety, or whatever Characteriſtical Virtue his Poet gives him, raiſes firſt our Admiration: We are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: And frequent Acts produce a habit. If the Hero's chief quality be vicious, as for Example, the Choler and obſtinate deſire of Vengeance in *Achilles*, yet the Moral is Inſtructive: And beſides, we are inform'd in the very propoſition of the *Iliads*, that this anger was pernicious: That it brought a thouſand ills on the *Grecian* Camp. The Courage of *Achilles* is propos'd to imitation, not his Pride and Diſobedience to his General, nor his brutal Cruelty to his dead Enemy, nor the ſelling his Body to his Father. We abhor theſe Actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: The Poet only ſhews them like Rocks or Quick-Sands, to be ſhun'd.

By

By this Example the Criticks have concluded that it is not neceſſary the Manners of the Heroe ſhould be virtuous. They are Poetically good if they are of a Piece. Though where a Character of perfect Virtue is ſet before us, 'tis more lovely: for there the whole Heroe is to be imitated. This is the *Æneas* of our Author: this is that Idea of perfection in an Epick Poem, which Painters and Statuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to expreſs. Theſe are the Beauties of a God in a Humane Body. When the Picture of *Achilles* is drawn in Tragedy, he is taken with thoſe Warts, and Moles, and hard Features, by thoſe who repreſent him on the Stage, or he is no more *Achilles*: for his Creatour *Homer* has ſo deſcrib'd him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect Heroe, though an imperfect Character of Virtue. *Horace* Paints him after *Homer*, and delivers him to be copied on the Stage with all thoſe imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in a Heroick Poem, or faults common to the *Drama*. After all, on the whole merits of the Cauſe, it muſt be acknowledg'd that the Epick Poem is more for the Manners, and Tragedy for the Paſſions. The Paſſions, as I have ſaid, are violent: and acute Diſtempers require Medicines of a ſtrong and ſpeedy operation. Ill habits of the Mind are like Chronical Diſeaſes, to be corrected by degrees, and Cur'd by Alteratives: wherein though Purges are ſometimes neceſſary, yet Diet, good Air, and moderate Exerciſe, have the greateſt part. The Matter being thus ſtated, it will appear that both ſorts of Poetry are of uſe for their proper ends. The Stage is more active, the Epick Poem works at greater leiſure, yet is active too, when need requires. For Dialogue is imitated by the *Drama*, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a Fit like the *Quinquina*, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the Diſtemper, and gives a healthful habit. The Sun enlightens and chears us, diſpels Fogs, and warms the ground with his daily Beams; but the Corn is ſow'd, increaſes, is ripen'd, and is reap'd for uſe in proceſs of time, and in its proper Seaſon. I proceed from the greatneſs of the Action, to the Dignity of the Actours, I mean to the Perſons employ'd in both Poems. There likewiſe Tragedy will be ſeen to borrow from the *Epopee*; and that which borrows is always of leſs Dignity, becauſe it has not of its own. A Subject, 'tis true, may lend to his Soveraign, but the act of borrowing makes the King inferiour, becauſe he wants, and the Subject ſupplies. And ſuppoſe the Perſons of the *Drama* wholly Fabulous, or of the Poet's Invention, yet Heroick Poetry gave him the Examples of that Invention, becauſe it was firſt, and *Homer* the common Father of the Stage. I know not of any one advantage, which Tragedy can boaſt above Heroick Poetry, but that it is repreſented to the view, as well as read: and inſtructs in the Cloſet, as well as on the Theatre. This is an uncontended Excellence, and a chief Branch of its Prerogative; yet I may be allow'd to ſay without partiality, that herein the Actors ſhare the Poet's praiſe. Your Lordſhip knows ſome Modern Tragedies which are beautiful on the Stage, and yet I am confident you wou'd not read them. *Tryphon* the Stationer complains they are ſeldom ask'd for in his Shop. The Poet who Flouriſh'd in the Scene, is damn'd in the *Ruelle*; nay more, he is not eſteem'd a good Poet by thoſe who ſee and hear his Extravagancies with delight. They are a ſort of ſtately Fuſtian, and lofty Childiſhneſs. Nothing but Nature can give a ſincere pleaſure; where that is not imitated, 'tis Groteſque Painting, the fine Woman ends in a Fiſhes Tail.

I might alſo add, that many things, which not only pleaſe, but are real

real Beauties in the reading, wou'd appear abſurd upon the Stage: and thoſe not only the *Specioſa Miracula*, as *Horace* calls them; of Transformations, of *Scylla*, *Antiphanes*, and the *Leſtrigons*, which cannot be repreſented even in *Opera's*; but the Proweſs of *Achilles* or *Æneas* wou'd appear ridiculous in our Dwarf-Heroes of the Theatre. We can believe they routed Armies in *Homer*, or in *Virgil*; but *ne Hercules contra duos* in the *Drama*. I forbear to inſtance in many things, which the Stage cannot, or ought not to repreſent. For I have ſaid already more than I intended on this Subject, and ſhou'd fear it might be turn'd againſt me; that I plead for the pre-eminence of Epick Poetry, becauſe I have taken ſome pains in tranſlating *Virgil*; if this were the firſt time that I had deliver'd my Opinion in this Diſpute. But I have more than once already maintain'd the Rights of my two Maſters againſt their Rivals of the Scene, even while I wrote Tragedies my ſelf, and had no thoughts of this preſent Undertaking. I ſubmit my Opinion to your Judgment, who are better qualified than any Man I know to decide this Controverſie. You come, my Lord, inſtructed in the Cauſe, and needed not that I ſhou'd open it. Your Eſſay of Poetry, which was publiſh'd without a Name, and of which I was not honour'd with the Confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much inſtruction: and, without flattering you, or making my ſelf more Moral than I am, not without ſome Envy. I was loath to be inform'd how an Epick Poem ſhou'd be written, or how a Tragedy ſhou'd be contriv'd and manag'd in better Verſe, and with more Judgment, than I cou'd teach others. A Native of *Parnaſſus*, and bred up in the Studies of its Fundamental Laws, may receive new Lights from his Contemporaries; but 'tis a grudging kind of Praiſe which he gives his Benefactors. He is more oblig'd, than he is willing to acknowledge: there is a tincture of Malice in his Commendations. For where I own I am taught, I confeſs my want of Knowledge. A Judge upon the Bench, may, out of good Nature, or at leaſt Intereſt, encourage the Pleadings of a puny Councellor; but he does not willingly commend his Brother Serjeant at the Bar; eſpecially when he controuls his Law, and expoſes that Ignorance which is made Sacred by his Place. I gave the unknown Author his due Commendation, I muſt confeſs: But who can anſwer for me, and for the reſt of the Poets, who heard me read the Poem, whether we ſhou'd not have been better pleas'd, to have ſeen our own Names at the bottom of the Title-Page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might ſeem to be above the Cenſure. We are naturally diſpleas'd with a unknown Critick; as the Ladies are with a Lampooner; becauſe we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to faſten our Revenge. But great Excellencies will work their way through all ſorts of Oppoſition. I applauded rather out of Decency, than Affection; and was Ambitious, as ſome yet can witneſs, to be acquainted with a Man, with whom I had the honour to converſe, and that almoſt daily, for ſo many Years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a Praiſe, which I ſhou'd willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more eaſy, than to commend a Patron of a long ſtanding. The World wou'd joyn with me, if the *Encomiums* were juſt; and if unjuſt, wou'd excuſe a grateful Flatterer. But to come Anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you againſt my Intereſt, was not altogether ſo Fair, give me leave to ſay, as it was Politick. For by concealing your Quality, you might clearly underſtand how your Work

ſucceeded; and that the general Approbation was given to your Merit, not your Titles. Thus like *Apelles* you ſtood unſeen behind your own *Venus*, and receiv'd the Praiſes of the paſſing Multitude: the Work was commended, not the Author: And I doubt not, this was one of the moſt pleaſing Adventures of your Life.

I have detain'd your Lordſhip longer than I intended in this Diſpute of preference betwixt the Epick Poem, and the *Drama*: and yet have not formally anſwer'd any of the Arguments which are brought by *Ariſtotle* on the other ſide, and ſet in the faireſt light by *Dacier*. But I ſuppoſe, without looking on the Book, I may have touch'd on ſome of the Objections. For in this Addreſs to your Lordſhip, I deſign not a Treatiſe of Heroick Poetry, but write in a looſe Epiſtolary way, ſomewhat tending to that Subject, after the Example of *Horace*, in his Firſt Epiſtle of the Second Book to *Auguſtus Caſar*, and of that to the *Piſo's*, which we call his *Art of Poetry*. In both of which he obſerves no Method that I can trace, whatever *Scaliger* the Father, or *Heinſius* may have ſeen, or rather think they had ſeen. I have taken up, laid down, and reſum'd as often as I pleas'd the ſame Subject: and this looſe proceeding I ſhall uſe thro' all this Prefatory Dedication. Yet all this while I have been Sailing with ſome Side-Wind or other toward the Point I propos'd in the beginning; the Greatneſs and Excellency of an Heroick Poem, with ſome of the Difficulties which attend that Work. The Compariſon therefore which I made betwixt the *Epopee* and the *Tragedy*, was not altogether a Digreſſion; for 'tis concluded on all hands, that they are both the Maſter-pieces of Humane Wit.

In the mean time I may be bold to draw this Corollary from what has been already ſaid, That the File of Heroick Poets is very ſhort: all are not ſuch who have aſſum'd that lofty Title in Ancient or Modern Ages, or have been ſo eſteem'd by their partial and ignorant Admirers.

There have been but one great *Ilias*, and one *Æneis*, in ſo many Ages. The next, but the next with a long Interval betwixt, was the *Jeruſalem*: I mean not ſo much in diſtance of Time, as in Excellency. After theſe three are entred, ſome Lord Chamberlain ſhould be appointed, ſome Critick of Authority ſhou'd be ſet before the Door, to keep out a Crowd of little Poets, who preſs for Admiſſion, and are not of Quality. *Mævius* wou'd be deafning your Lordſhip's Ears, with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo, & Nobile Bellum.

meer Fuſtian, as *Horace* would tell you from behind, without preſſing forward, and more Smoak than Fire. *Pulci*, *Boyardo*, and *Arioſto*, wou'd cry out, make room for the *Italian* Poets, the Deſcendants of *Virgil* in a Right-Line. Father *Le Moin*, with his Saint *Louis*; and *Scudery* with his *Alarick*, for a Godly King, and a *Gothick* Conquerour; and *Chapelain* wou'd take it ill, that his Maid ſhou'd be refus'd a place with *Helen* and *Lavinia*. *Spencer* has a better plea for his Fairy-Queen, had his Action been finiſh'd, or had been one. And *Milton*, if the Devil had not been his Heroe, inſtead of *Adam*; if the Gyant had not foil'd the Knight, and driven him out of his ſtrong hold, to wander through the World with his Lady Errant: and if there had not been more Machining Perſons than Humane, in his Poem. After theſe, the reſt of our *Engliſh* Poets ſhall not be mention'd. I have that Honour for them which I ought to have: but if they are Worthies, they are not to be rank'd amongſt

amongſt the three whom I have nam'd, and who are eſtabliſh'd in their Reputation.

Before I quitted the Compariſon betwixt Epick Poetry and Tragedy, I ſhou'd have acquainted my Judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now caſually remember out of the Preface of *Segrais* before his Tranſlation of the *Æneis*, or out of *Boſſu*, no matter which. The Stile of the Heroick Poem is and ought to be more lofty than that of the *Drama*. The Critick is certainly in the right, for the Reaſon already urg'd: The work of Tragedy is on the Paſſions, and in Dialogue, both of them abhor ſtrong Metaphors, in which the *Epopee* delights. A Poet cannot ſpeak too plainly on the Stage: for *Volat irrevocabile verbum*; the Senſe is loſt, if it be not taken flying: but what we read alone, we have leiſure to digeſt. There an Author may beautifie his Senſe by the boldneſs of his Expreſſion, which if we underſtand not fully at the firſt, we may dwell upon it, 'till we find the ſecret force and excellence. That which cures the Manners by alterative Phyſick, as I ſaid before, muſt proceed by inſenſible degrees; but that which purges the Paſſions, muſt do its buſineſs all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at leaſt in the preſent Operation, and without repeated Doſes. We muſt beat the Iron while 'tis hot, but we may poliſh it at leiſure. Thus, my Lord, you pay the Fine of my forgetfulneſs, and yet the merits of both Cauſes are where they were, and undecided, 'till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of Mankind to have their Manners in general corrected, or their Pride and Hardheartedneſs removed.

I muſt now come cloſer to my preſent Buſineſs; and not think of making more invaſive Wars abroad, when like *Hannibal*, I am call'd back to the defence of my own Country. *Virgil* is attack'd by many Enemies: He has a whole Confederacy againſt him, and I muſt endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal Objections being againſt his Moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the Action of the Poem, and what they have to urge againſt the Manners of his Hero, I ſhall omit the reſt as meer Cavils of Grammarians: at the worſt but caſual ſlips of a great Man's Pen, or inconſiderable faults of an admirable Poem, which the Author had not leiſure to review before his Death. *Macrobius* has anſwer'd what the Ancients cou'd urge againſt him: and ſome things I have lately read in *Tanneguy le Fevre*, *Valois*, and another whom I name not, which are ſcarce worth anſwering. They begin with the Moral of his Poem, which I have elſewhere confeſs'd, and ſtill muſt own not to be ſo Noble as that of *Homer*. But let both be fairly ſtated, and without contradicting my firſt Opinion, I can ſhew that *Virgil*'s was as uſeful to the *Romans* of his Age, as *Homer*'s was to the *Grecians* of his; in what time ſo ever he may be ſuppos'd to have liv'd and flouriſh'd. *Homer*'s Moral was to urge the neceſſity of Union, and of a good underſtanding betwixt Confederate States and Princes engag'd in a War with a Mighty Monarch: as alſo of Diſcipline in an Army, and Obedience in the ſeveral Chiefs, to the Supream Commander of the joynt Forces. To inculcate this, he ſets forth the ruinous Effects of Diſcord in the Camp of thoſe Allies, occaſion'd by the Quarrel betwixt the General, and one of the next in Office under him. *Agamemnon* gives the provocation, and *Achilles* reſents the injury. Both Parties are faulty in the Quarrel, and accordingly they are both puniſh'd: the Aggreſſor is forc'd to ſue for Peace to his Inferior, on diſhonourable Conditions; the De-

ſerter refuſes the ſatisfaction offer'd, and his Obſtinacy coſts him his beſt Friend. This works the Natural Effect of Choler, and turns his Rage againſt him, by whom he was laſt Affronted, and moſt ſenſibly. The greater Anger expels the leſs; but his Character is ſtill preſerv'd. In the mean time, the *Grecian* Army receives Loſs on Loſs, and is half deſtroy'd by a Peſtilence into the Bargain.

Quicquid delirant Reges plectuntur Achivi.

As the Poet, in the firſt part of the Example, had ſhewn the bad effects of Diſcord, ſo after the Reconcilement, he gives the good effects of Unity. For *Hector* is ſlain, and then *Troy* muſt fall. By this, 'tis probable, that *Homer* liv'd when the *Median* Monarchy was grown formidable to the *Grecians:* and that the joint Endeavours of his Country-men, were little enough to preſerve their common Freedom, from an encroaching Enemy. Such was his Moral, which all Criticks have allow'd to be more Noble than that of *Virgil*; though not adapted to the times in which the *Roman* Poet liv'd. Had *Virgil* flouriſh'd in the Age of *Ennius*, and addreſs'd to *Scipio*, he had probably taken the ſame Moral, or ſome other not unlike it. For then the *Romans* were in as much danger from the *Carthaginian* Commonwealth, as the *Grecians* were from the *Aſſyrian*, or *Median* Monarchy. But we are to conſider him as writing his Poem in a time when the Old Form of Government was ſubverted, and a new one juſt Eſtabliſhed by *Octavius Cæſar:* in effect by force of Arms, but ſeemingly by the Conſent of the *Roman* People. The Commonwealth had receiv'd a deadly Wound in the former Civil Wars betwixt *Marius* and *Sylla*. The Commons, while the firſt prevail'd, had almoſt ſhaken off the Yoke of the Nobility; and *Marius* and *Cinna*, like the Captains of the Mobb, under the ſpecious Pretence of the Publick Good, and of doing Juſtice on the Oppreſſors of their Liberty, reveng'd themſelves, without Form of Law, on their private Enemies. *Sylla*, in his turn, proſcrib'd the Heads of the adverſe Party: He too had nothing but Liberty and Reformation in his Mouth; (for the Cauſe of Religion is but a Modern Motive to Rebellion, invented by the Chriſtian Prieſthood, refining on the Heathen:) *Sylla*, to be ſure, meant no more good to the *Roman* People than *Marius* before him, whatever he declar'd; but Sacrific'd the Lives, and took the Eſtates of all his Enemies, to gratify thoſe who brought him into Power: Such was the Reformation of the Government by both Parties. The Senate and the Commons were the two Baſes on which it ſtood; and the two Champions of either Faction, each deſtroy'd the Foundations of the other ſide: So the Fabrique of conſequence muſt fall betwixt them; and Tyranny muſt be built upon their Ruines. This comes of altering Fundamental Laws and Conſtitutions. Like him, who being in good Health, lodg'd himſelf in a Phyſician's Houſe, and was over-perſwaded by his Landlord to take Phyſick, of which he dyed, for the benefit of his Doctor: *Stavo ben* (was written on his Monument) *ma, perſtar meglio, ſto qui.*

After the Death of thoſe two Uſurpers, the Commonwealth ſeem'd to recover, and held up its Head for a little time: But it was all the while in a deep Conſumption, which is a flattering Diſeaſe. *Pompey*, *Craſſus*, and *Cæſar*, had found the Sweets of Arbitrary Power; and each being a check to the others growth, ſtruck up a falſe Friendſhip amongſt themſelves; and divided the Government betwixt them,

which

which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the publick Spirited Men of their Age, that is, Patriots for their own Interest. The Commonwealth look'd with a florid Countenance in their Management, spread in Bulk, and all the while was wasting in the Vitals. Not to trouble your Lordship with the Repetition of what you know: After the death of *Crassus*, *Pompey* found himself out-witted by *Cæsar*; broke with him, over-power'd him in the Senate, and caus'd many unjust Decrees to pass against him: *Cæsar* thus injur'd, and unable to resist the Faction of the Nobles, which was now uppermost (for he was a *Marian*) had recourse to Arms; and his Cause was just against *Pompey*, but not against his Country, whose Constitution ought to have been Sacred to him; and never to have been violated on the account of any private Wrong. But he prevail'd, and Heav'n declaring for him, he became a Providential Monarch, under the Title of *Perpetual Dictator*. He being Murther'd by his own Son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame (though *Dante* in his *Inferno*, has put him and *Cassius*, and *Judas Iscariot* betwixt them, into the great Devil's Mouth) the Commonwealth popp'd up its Head for the third time, under *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the *Roman* People were grosly gull'd; twice or thrice over: and as often enslav'd in one Century, and under the same pretence of Reformation. At last the two Battles of *Philippi*, gave the decisive stroak against Liberty; and not long after, the Commonwealth was turn'd into a Monarchy, by the Conduct and good Fortune of *Augustus*. Tis true, that the Despotick Power could not have fallen into better Hands, than those of the first and second *Cæsar*. Your Lordship well knows what Obligations *Virgil* had to the latter of them: He saw, beside, that the Commonwealth was lost without ressource: The Heads of it destroy'd; the Senate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thrusting their own Necks into the Yoke, out of fear of being forc'd. Yet I may safely affirm for our great Author, (as Men of good Sense are generally Honest) that he was still of Republican Principles in Heart.

Secretisque Piis, his dantem jura Catonem.

I think, I need use no other Argument to justify my Opinion, than that of this one Line, taken from the Eighth Book of the *Eneis*. If he had not well studied his Patron's Temper, it might have Ruin'd him with another Prince. But *Augustus* was not discontented, at least that we can find, that *Cato* was plac'd, by his own Poet, in *Elisium*; and there giving Laws to the Holy Souls, who deserv'd to be separated from the Vulgar sort of good Spirits. For his Conscience could not but whisper to the Arbitrary Monarch, that the Kings of *Rome* were at first Elective, and Govern'd not without a Senate: That *Romulus* was no Hereditary Prince, and though, after his Death, he receiv'd Divine Honours, for the good he did on Earth, yet he was but a God of their own making: that the last *Tarquin* was Expell'd justly, for Overt-Acts of Tyranny, and Male-Administration; for such are the Conditions of an Elective Kingdom: And I meddle not with others: Being, for my own Opinion, of *Montaign*'s Principles, That an Honest Man ought to be contented with that Form of Government, and with those Fundamental Constitutions of it, which he receiv'd from his Ancestors, and under which himself was Born:

Born: Though at the ſame time he confeſs'd freely, that if he could have choſen his Place of Birth, it ſhou'd have been at *Venice*: Which for many Reaſons I diſlike, and am better pleas'd to have been Born an *Engliſh* Man.

But to return from my long rambling: I ſay that *Virgil* having maturely weigh'd the Condition of the Times in which he liv'd: that an entire Liberty was not to be retriev'd: that the preſent Settlement had the proſpect of a long continuance in the ſame Family, or thoſe adopted into it: that he held his Paternal Eſtate from the Bounty of the Conqueror, by whom he was likewiſe enrich'd, eſteem'd, and cheriſh'd: that this Conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very beſt of it: that the Arts of Peace flouriſh'd under him: that all Men might be happy, if they would be quiet: that now he was in poſſeſſion of the whole, yet he ſhar'd a great part of his Authority with the Senate: That he would be choſen into the Ancient Offices of the Commonwealth, and Rul'd by the Power which he deriv'd from them; and Prorogu'd his Government from time to time: Still, as it were, threatning to diſmiſs himſelf from Publick Cares, which he exercis'd more for the common Good, than for any delight he took in greatneſs: Theſe things, I ſay, being conſider'd by the Poet, he concluded it to be the Intereſt of his Country to be ſo Govern'd: To infuſe an awful Reſpect into the People, towards ſuch a Prince: By that Reſpect to confirm their Obedience to him; and by that Obedience to make them Happy. This was the Moral of his Divine Poem: Honeſt in the Poet: Honourable to the Emperor, whom he derives from a Divine Extraction; and reflecting part of that Honour on the *Roman* People, whom he derives alſo from the *Trojans*; and not only profitable, but neceſſary to the preſent Age; and likely to be ſuch to their Poſterity. That it was the receiv'd Opinion, That the *Romans* were deſcended from the *Trojans*, and *Julius Cæſar* from *Julus* the Son of *Æneas*, was enough for *Virgil*; tho' perhaps he thought not ſo himſelf: Or that *Æneas* ever was in *Italy*, which *Bochartus* manifeſtly proves. And *Homer*, where he ſays that *Jupiter* hated the Houſe of *Priam*, and was reſolv'd to transfer the Kingdom to the Family of *Æneas*, yet mentions nothing of his leading a Colony into a Foreign Country, and ſetling there: But that the *Romans* valued themſelves on their *Trojan* Anceſtry, is ſo undoubted a Truth, that I need not prove it. Even the Seals which we have remaining of *Julius Cæſar*, which we know to be Antique, have the Star of *Venus* over them, though they were all graven after his Death, as a Note that he was Deifi'd. I doubt not but it was one Reaſon, why *Auguſtus* ſhould be ſo paſſionately concern'd for the preſervation of the *Æneis*, which its Author had Condemn'd to be Burnt, as an Imperfect Poem, by his laſt Will and Teſtament; was, becauſe it did him a real Service as well as an Honour; than a Work ſhould not be loſt, where his Divine Original was Celebrated in Verſe, which had the Character of Immortality ſtamp'd upon it.

Neither were the great *Roman* Families which flouriſh'd in his time, leſs oblig'd by him than the Emperour. Your Lordſhip knows with what Addreſs he makes mention of them, as Captains of Ships, or Leaders in the War; and even ſome of *Italian* Extraction are not forgotten. Theſe are the ſingle Stars which are ſprinkled through the *Æneis*: But there are whole Conſtellations of them in the Fifth Book. And I could not but take notice, when I Tranſlated it, of ſome Favourite

Families,

Families to which he gives the Victory, and awards the Prizes, in the Perſon of his Heroe, at the Funeral Games which were Celebrated in Honour of *Anchiſes*. I inſiſt not on their Names; but am pleas'd to find the *Memmii* amongſt them, deriv'd from *Mneſtheus*, becauſe *Lucretius* Dedicates to one of that Family, a Branch of which deſtroy'd *Corinth*. I likewiſe either found or form'd an Image to my ſelf of the contrary kind; that thoſe who loſt the Prizes, were ſuch as had diſoblig'd the Poet, or were in diſgrace with *Auguſtus*, or Enemies to *Mecænas*: And this was the Poetical Revenge he took. For *genus irritabile Vatum*, as *Horace* ſays. When a Poet is throughly provok'd, he will do himſelf Juſtice, however dear it coſt him, *Animamque in Vulnere ponit*. I think theſe are not bare Imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the Commentators: But one Poet may judge of another, by himſelf. The Vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole *Roman* People were oblig'd by *Virgil*, in deriving them from *Troy*; an Anceſtry which they affected. We, and the *French* are of the ſame Humor: They would be thought to deſcend from a Son, I think, of *Hector*: And we wou'd have our *Britain*, both Nam'd and Planted by a deſcendant of *Æneas*. *Spenser* favours this Opinion, what he can. His Prince *Arthur*, or whoever he intends by him, is a *Trojan*. Thus the Heroe of *Homer* was a *Grecian*, of *Virgil* a *Roman*, of *Taſſo* an *Italian*.

I have tranſgreſs'd my Bounds, and gone farther than the Moral led me. But if your Lordſhip is not tir'd, I am ſafe enough.

Thus far, I think, my Author is defended. But as *Auguſtus* is ſtill ſhadow'd in the Perſon of *Æneas*, of which I ſhall ſay more, when I come to the Manners which the Poet gives his Heroe: I muſt prepare that Subject, by ſhewing how dext'rouſly he manag'd both the Prince and People, ſo as to diſpleaſe neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a Wiſe and an Honeſt Man: And proves, that it is poſſible for a Courtier not to be a Knave. I ſhall continue ſtill to ſpeak my Thoughts like a free-born Subject, as I am; though ſuch things, perhaps, as no *Dutch* Commentator cou'd, and I am ſure no *Frenchman* durſt. I have already told your Lordſhip my Opinion of *Virgil*; that he was no Arbitrary Man: Oblig'd he was to his Maſter for his Bounty, and he repays him with good Counſel, how to behave himſelf in his new Monarchy, ſo as to gain the Affections of his Subjects, and deſerve to be call'd the Father of his Country. From this Conſideration it is, that he choſe for the ground-work of his Poem, one Empire deſtroy'd, and another rais'd from the ruins of it. This was juſt the Parallel. *Æneas* cou'd not pretend to be *Priam*'s Heir in a Lineal Succeſſion: For *Anchiſes* the Heroe's Father, was only of the ſecond Branch of the Royal Family; and *Helenus*, a Son of *Priam*, was yet ſurviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, *Virgil* mentions him on that Account. Neither has he forgotten *Priamus*, in the Fifth of his *Æneis*, the Son of *Polites*, youngeſt Son to *Priam*; who was ſlain by *Pyrrhus*, in the Second Book. *Æneas* had only Married *Creuſa*, *Priam*'s Daughter, and by her could have no Title, while any of the Male Iſſue were remaining. In this caſe, the Poet gave him the next Title, which is, that of an Elective King. The remaining *Trojans* choſe him to lead them forth, and ſettle them in ſome Forein Country. *Ilioneus* in his

Speech

Speech to *Dido*, calls him expreſly by the Name of King. Our Poet, who all this while had *Auguſtus* in his Eye, had no deſire he ſhould ſeem to ſucceed by any right of Inheritance, deriv'd from *Julius Cæſar*; ſuch a Title being but one degree remov'd from Conqueſt. For what was introduc'd by force, by force may be remov'd. 'Twas better for the People that they ſhould give, than he ſhould take. Since that Gift was indeed no more at bottom, than a Truſt. *Virgil* gives us an Example of this, in the Perſon of *Mezentius*. He Govern'd Arbitrarily, he was expell'd; and came to the deſerved End of all Tyrants. Our Author ſhews us another ſort of Kingſhip, in the Perſon of *Latinus*: He was deſcended from *Saturn*, and as I remember, in the Third Degree. He is deſcrib'd, a juſt and a gracious Prince; ſolicitous for the Welfare of his People; always Conſulting with his Senate, to promote the common Good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the Council-Hall. Speaking firſt, but ſtill demanding their Advice, and ſteering by it, as far as the Iniquity of the Times wou'd ſuffer him. And this is the proper Character of a King by Inheritance, who is Born a Father of his Country. *Æneas*, tho' he Married the Heireſs of the Crown, yet claim'd no Title to it during the Life of his Father-in-Law. *Pater arma Latinus habeto*, &c. are *Virgil*'s Words. As for himſelf, he was contented to take care of his Country Gods, who were not thoſe of *Latium*. Wherein our Divine Author ſeems to relate to the After-Practice of the *Romans*, which was to adopt the Gods of thoſe they Conquer'd, or receiv'd as Members of their Commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the Office of the High Prieſthood, with which *Auguſtus* was inveſted: And which made his Perſon more Sacred and Inviolable, than even the Tribunitial Power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the moſt Judicious of all Poets, made that Office vacant, by the Death of *Panthus*, in the Second Book of the *Æneis*, for his Heroe to ſucceed in it; and conſequently for *Auguſtus* to enjoy. I know not that any of the Commentators have taken notice of that Paſſage. If they have not, I am ſure they ought: and it they have, I am not indebted to them for the Obſervation; the Words of *Virgil* are very plain,

Sacra, ſuoſque tibi, commendat Troja Penates.

As for *Auguſtus*, or his Uncle *Julius*, claiming by deſcent from *Æneas*; that Title is already out of doors. *Æneas* ſucceeded not, but was Elected. *Troy* was fore-doom'd to fall for ever.

Poſtquam res Aſiæ, Priamique evertere Regnum,
Immeritum viſum Superis. —— Æneis, lib. III. lin. 1.

Auguſtus 'tis true, had once reſolv'd to rebuild that City, and there to make the Seat of Empire: But *Horace* writes an Ode on purpoſe to deter him from that Thought; declaring the Place to be accurs'd, and that the Gods would as often deſtroy it, as it ſhou'd be rais'd. Hereupon the Emperour laid aſide a Project ſo ungrateful to the *Roman* People. But by this, my Lord, we may conclude that he had ſtill his Pedigree in his Head; and had an Itch of being thought a Divine King, if his Poets had not given him better Counſel.

I will paſs by many leſs material Objections, for want of room to Anſwer them: What follows next is of great Importance, if the Criticks

ticks can make out their Charge; for 'tis levell'd at the Manners which our Poet gives his Heroe, and which are the ſame which were eminently ſeen in his *Auguſtus*. Thoſe Manners were, Piety to the Gods, and a dutiful Affection to his Father; Love to his Relations; Care of his People; Courage and Conduct in the Wars; Gratitude to thoſe who had oblig'd him; and Juſtice in general to Mankind.

Piety, as your Lordſhip ſees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his Character: And the word in Latin is more full than it can poſſibly be expreſt in any Modern Language; for there it comprehends not only Devotion to the Gods, but Filial Love and tender Affection to Relations of all ſorts. As Inſtances of this, the Deities of *Troy* and his own *Penates* are made the Companions of his Flight: they appear to him in his Voyage, and adviſe him; and at laſt he re places them in *Italy*, their Native Country. For his Father, he takes him on his Back; he leads his little Son, his Wife follows him: but loſing his Footſteps, through Fear or Ignorance, he goes back into the midſt of his Enemies to find her; and leaves not his purſuit 'till her Ghoſt appears, to forbid his farther ſearch. I will ſay nothing of his Duty to his Father while he liv'd, his Sorrow for his Death; of the Games inſtituted in Honour of his Memory; or ſeeking him, by his Command, even after Death, in the *Elyſian* Fields. I will not mention his Tenderneſs for his Son, which every where is viſible: Of his raiſing a Tomb for *Polydorus*, the Obſequies for *Miſenus*, his pious Remembrance of *Deiphobus*; the Funerals of his Nurſe; his Grief for *Pallas*, and his Revenge taken on his Murtherer, whom, otherwiſe by his Natural Compaſſion, he had forgiven; and then the Poem had been left imperfect: for we could have had no certain proſpect of his Happineſs, while the laſt Obſtacle to it was unremov'd. Of the other parts which compoſe his Character, as a King, or as a General, I need ſay nothing; the whole *Æneis* is one continued Inſtance, of ſome one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them tax'd, it ſhall ſuffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my Divine Maſter to your Lordſhip, and by you to the Reader. But herein, *Segrais*, in his admirable Preface to his Tranſlation of the *Æneis*, as the Author of the *Dauphin*'s *Virgil* juſtly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially ſpeaking, the *French* are as much better Criticks than the *Engliſh*, as they are worſe Poets. Thus we generally allow, that they better underſtand the Management of a War, than our Iſlanders; but we know we are ſuperiour to them in the day of Battel. They value themſelves on their Generals, we on our Soldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that Queſtion, if they make it one. I ſhall ſay perhaps as much of other Nations, and their Poets, excepting only *Taſſo*; and hope to make my Aſſertion good, which is but doing Juſtice to my Country; part of which Honour will reflect on your Lordſhip, whoſe Thoughts are always juſt; your Numbers harmonious, your Words choſen, your Expreſſions ſtrong and manly, your Verſe flowing, and your Turns as happy as they are eaſy. If you would ſet us more Copies, your Example would make all Precepts needleſs. In the mean time, that little you have Written is own'd, and that particularly by the Poets, (who are a Nation not over-laviſh of Praiſe to their Contemporaries) as a principal Ornament of our Language: but the ſweeteſt Eſſences are always confin'd in the ſmalleſt Glaſſes.

When I ſpeak of your Lordſhip, 'tis never a digreſſion, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up *Segrais* where I left him, and ſhall uſe him leſs often than I have occaſion for him. For his Preface is a perfect piece of Criticiſm, full and clear, and digeſted into an exact Method; mine is looſe, and, as I intended it, Epiſtolary. Yet I dwell on many things, which he durſt not touch: For 'tis dangerous to offend an Arbitrary Maſter; and every Patron who has the Power of *Auguſtus*, has not his Clemency. In ſhort, my Lord, I wou'd not Tranſlate him, becauſe I wou'd bring you ſomewhat of my own. His Notes and Obſervations on every Book, are of the ſame Excellency; and for the ſame Reaſon I omit the greater part.

He takes no notice that *Virgil* is Arraign'd, for placing Piety before Valour; and making that Piety the chief Character of his Heroe. I have ſaid already from *Boſſu*, that a Poet is not oblig'd to make his Heroe a Virtuous Man: Therefore neither *Homer* nor *Taſſo* are to be blam'd, for giving what predominant quality they pleas'd to their firſt Character. But *Virgil*, who deſign'd to form a perfect Prince, and would inſinuate, that *Auguſtus*, whom he calls *Æneas* in his Poem, was truly ſuch, found himſelf oblig'd to make him without blemiſh; thoroughly Virtuous: and a thorough Virtue both begins and ends in Piety. *Taſſo*, without queſtion, obſerv'd this before me; and therefore ſplit his Heroe in two: he gave *Godfrey* Piety, and *Rinaldo* Fortitude; for their chief Qualities or Manners. *Homer*, who had choſen another Moral, makes both *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* Vicious: for his Deſign was, to inſtruct in Virtue, by ſhewing the deformity of Vice. I avoid repetition of that I have ſaid above. What follows, is tranſlated literally from *Segrais*.

Virgil had conſider'd, that the greateſt Virtues of *Auguſtus* conſiſted in the perfect Art of Governing his People; which caus'd him to Reign for more than Forty Years in great Felicity. He conſider'd that his Emperor was Valiant, Civil, Popular, Eloquent, Politick, and Religious: he has given all theſe Qualities to *Æneas*. But knowing that Piety alone comprehends the whole Duty of Man towards the Gods, towards his Country, and towards his Relations; he judg'd, that this ought to be his firſt Character, whom he would ſet for a Pattern of Perfection. In reality, they who believe that the Praiſes which ariſe from Valour, are ſuperiour to thoſe, which proceed from any other Virtues, have not conſider'd (as they ought,) that Valour, deſtitute of other Virtues, cannot render a Man worthy of any true Eſteem. That Quality which ſignifies no more than an intrepid Courage, may be ſeparated from many others which are good, and accompany'd with many which are ill. A Man may be very Valiant, and yet Impious and Vicious. But the ſame cannot be ſaid of Piety, which excludes all ill Qualities, and comprehends even Valour it ſelf, with all other Qualities which are good. Can we, for Example, give the praiſe of Valour to a Man who ſhou'd ſee his Gods prophan'd, and ſhou'd want the Courage to defend them? To a Man who ſhou'd abandon his Father, or deſert his his King in his laſt Neceſſity?

Thus far *Segrais*, in giving the preference to Piety, before Valour. I will now follow him, where he conſiders this Valour, or intrepid Courage, ſingly in it ſelf; and this alſo *Virgil* gives to his *Æneas*, and that in a Heroical degree.

Having firſt concluded, that our Poet did for the beſt in taking the firſt Character of his Heroe, from that Eſſential Virtue on which the

reſt

reſt depend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the Ten Years War of *Troy*, he was conſider'd as the ſecond Champion of his Country; allowing *Hector* the firſt place; and this, even by the Confeſſion of *Homer*, who took all occaſions of ſetting up his own Countrymen the *Grecians*, and of undervaluing the *Trojan* Chiefs. But *Virgil*, (whom *Segrais* forgot to cite) makes *Diomede* give him a higher Character for Strength and Courage. His Teſtimony is this, in the Eleventh Book:

——— Stetimus tela aſpera contra,
Contulimuſque manus: experto credite, quantus
In clypeum aſſurgat, quo turbine torqueat haſtam.
Si duo præterea tales Idæa tuliſſet
Terra viros; ultro Inachias veniſſet ad urbes
Dardanus, & verſis lugeret Græcia fatis.
Quicquid apud duræ ceſſatum eſt mœnia Trojæ,
Hectoris, Æneæque manu victoria Grajûm
Hæſit; & in decumum veſtigia rettulit annum.
Ambo animis, ambo inſignes præſtantibus armis:
Hic pietate prior. ———

I give not here my Tranſlation of theſe Verſes; though I think I have not ill ſucceeded in them; becauſe your Lordſhip is ſo great a Maſter of the Original, that I have no reaſon to deſire you ſhou'd ſee *Virgil* and me ſo near together. But you may pleaſe, my Lord, to take notice, that the Latin Author refines upon the Greek; and inſinuates, That *Homer* had done his Heroe Wrong, in giving the advantage of the Duel to his own Countryman; though *Diomedes* was manifeſtly the ſecond Champion of the *Grecians*: and *Ulyſſes* preferr'd him before *Ajax*, when he choſe him for the Companion of his Nightly Expedition: for he had a Head piece of his own; and wanted only the Fortitude of another, to bring him off with ſafety; and that he might compaſs his Deſign with Honour.

The *French* Tranſlator thus proceeds: They who accuſe *Æneas* for want of Courage, either underſtand not *Virgil*, or have read him ſlightly; otherwiſe they would not raiſe an Objection ſo eaſy to be anſwer'd. Hereupon he gives ſo many Inſtances of the Heroe's Valour, that to repeat them after him, would tire your Lordſhip, and put me to the unneceſſary trouble of Tranſcribing the greateſt part of the three laſt *Æneids*. In ſhort, more could not be expected from an *Amadis*, a Sir *Lancelot*, or the whole Round Table, than he performs. *Proxima quæque metit gladio*, is the perfect Account of a Knight-Errant. If it be reply'd, continues *Segrais*, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and atchieve ſuch hardy Enterprizes, becauſe he wore Enchanted Arms; that Accuſation, in the firſt place, muſt fall on *Homer*, ere it can reach *Virgil*. *Achilles* was as well provided with them as *Æneas*, though he was invulnerable without them: And *Arioſto*, the two *Taſſo's*, *Bernardo*, and *Torquato*, even our own *Spencer*; in a word, all Modern Poets have Copied *Homer*, as well as *Virgil*; he is neither the firſt nor laſt, but in the midſt of them; and therefore is ſafe, if they are ſo. Who knows, ſays *Segrais*, but that his fated Armour was only an Allegorical Defence, and ſignifi'd no more, than that he was under the peculiar Protection of the Gods? born, as the Aſtrologers will tell us out of *Virgil*, (who was well vers'd in the *Chaldæan* Myſteries) under the favourable Influence of *Jupiter*, *Venus*, and the *Sun*. But I inſiſt not on this, becauſe I know you believe not

there is ſuch an Art: though not only *Horace* and *Perſius*, but *Auguſtus* himſelf, thought otherwiſe. But in defence of *Virgil*, I dare poſitively ſay, that he has been more cautious in this particular than either his Predeceſſor, or his Deſcendants. For *Æneas* was actually wounded, in the Twelfth of the *Æneis*; though he had the ſame God-Smith to Forge his Arms, as had *Achilles*. It ſeems he was no Warluck, as the *Scots* commonly call ſuch Men, who they ſay, are Iron-free, or Lead-free. Yet after this Experiment, that his Arms were not impenetrable, when he was Cur'd indeed by his Mother's help; becauſe he was that Day to conclude the War by the Death of *Turnus*, the Poet durſt not carry the Miracle too far, and reſtore him wholly to his former Vigour: He was ſtill too weak to overtake his Enemy; yet we ſee with what Courage he attacks *Turnus*, when he faces, and renews the Combate. I need ſay no more, for *Virgil* defends himſelf, without needing my aſſiſtance; and proves his Heroe truly to deſerve that Name. He was not then a Second-rate Champion, as they would have him, who think Fortitude the firſt Virtue in a Heroe. But being beaten from this Hold, they will not yet allow him to be Valiant; becauſe he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a Man of Courage.

In the firſt place, if Tears are Arguments of Cowardiſe, what ſhall I ſay of *Homer*'s Heroe? ſhall *Achilles* paſs for timorous, becauſe he wept, and wept on leſs occaſions than *Æneas*? Herein *Virgil* muſt be granted to have excell'd his Maſter. For once both Heroes are deſcrib'd, lamenting their loſt Loves: *Briſeis* was taken away by force ſtom the *Grecians*, *Creuſa* was loſt for ever to her Huſband. But *Achilles* went roaring along the Salt-Sea-Shoar, and like a Booby, was complaining to his Mother, when he ſhou'd have reveng'd his Injury by Arms. *Æneas* took a Nobler Courſe; for having ſecur'd his Father and his Son, he repeated all his former Dangers to have found his Wife, if ſhe had been above ground. And here your Lordſhip may obſerve the Addreſs of *Virgil*; it was not for nothing, that this Paſſage was related with all theſe tender Circumſtances. *Æneas* told it; *Dido* heard it. That he had been ſo affectionate a Husband, was no ill Argument to the coming Dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. *Virgil* has a thouſand ſecret Beauties, tho' I have not leiſure to remark them.

Segrais on this Subject of a Heroe's ſhedding Tears, obſerves that Hiſtorians commend *Alexander* for weeping, when he read the mighty Actions of *Achilles*. And *Julius Cæſar* is likewiſe prais'd, when out of the ſame Noble Envy, he wept at the Victories of *Alexander*. But if we obſerve more cloſely, we ſhall find, that the Tears of *Æneas* were always on a laudable Occaſion. Thus he weeps out of Compaſſion, and tenderneſs of Nature, when in the Temple of *Carthage* he beholds the Pictures of his Friends, who Sacrific'd their Lives in Defence of their Country. He deplores the lamentable End of his Pilot *Palinurus*; the untimely death of young *Pallas* his Confederate; and the reſt, which I omit. Yet even for theſe Tears, his wretched Criticks dare condemn him. They make *Æneas* little better than a kind of St. *Swithen*-Heroe, always Raining. One of theſe Cenſors is bold enough to argue him of Cowardiſe; when in the beginning of the Firſt Book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching Storm.

Ex-

Extemplò Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſydera palmas, &c.

But to this I have anſwer'd formerly; that his fear was not for himſelf, but for his People. And who can give a Sovereign a better Commedation, or recommend a Heroe more to the affection of the Reader? They were threatned with a Tempeſt, and he wept; he was promis'd *Italy*, and therefore he pray'd for the accompliſhment of that Promiſe. All this in the beginning of a Storm, therefore he ſhew'd the more early Piety, and the quicker ſenſe of Compaſſion. Thus much I have urg'd elſewhere in the defence of *Virgil*; and ſince I have been inform'd, by Mr. *Moyl*, a young Gentleman, whom I can never ſufficiently commend, that the Ancients accounted Drowning an accurſed Death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had juſt occaſion for that fear, both in relation to himſelf, and to his Subjects. I think our Adverſaries can carry this Argument no farther, unleſs they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promiſe of the Gods: But how was he aſſur'd that he had underſtood their Oracles aright? *Helenus* might be miſtaken, *Phœbus* might ſpeak doubtfully, even his Mother might flatter him, that he might proſecute his Voyage, which if it ſucceeded happily, he ſhou'd be the Founder of an Empire. For that ſhe her ſelf was doubtful of his Fortune, is apparent by the Addreſs ſhe made to *Jupiter* on his behalf. To which the God makes anſwer in theſe words:

Parce metu, Citherea, manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi, &c.

Notwithſtanding which, the Goddeſs, though comforted, was not aſſur'd: For even after this, through the courſe of the whole *Æneis*, ſhe ſtill apprehends the Intereſt which *Juno* might make with *Jupiter* againſt her Son. For it was a moot Point in Heaven, whether he cou'd alter Fate, or not. And indeed, ſome paſſages in *Virgil* wou'd make us ſuſpect, that he was of Opinion, *Jupiter* might deferr Fate, though he cou'd not alter it. For in the latter end of the Tenth Book, he introduces *Juno* begging for the Life of *Turnus*, and flattering her Huſband with the power of changing Deſtiny. *Tua qua potes, orſa reflectas.* To which he graciouſly anſwers:

Si mora præſentis lethi, tempuſque caduco
Oratur Juveni, meque hoc ita ponere ſentis,
Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque inſtantibus eripe fatis.
Hactenus indulſiſſe vacat. Sin altior iſtis
Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri,
Mutarive putas bellum, ſpes paſcis inaneis.

But that he cou'd not alter thoſe Decrees, the King of Gods himſelf confeſſes, in the Book above cited; when he comforts *Hercules*, for the death of *Pallas*, who had invok'd his aid, before he threw his Lance at *Turnus*.

—*Troja*

——— Trojæ ſub mœnibus altis,
Tot nati cecidere Deûm; quin occidit unâ
Sarpedon mea progenies: etiam ſua Turnum
Fata manent, metaſque pervenit ad ævi.

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he cou'd not ſave his own Son, or prevent the death which he foreſaw. Of his power to deferr the blow, I once occaſionally diſcours'd with that Excellent Perſon Sir *Robert Howard*; who is better converſant than any Man that I know, in the Doctrine of the Stoicks, and he ſet me right, from the concurrent Teſtimony of Philoſophers and Poets, that *Jupiter* cou'd not retard the effects of Fate, even for a moment. For when I cited *Virgil*, as favouring the contrary Opinion in that that Verſe,

Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque inſtantibus eripe fatis.

he reply'd, and I think with exact Judgment, that when *Jupiter* gave *Juno* leave to withdraw *Turnus* from the preſent danger, it was becauſe he certainly fore-knew that his Fatal-hour was not come: that it was in Deſtiny, for *Juno* at that time to ſave him; and that himſelf obey'd Deſtiny, in giving her that leave.

I need ſay no more in juſtification of our Heroe's Courage, and am much deceiv'd, if he ever be attack'd on this ſide of his Character again. But he is Arraign'd with more ſhew of Reaſon by the Ladies; who will make a numerous Party againſt him, for being falſe to Love, in forſaking *Dido*. And I cannot much blame them; for to ſay the truth, 'tis an ill precedent for their Gallants to follow. Yet if I can bring him off, with flying Colours, they may learn experience at her coſt; and for her ſake, avoid a Cave, as the worſt ſhelter they can chuſe from a ſhower of Rain, eſpecially when they have a Lover in their Company.

In the firſt place, *Segrais* obſerves with much acuteneſs, that they who blame *Æneas* for his inſenſibility of Love, when he left *Carthage*, contradict their former Accuſation of him, for being always Crying, Compaſſionate, and Effeminately ſenſible of thoſe Misfortunes which befell others. They give him two contrary Characters, but *Virgil* makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to diſcharge themſelves of this blunder, by lying the Contradiction at *Virgil*'s door. He, they ſay, has ſhewn his Heroe with theſe inconſiſtent Characters: Acknowledging, and Ungrateful, Compaſſionate, and Hard-hearted; but at the bottom, Fickle, and Self-intereſted. For *Dido* had not only receiv'd his weather-beaten Troops before ſhe ſaw him, and given them her Protection, but had alſo offer'd them an equal ſhare in her Dominion.

Vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere Regnis?
Urbem quam ſtatuo, veſtra eſt. ———

This was an Obligement never to be forgotten; and the more to be conſider'd, becauſe antecedent to her Love. That Paſſion, 'tis true, produc'd the uſual effects of Generoſity, Gallantry, and care to pleaſe; and thither we referr them. But when ſhe had made all theſe Advances, it was ſtill in his power to have refuſ'd them: After the Intrigue

trigue of the Cave, call it Marriage, or Enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the Favour, and was oblig'd to be conſtant, if he would be grateful.

My Lord, I have ſet this Argument in the beſt light I can, that the Ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Doctor *Cudworth*, who has rais'd ſuch ſtrong Objections againſt the Being of a God, and Providence, that many think he has not anſwer'd them. You may pleaſe at leaſt to hear the adverſe Party. *Segrais* pleads for *Virgil*, that no leſs than an Abſolute Command from *Jupiter*, cou'd excuſe this inſenſibility of the Heroe, and this abrupt departure, which looks ſo like extream Ingratitude. But at the ſame time, he does wiſely to remember you, that *Virgil* had made Piety the firſt Character of *Æneas:* And this being allow'd, as I am afraid it muſt, he was oblig'd, antecedent to all other Conſiderations, to ſearch an *Aſylum* for his Gods in *Italy*. For thoſe very Gods, I ſay, who had promis'd to his Race the Univerſal Empire. Cou'd a Pious Man diſpence with the Commands of *Jupiter*, to ſatisfie his Paſſion; or take it in the ſtrongeſt ſence, to comply with the Obligations of his Gratitude? Religion, 'tis true, muſt have Moral Honeſty for its groundwork, or we ſhall be apt to ſuſpect its truth; but an immediate Revelation diſpenſes with all Duties of Morality. All Caſuiſts agree, that Theft is is a breach of the Moral Law: Yet if I might preſume to mingle Things Sacred with Prophane, the *Iſraelites* only ſpoil'd the *Egyptians*, not rob'd them; becauſe the propriety was transferr'd, by a revelation to their Law-giver. I confeſs *Dido* was a very Infidel in this Point; for ſhe wou'd not believe, as *Virgil* makes her ſay, that ever *Jupiter* wou'd ſend *Mercury* on ſuch an Immoral Errand. But this needs no Anſwer, at leaſt no more than *Virgil* gives it:

Fata obſtant, placidaſque viri Deus obſtruit aures.

This notwithſtanding, as *Segrais* confeſſes, he might have ſhewn a little more ſenſibility when he left her; for that had been according to his Character.

But let *Virgil* anſwer for himſelf. He ſtill lov'd her, and ſtruggled with his Inclinations, to obey the Gods:

—— Curam ſub corde premebat,
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore.

Upon the whole Matter, and humanely ſpeaking, I doubt there was a Fault ſomewhere; and *Jupiter* is better able to bear the blame, than either *Virgil* or *Æneas*. The Poet it ſeems had found it out, and therefore brings the deſerting Heroe and the forſaken Lady, to meet together in the lower Regions; where he excuſes himſelf when 'tis too late, and accordingly ſhe will take no ſatisfaction, nor ſo much as hear him. Now *Segrais* is forc'd to abandon his defence, and excuſes his Author, by ſaying that the *Æneis* is an imperfect Work, and that Death prevented the Divine Poet from reviewing it; and for that Reaſon he had condemned it to the Fire: though at the ſame time, his two Tranſlators muſt acknowledge, that the Sixth Book is the moſt Correct of the whole *Æneis*. Oh, how convenient is a Machine ſometimes in a Heroick Poem! This of *Mercury* is plainly one, and *Virgil* was conſtrain'd to uſe it here, or the Honeſty of his Heroe wou'd

wou'd be ill-defended. And the Fair Sex however, if they had the Deſerter in their power, wou'd certainly have ſhewn him no more mercy, than the *Bacchanals* did *Orpheus*. For if too much Conſtancy may be a Fault ſometimes, then want of Conſtancy, and Ingratitude after the laſt Favour, is a Crime that never will be forgiven. But of Machines, more in their proper place; where I ſhall ſhew, with how much Judgment they have been us'd by *Virgil:* and in the mean time, paſs to another Article of his Defence, on the preſent Subject; where, if I cannot clear the Heroe, I hope at leaſt to bring off the Poet; for here I muſt divide their Cauſes. Let *Æneas* truſt to his Machine, which will only help to break his Fall, but the Addreſs is incomparable. *Plato*, who borrow'd ſo much from *Homer*, and yet concluded for the Baniſhment of all Poets, wou'd at leaſt have rewarded *Virgil*, before he ſent him into Exile. But I go farther, and ſay, that he ought to be acquitted; and deſerv'd beſide, the Bounty of *Auguſtus*, and the Gratitude of the *Roman* People. If after this, the Ladies will ſtand out, let them remember, that the Jury is not all agreed; for *Octavia* was of his Party, and was of the firſt Quality in *Rome*; ſhe was alſo preſent at the reading of the Sixth *Æneid*, and we know not that ſhe condemn'd *Æneas*; but we are ſure ſhe Preſented the Poet, for his admirable Elegy on her Son *Marcellus*.

But let us conſider the ſecret Reaſons which *Virgil* had, for thus framing this Noble Epiſode, wherein the whole Paſſion of Love is more exactly deſcrib'd, than in any other Poet: Love was the Theme of his Fourth Book; and though it is the ſhorteſt of the whole *Æneis*, yet there he has given its beginning, its progreſs, its traverſes, and its concluſion: and had exhauſted ſo entirely this Subject, that he cou'd reſume it but very ſlightly in the Eight enſuing Books.

She was warm'd with the graceful appearance of the Heroe, ſhe ſmother'd thoſe Sparkles out of decency, but Converſation blew them up into a Flame. Then ſhe was forc'd to make a Confident of her, whom ſhe beſt might truſt, her own Siſter, who approves the Paſſion, and thereby augments it, then ſucceeds her publick owning it; and after that, the conſummation. Of *Venus* and *Juno*, *Jupiter* and *Mercury*, I ſay nothing, for they were all Machining Work: but poſſeſſion having cool'd his Love, as it increas'd hers, ſhe ſoon perceiv'd the change, or at leaſt grew ſuſpicious of a change; this Suſpicion ſoon turn'd to Jealouſy, and Jealouſy to Rage; then ſhe diſdains and threatens, and again is humble, and intreats: and nothing availing, deſpairs, curſes, and at laſt becomes her own Executioner. See here the whole Proceſs of that Paſſion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, leſt I ſhou'd loſe the connection of my Diſcourſe.

To love our Native Country, and to ſtudy its Benefit and its Glory, to be intereſſed in its Concerns, is Natural to all Men, and is indeed our common Duty. A Poet makes a farther ſtep; for endeavouring to do Honour to it, 'tis allowable in him even to be partial in its Cauſe; for he is not ty'd to Truth, or fetter'd by the Laws of Hiſtory. *Homer* and *Taſſo* are juſtly praiſed, for chuſing their Heroes out of *Greece* and *Italy*, *Virgil* indeed made his a *Trojan*, but it was to derive the *Romans* and his own *Auguſtus* from him; but all the three Poets are manifeſtly partial to their Heroes, in favour of their Country: For *Dares Phrygius* reports of *Hector*, that he was ſlain Cowardly; *Æneas*, according to the beſt account, ſlew not *Mezenteus*, but was ſlain by him: and the Chronicles of *Italy* tell us little of that *Rinaldo d' Eſte*, who

who Conquers *Jeruſalem* in *Taſſo*. He might be a Champion of the Church; but we know not that he was ſo much as preſent at the Siege. To apply this to *Virgil*, he thought himſelf engag'd in Honour to eſpouſe the Cauſe and Quarrel of his Country againſt *Carthage*. He knew he cou'd not pleaſe the *Romans* better, or oblige them more to Patronize his Poem, than by diſgracing the Foundreſs of that City. He ſhews her ungrateful to the Memory of her firſt Husband, doting on a Stranger; enjoy'd, and afterwards forſaken by him. This was the Original, ſays he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two Rival Nations. 'Tis true, he colours the falſehood of *Æneas* by an expreſs Command from *Jupiter*, to forſake the Queen, who had oblig'd him: but he knew the *Romans* were to be his Readers, and them he brib'd, perhaps at the expence of his Heroe's honeſty, but he gain'd his Cauſe however; as Pleading before Corrupt Judges. They were content to ſee their Founder falſe to Love, for ſtill he had the advantage of the Amour: It was their Enemy whom he forſook, and ſhe might have forſaken him, if he had not got the ſtart of her: ſhe had already forgotten her Vows to her *Sichæus*; and *varium & mutabile ſemper Femina*, is the ſharpeſt Satire in the feweſt words that ever was made on Womankind; for both the Adjectives are Neuter, and *Animal* muſt be underſtood, to make them Grammar. *Virgil* does well to put thoſe words into the mouth of *Mercury*: *If a God had not ſpoken them, neither durſt he have written them, nor I tranſlated them.* Yet the Deity was forc'd to come twice on the ſame Errand: and the ſecond time, as much a Heroe as *Æneas* was, he frighted him. It ſeems he fear'd not *Jupiter* ſo much as *Dido*. For your Lordſhip may obſerve, that as much intent as he was upon his Voyage, yet he ſtill delay'd it, 'till the Meſſenger was oblig'd to tell him plainly, that if he weigh'd not Anchor in the Night, the Queen wou'd be with him in the Morning. *Notumque furens quid Femina poſſit*; ſhe was Injur'd, ſhe was Revengeful, ſhe was Powerful. The Poet had likewiſe before hinted, that he People were naturally perfidious: For he gives their Character in the Queen, and makes a Proverb of *Punica Fides*, many Ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my Promiſe, and juſtify'd the Poet, whatever becomes of the falſe Knight. And ſure a Poet is as much priviledg'd to lye, as an Ambaſſador, for the Honour and Intereſt of his Country; at leaſt as Sir *Henry Wotton* has defin'd.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the Famous *Anachroniſm*, in making *Æneas* and *Dido* Contemporaries. For 'tis certain that the Heroe liv'd almoſt two hundred years before the Building of *Carthage*. One who imitates *Bocaline*, ſays that *Virgil* was accus'd before *Apollo* for this Error. The God ſoon found that he was not able to defend his Favourite by Reaſon, for the Caſe was clear: he therefore gave this middle Sentence; That any thing might be allow'd to his Son *Virgil*, on the account of his other Merits; That being a Monarch he had a diſpenſing Power, and pardon'd him. But that this ſpecial Act of Grace might never be drawn into Example, or pleaded by his puny Succeſſors, in juſtification of their ignorance; He decreed for the future, No Poet ſhou'd preſume to make a Lady dye for Love two hundred years before her Birth. To Moralize this Story, *Virgil* is the *Apollo*, who has this Diſpenſing Power. His great Judgment made the Laws of Poetry, but he never made himſelf a Slave to them:

Chronology at beſt is but a Cobweb-Law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wiſely, muſt chuſe as he did, an obſcure and a remote *Æra*, where they may invent at pleaſure, and not be eaſily contradicted. Neither he, nor the *Romans* had ever read the Bible, by which only his falſe Computation of Times can be made out againſt him: This *Segrais* ſays in his defence, and proves it from his Learned Friend *Bochartus*, whoſe Letter on this Subject, he has Printed at the end of the Fourth *Æneid*, to which I referr your Lordſhip and the Reader. Yet the Credit of *Virgil* was ſo great, that he made this Fable of his own Invention paſs for an Authentick Hiſtory, or at leaſt as credible as any thing in *Homer*. *Ovid* takes it up after him, even in the ſame Age, and makes an ancient Heroine of *Virgil*'s new-created *Dido*; Dictates a Letter for her juſt before her death, to the ingrateful Fugitive; and very unluckily for himſelf, as for meaſuring a Sword with a Man ſo much ſuperiour in force to him on the ſame Subject. I think I may be Judge of this, becauſe I have Tranſlated both. The Famous Author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own, he borrows all from a greater Maſter in his own Profeſſion; and which is worſe, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and being forc'd to his old Shift, he has recourſe to Witticiſm. This paſſes indeed with his ſoft Admirers, and gives him the preference to *Virgil*, in their eſteem. But let them like for themſelves, and not preſcribe to others; for our Author needs not their Admiration.

The Motives that induc'd *Virgil* to Coyn this Fable, I have ſhew'd already; and have alſo begun to ſhew that he might make this *Anachroniſm*, by ſuperſeding the Mechanick Rules of Poetry, for the ſame Reaſon, that a Monarch may diſpenſe with, or ſuſpend his own Laws, when he finds it neceſſary ſo to do; eſpecially if thoſe Laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be call'd a fault in Poetry, ſays *Ariſtotle*, but what is againſt the Art; therefore a Man may be an admirable Poet, without being an exact Chronologer. Shall we dare, continues *Segrais*, to condemn *Virgil*, for having made a Fiction againſt the order of Time, when we commend *Ovid* and other Poets who have made many of their Fictions againſt the order of Nature? For what elſe are the ſplendid Miracles of the *Metamorphoſes*? Yet theſe are Beautiful as they are related; and have alſo deep Learning and inſtructive Mythologies couch'd under them: But to give, as *Virgil* does in this Epiſode, the Original Cauſe of the long Wars betwixt *Rome* and *Carthage*, to draw Truth out of Fiction, after ſo probable a manner, with ſo much Beauty, and ſo much for the Honour of his Country, was proper only to the Divine Wit of *Maro*; and *Taſſo* in one of his Diſcourſes, admires him for this particularly. 'Tis not lawful indeed, to contradict a Point of Hiſtory, which is known to all the World; as for Example, to make *Hannibal* and *Scipio* Contemporaries with *Alexander*; but in the dark Receſſes of Antiquity, a great Poet may and ought to feign ſuch things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embeliſh that Subject which he treats. On the other ſide, the pains and diligence of ill Poets is but thrown away, when they want the Genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the Fictions be delightful, which they always are, if they be natural, if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, ſuch Works can never fail of their deſerv'd Succeſs. And ſuch is *Virgil*'s Epiſode of

Dido

Dido and *Æneas*; where the ſoureſt Critick muſt acknowledge, That if he had depriv'd his *Æneis* of ſo great an Ornament, becauſe he found no traces of it in Antiquity, he had avoided their unjuſt Cenſure, but had wanted one of the greateſt Beauties of his Poem. I ſhall ſay more of this in the next Article of their Charge againſt him, which is, Want of Invention. In the mean time, I may affirm in honour of this Epiſode, that it is not only now eſteem'd the moſt pleaſing Entertainment of the *Æneis*, but was ſo accounted in his own Age; and before it was mellow'd into that reputation, which time has given it; for which I need produce no other Teſtimony, than that of *Ovid*, his Contemporary.

Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor.

Where by the way, you may obſerve, my Lord, that *Ovid* in thoſe words, *Non legitimo fœdere junctus amor*, will by no means allow it to be a lawful Marriage betwixt *Dido* and *Æneas*. He was in Baniſhment when he wrote thoſe Verſes, which I cite from his Letter to *Auguſtus*: You, Sir, ſaith he, have ſent me into Exile for writing my Art of Love, and my wanton Elegies; yet your own Poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought *Dido* and *Æneas* into a Cave, and left them there not over-honeſtly together: may I be ſo bold to ask your Majeſty, is it a greater fault to teach the Art of unlawful Love, than to ſhew it in the Action? But was *Ovid* the Court-Poet ſo bad a Courtier, as to find no other Plea to excuſe himſelf, than by a plain Accuſation of his Maſter? *Virgil* confeſſed it was a Lawful Marriage betwixt the Lovers, that *Juno* the Goddeſs of Matrimony had ratify'd it by her preſence; for it was her buſineſs to bring Matters to that iſſue: that the Ceremonies were ſhort we may believe, for *Dido* was not only amorous, but a Widow. *Mercury* himſelf, though employ'd on a quite contrary Errand, yet owns it a Marriage by an *Innuendo*, — *Pulchramque uxorius urbem Extruis*, — He calls *Æneas* not only a Husband, but upbraids him for being a fond Huſband, as the word *Uxorius* implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordſhip pleaſes, why *Virgil* is ſo much concern'd to make this Marriage, (for he ſeems to be the Father of the Bride himſelf, and to give her to the Bridegroom) it was to make way for the Divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer Flatterer than *Ovid*: and I more than conjecture, that he had in his Eye the Divorce, which not long before had paſſed betwixt the Emperor and *Scribonia*. He drew this Dimple in the Cheek of *Æneas*, to prove *Auguſtus* of the ſame Family, by ſo remarkable a Feature in the ſame place. Thus, as we ſay in our home-ſpun Engliſh Proverb, *He kill'd two Birds with one Stone*; pleas'd the Emperor, by giving him the reſemblance of his Anceſtor, and gave him ſuch a reſemblance as was not ſcandalous in that Age. For to leave one Wife and take another, was but a matter of Gallantry at that time of day among the *Romans*. *Neque hæc in fœdera veni*, is the very Excuſe which *Æneas* makes, when he leaves his Lady. I made no ſuch Bargain with you at our Marriage, to live always drudging on at *Carthage*; my Buſineſs was *Italy*, and I never made a Secret of it. If I took my pleaſure, had not you your ſhare of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort your ſelf with the next Stranger who happens to be ſhipwreck'd on your Coaſt: Be as kind an Hoſteſs as

you have been to me, and you can never fail of another Husband. In the mean time, I call the Gods to witneſs, that I leave your Shore unwillingly; for though *Juno* made the Marriage, yet *Jupiter* commands me to forſake you. This is the effect of what he ſaith, when it is diſhonour'd out of Latin Verſe, into Engliſh Proſe. If the Poet argued not aright, we muſt pardon him for a poor blind Heathen, who knew no better Morals.

I have detain'd your Lordſhip longer than I intended, on this Objection; which would indeed weigh ſomething in a Spiritual Court; but I am not to defend our Poet there. The next I think is but a Cavil, though the Cry is great againſt him, and hath continu'd from the time of *Macrobius* to this preſent Age: I hinted it before. They lay no leſs than want of Invention to his Charge: a capital Crime, I muſt acknowledge: for a Poet is a Maker, as the word ſignifies; and who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his Name for nothing. That which makes this Accuſation look ſo ſtrange at the firſt ſight, is, that he has borrow'd ſo many things from *Homer*, *Apollonius Rhodius*, and others who preceded him. But in the firſt place, if Invention is to be taken in ſo ſtrict a ſence, that the Matter of a Poem muſt be wholly new, and that in all its Parts; then *Scaliger* hath made out, ſaith *Segrais*, that the Hiſtory of *Troy* was no more the Invention of *Homer*, than of *Virgil*. There was not an Old Woman, or almoſt a Child, but had it in their Mouths, before the Greek Poet or his Friends digeſted it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as *Solomon* hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the Sun. Who then can paſs for an Inventor, if *Homer*, as well as *Virgil* muſt be depriv'd of that Glory? Is *Verſailles* the leſs a New Building, becauſe the Architect of that Palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, Doors and Windows, Apartments, Offices, Rooms of Convenience and Magnificence, are in all great Houſes. So Deſcriptions, Figures, Fables, and the reſt, muſt be in all Heroick Poems: they are the common Materials of Poetry, furniſh'd from the Magazin of Nature; every Poet hath as much right to them, as every Man hath to Air or Water. *Quid prohibetis aquas? Uſus communis aquarum eſt.* But the Argument of the Work, that is to ſay, its principal Action, the Oeconomy and Diſpoſition of it; theſe are the things which diſtinguiſh Copies from Originals. The Poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be Born; he and the *Jews* Meſſias will come together. There are parts of the *Æneis*, which reſemble ſome parts both of the *Ilias* and of the *Odyſſes*: as for Example, *Æneas* deſcended into Hell, and *Ulyſſes* had been there before him? *Æneas* lov'd *Dido*, and *Ulyſſes* lov'd *Calypſo*: in few words, *Virgil* hath imitated *Homer*'s *Odyſſes* in his firſt ſix Books, and in his ſix laſt the *Ilias*. But from hence can we infer, that the two Poets write the ſame Hiſtory? Is there no Invention in ſome other parts of *Virgil*'s *Æneis*? The diſpoſition of ſo many various Matters, is not that his own? From what Book of *Homer* had *Virgil* his Epiſode of *Nyſus* and *Euryalus*, of *Mezentius* and *Lauſus*? From whence did he borrow his Deſign of Bringing *Æneas* into *Italy*? of Eſtabliſhing the *Roman* Empire on the Foundations of a *Trojan* Colony: to ſay nothing of the Honour he did his Patron, not only in his deſcent from *Venus*, but in making him ſo like her in his beſt Features, that the Goddeſs might have miſtaken *Auguſtus* for her Son. He had indeed the Story from common Fame, as *Homer* had his from the *Egyptian* Prieſteſs. *Æneadum Genetrix* was no more unknown to *Lucretius*, than to him. But *Lucretius* taught him

not

not to form his Heroe; to give him Piety or Valour for his Manners: and both in so eminent a degree, that having done what was possible for Man, to save his King and Country; his Mother was forc'd to appear to him and restrain his Fury, which hurried him to Death in their Revenge. But the Poet made his Piety more successful; he brought off his Father and his Son; and his Gods witness'd to his Devotion, by putting themselves under his Protection, to be re-placed by him, in their promis'd *Italy*. Neither the Invention, nor the Conduct of this great Action, were owing to *Homer*, or any other Poet. 'Tis one thing to Copy, and another thing to imitate from Nature. The Copyer is that servile Imitator, to whom *Horace* gives no better a Name, than that of Animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a Man. *Raphael* imitated Nature; they who Copy one of *Raphael*'s Pieces, imitate but him, for his Work is their Original. They Translate him, as I do *Virgil*; and fall as short of him, as I of *Virgil*. There is a kind of Invention in the Imitation of *Raphael*; for though the thing was in Nature, yet the Idea of it was his own. *Ulysses* Travell'd, so did *Æneas*; but neither of them were the first Travellers: for *Cain* went into the Land of *Nod*, before they were born: and neither of the Poets ever heard of such a Man. If *Ulysses* had been kill'd at *Troy*, yet *Æneas* must have gone to Sea, or he cou'd never have arriv'd in *Italy*. But the Designs of the two Poets, were as different as the Courses of their Heroes; one went Home, and the other sought a Home. To return to my first Similitude. Suppose *Apelles* and *Raphael* had each of them Painted a Burning *Troy*; might not the Modern Painter have succeeded as well as the Ancient, tho' neither of them had seen the Town on Fire? For the Draughts of both were taken from the Idea's which they had of of Nature. Cities have been burnt, before either of them were in being. But to close the Simile as I began it; they wou'd not have design'd it after the same manner: *Apelles* would have distinguish'd *Pyrrhus* from the rest of all the *Grecians*, and shew'd him, forcing his entrance into *Priam*'s Palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his Figures; because he was a *Grecian*, and he wou'd do Honour to his Country. *Raphael*, who was an *Italian*, and descended from the *Trojans*, wou'd have made *Æneas* the Heroe of his Piece; and perhaps not with his Father on his Back; his Son in one hand, his Bundle of Gods in the other; and his Wife following; for an Act of Piety is not half so graceful in a Picture, as an Act of Courage:) he would rather have drawn him killing *Androgeus*, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the Fires shou'd have darted full upon his Face, to make him conspicuous amongst his *Trojans*. This I think is a just Comparison betwixt the two Poets, in the Conduct of their several Designs. *Virgil* cannot be said to copy *Homer*; the *Grecian* had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urg'd, that I have granted a Resemblance in some parts; yet therein *Virgil* has excell'd him. For what are the Tears of *Calypso* for being left, to to the Fury and Death of *Dido*? Where is there the whole Process of her Passion, and all its violent Effects to be found, in the languishing *Episode* of the *Odysses*? If this be to Copy, let the Criticks shew us the same Disposition, Features, or Colouring in their Original. The like may be said of the Descent to Hell; which was not of *Homer*'s Invention neither; he had it from the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*. But to what end did *Ulysses* make that Journey? *Æneas* undertook it by the expres Commandment of his Father's Ghost: There he was to

shew

ſhew him all the ſucceeding Heroes of his Race: and next to *Romulus*, (mark, if you pleaſe, the Addreſs of *Virgil*) his own Patron *Auguſtus Cæſar*. *Anchiſes* was likewiſe to inſtruct him, how to manage the *Italian* War, and how to conclude it with his Honour. That is, in other words, to lay the Foundations of that Empire which *Auguſtus* was to Govern. This is the Noble Invention of our Author; but it hath been Copied by ſo many Sign-poſt-Dawbers, that now 'tis grown fulſom; rather by their want of Skill, than by the Commonneſs.

In the laſt place I may ſafely grant, that by reading *Homer*, *Virgil* was taught to imitate his Invention; that is, to imitate like him: which is no more, than if a Painter ſtudied *Raphael*, that he might learn to deſign after his manner. And thus I might imitate *Virgil*, if I were capable of writing an Heroick Poem, and yet the Invention be my own: but I ſhou'd endeavour to avoid a ſervile Copying. I would not give the ſame Story under other Names, with the ſame Characters, in the ſame Order, and with the ſame Sequel; for every common Reader to find me out at the firſt ſight for a Plagiary, and cry, This I read before in *Virgil*, in a better Language, and in better Verſe. This is like *Merry-Andrew* on the low Rope, copying lubberly the ſame Tricks, which his Maſter is ſo dextrouſly performing on the high.

I will trouble your Lordſhip but with one Objection more; which I know not whether I found in *Le Fevre*, or *Valois*; but I am ſure I have read it in another *French* Critick, whom I will not name, becauſe I think it is not much for his Reputation. *Virgil*, in the heat of Action, ſuppoſe for Example, in deſcribing the Fury of his Heroe in a Battel, when he is endavouring to raiſe our Concernments to the higheſt pitch, turns ſhort on the ſudden into ſome Similitude, which diverts, ſay they, your Attention from the main Subject, and miſpends it on ſome trivial Image. He pours cold water into the Caldron, when his buſineſs is to make it boil.

This Accuſation is general againſt all who wou'd be thought Heroick Poets; but I think it touches *Virgil* leſs than any. He is too great a Maſter of his Art, to make a Blott which may ſo eaſily be hit. Similitudes, as I have ſaid, are not for Tragedy, which is all violent, and where the Paſſions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they ſhould animate; they are not of the nature of Dialogue, unleſs in Comedy: A Metaphor is almoſt all the Stage can ſuffer, which is a kind of Similitude comprehended in a word. But this Figure has a contrary effect in Heroick Poetry; there 'tis employ'd to raiſe the Admiration, which is its proper buſineſs. And Admiration is not of ſo violent a nature as Fear or Hope, Compaſſion or Horrour, or any Concernment we can have for ſuch or ſuch a Perſon on the Stage. Not but I confeſs, that Similitudes and Deſcriptions, when drawn into an unreaſonable length, muſt needs nauſeate the Reader. Once I remember, and but once; *Virgil* makes a Similitude of fourteen Lines; and his deſcription of Fame is about the ſame number. He is blam'd for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he liv'd to have review'd his Work: But Faults are no Precedents. This I have obſerv'd of his Similitudes in general, that they are not plac'd, as our unobſerving Criticks tell us, in the heat of any Action: But commonly in its declining: When he has warm'd us in his Deſcription, as much as poſſibly he can; then, leſt that warmth ſhould languiſh, he renews it by ſome apt Simlitude, which illuſtrates his Subject, and yet palls not his Audience. I need give your Lord-

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ſhip but one Example of this kind, and leave the reſt to your Obſervation, when next you review the whole *Æneis* in the Original unblemiſh'd by my rude Tranſlation. 'Tis in the Firſt Book, where the Poet deſcribes *Neptune* compoſing the Ocean, on which *Æolus* had rais'd a Tempeſt, without his permiſſion. He had already chidden the Rebellious Winds for obeying the Commands of their Uſurping Maſter: he had warn'd them from the Seas: he had beaten down the Billows with his Mace; diſpell'd the Clouds, reſtor'd the Sun-ſhine, while *Triton* and *Cymothoe* were heaving the Ships from off the Quick-Sands; before the Poet wou'd offer at a Similitude for illuſtration.

Ac, veluti magno in populo cum ſæpe coorta eſt
Seditio, ſævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces, & ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat;
Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis ſi forte virum quem
Conſpexere, ſilent, arrectiſque auribus adſtant:
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet:
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, æquora poſtquam
Proſpiciens genitor, cæloque invectus aperto
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora ſecundo.

This is the firſt Similitude which *Virgil* makes in this Poem, and one of the longeſt in the whole; for which Reaſon I the rather cite it. While the Storm was in its fury, any Alluſion had been improper: For the Poet cou'd have compar'd it to nothing more impetuous than it ſelf; conſequently he could have made no Illuſtration. If he cou'd have illuſtrated, it had been an ambitious Ornament out of ſeaſon, and would have diverted our Concernment: *Nunc, non erat hiſce locus*; and therefore he deferr'd it to its proper place.

Theſe are the Criticiſms of moſt moment which have been made againſt the *Æneis*, by the Ancients or Moderns. As for the particular Exceptions againſt this or that paſſage, *Macrobius* and *Pontanus* have anſwer'd them already. If I deſir'd to appear more Learned than I am, it had been as eaſy for me to have taken their Objections and Solutions, as it is for a Country Parſon to take the Expoſitions of the Fathers out of *Junius* and *Tremellius*: Or not to have nam'd the Authors from whence I had them: For ſo *Ruæus*, otherwiſe a moſt Judicious Commentator on *Virgil*'s Works, has us'd *Pontanus*, his greateſt Benefactor; of whom, he is very ſilent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no Objection; for that implies a Fault: and it had been none in *Virgil*, if he had extended the time of his Action beyond a Year. At leaſt *Ariſtotle* has ſet no preciſe Limits to it. *Homer*'s, we know, was within two Months; *Taſſo* I am ſure exceeds not a Summer: and if I examin'd him, pehaps he might be reduc'd into a much leſs compaſs. *Boſſu* leaves it doubtful whether *Virgil*'s Action were within the Year, or took up ſome Months beyond it. Indeed the whole Diſpute is of no more concernment to the common Reader, than it is to a Plough-man, whether *February* this Year had 28 or 29 Days in it. But for the ſatisfaction of the more Curious, of which number, I am ſure your Lordſhip is one; I will Tranſlate what I think convenient out of *Segrais*, whom perhaps you have not read: For he has made it highly probable, that the Action of the *Æneis* began in the Spring, and was not extended beyond the Autumn.

And

And we have known Campaigns that have begun ſooner, and have ended later.

Ronſard and the reſt whom *Segrais* names, who are of Opinion that the Action of this Poem takes up almoſt a Year and half; ground their Calculation thus. *Anchiſes* dyed in *Sicily* at the end of Winter, or beginning of the Spring. *Æneas*, immediately after the Interment of his Father, puts to Sea for *Italy*: He is ſurpriz'd by the Tempeſt deſcrib'd in the beginning of the firſt Book; and there it is that the Scene of the Poem opens; and where the Action muſt Commence. He is driven by this Storm on the Coaſts of *Affrick*: He ſtays at *Carthage* all that Summer, and almoſt all the Winter following: Sets Sail again for *Italy* juſt before the beginning of the Spring; meets with contrary Winds, and makes *Sicily* the ſecond time: This part of the Action compleats the Year. Then he celebrates the Anniverſary of his Father's Funerals, and ſhortly after arrives at *Cumes*, and from thence his Time is taken up in his firſt Treaty with *Latinus*; the Overture of the War; the Siege of his Camp by *Turnus*; his going for Succours to relieve it: His return: The raiſing of the Siege by the firſt Battel: The twelve days Truce: The ſecond Battel: The Aſſault of *Laurentum*, and the ſingle Fight with *Turnus*; all which, they ſay, cannot take up leſs than four or five Months more; by which Account we cannot ſuppoſe the entire Action to be contain'd in a much leſs compaſs than a Year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his Computation is not condemn'd by the learned *Ruæus*, who compil'd and Publiſh'd the Commentaries on our Poet, which we call the *Dauphin*'s *Virgil*.

He allows the time of Year when *Anchiſes* dyed; to be in the latter end of Winter, or the beginning of the Spring; he acknowledges that when *Æneas* is firſt ſeen at Sea afterwards, and is driven by the Tempeſt on the Coaſt of *Affrick*, is the time when the Action is naturally to begin: He confeſſes farther, that *Æneas* left *Carthage* in the latter end of Winter; for *Dido* tells him in expreſs terms, as an Argument for his longer ſtay,

Quinetiam Hyberno moliris ſydere Claſſem.

But whereas *Ronſard*'s Followers ſuppoſe that when *Æneas* had buried his Father, he ſet Sail immediately for *Italy*, (tho' the Tempeſt drove him on the Coaſt of *Carthage*,) *Segrais* will by no means allow that Suppoſition; but thinks it much more probable that he remain'd in *Sicily* 'till the midſt of *July*, or the beginning of *Auguſt*; at which time he places the firſt appearance of his Heroe on the Sea; and there opens the Action of the Poem. From which beginning, to the Death of *Turnus*, which concludes the Action, there need not be ſuppos'd above ten Months of intermediate time: For arriving at *Carthage* in the latter end of Summer, ſtaying there the Winter following; departing thence in the very beginning of the Spring; making a ſhort abode in *Sicily* the ſecond time, landing in *Italy*, and making the War, may be reaſonably judg'd the buſineſs but of ten Months. To this the *Ronſardians* reply, that having been for Seven Years before in queſt of *Italy*, and having no more to do in *Sicily*, than to interr his Father; after that Office was perform'd, what remain'd for him, but, without delay, to purſue his firſt Adventure? To which *Segrais* anſwers, that the Obſequies of his Father, according to the Rites of the *Greeks* and *Romans*,

Romans, would detain him for many days: That a longer time muſt be taken up in the refitting of his Ships, after ſo tedious a Voyage; and in refreſhing his weather-beaten Soldiers on a friendly Coaſt. Theſe indeed are but Suppoſitions on both ſides, yet thoſe of *Segrais* ſeem better grounded. For the Feaſt of *Dido*, when ſhe entertain'd *Æneas* firſt, has the appearance of a Summer's Night, which ſeems already almoſt ended, when he begins his Story: Therefore the Love was made in Autumn; the Hunting follow'd properly, when the heats of that ſcorching Country were declining: The Winter was paſs'd in jollity, as the Seaſon and their Love requir'd; and he left her in the latter end of Winter, as is already prov'd. This Opinion is fortifi'd by the Arrival of *Æneas* at the Mouth of *Tyber*; which marks the Seaſon of the Spring; that Seaſon being perfectly deſcrib'd by the Singing of the Birds, ſaluting the dawn; and by the Beauty of the Place: which the Poet ſeems to have painted expreſly in the Seventh *Æneid*:

Aurora in roſeis fulgebat lutea bigis,
Cùm venti poſuere; variæ circumque, ſupraque
Aſſuetæ ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu. —

The remainder of the Action requir'd but three Months more; for when *Æneas* went for Succour to the *Tuſcans*, he found their Army in a readineſs to march; and wanting only a Commander: So that according to this Calculation, the *Æneis* takes not up above a Year compleat, and may be comprehended in leſs compaſs.

This, amongſt other Circumſtances, treated more at large by *Segrais*, agrees with the riſing of *Orion*, which caus'd the Tempeſt, deſcrib'd in the beginning of the firſt Book. By ſome paſſages in the Paſtorals, but more particularly in the *Georgicks*, our Poet is found to be an exact Aſtronomer, according to the Knowledge of that Age. Now *Ilioneus* (whom *Virgil* twice employs in Embaſſies, as the beſt Speaker of the *Trojans*) attributes that Tempeſt to *Orion* in his Speech to *Dido*,

Cum ſubito, aſſurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion.

He muſt mean either the *Heliacal* or *Achronical* riſing of that Sign. The *Heliacal* riſing of a Conſtellation, is when it comes from under the Rays of the Sun, and begins to appear before Day-light. The *Achronical* riſing, on the contrary, is when it appears at the cloſe of Day, and in oppoſition of the Sun's diurnal Courſe.

The *Heliacal* riſing of *Orion*, is at preſent computed to be about the ſixth of *July*; and about that time it is, that he either cauſes, or preſages Tempeſts on the Seas.

Segrais has obſerv'd farther, that when *Anna* Counſels *Dido* to ſtay *Æneas* during the Winter; ſhe ſpeaks alſo of *Orion*,

Dum pelago deſævit hyems, & aquoſus Orion.

If therefore *Ilioneus*, according to our Suppoſition, underſtand the *Heliacal* riſing of *Orion*: *Anna* muſt mean the *Achronical*, which the different Epithetes given to that Conſtellation, ſeem to manifeſt. *Ilioneus* calls him *nimboſus*, *Anna aquoſus*. He is tempeſtuous in the Sum-

mer when he riſes *Heliacally*, and Rainy in the Winter when he riſes *Achronically*. Your Lordſhip will pardon me for the frequent repetition of theſe cant words; which I cou'd not avoid in this abbreviation of *Segrais*; who I think deſerves no little commendation in this new Criticiſm. I have yet a word or two to ſay of *Virgil*'s Machines, from my own obſervation of them. He has Imitated thoſe of *Homer*, but not Copied them. It was eſtabliſh'd long before this time, in the *Roman* Religion as well as in the *Greek*; that there were Gods; and both Nations, for the moſt part, worſhipp'd the ſame Deities; as did alſo the *Trojans*: From whom the *Romans*, I ſuppoſe, wou'd rather be thought to derive the Rites of their Religion, than from the *Grecians*; becauſe they thought themſelves deſcended from them. Each of thoſe Gods had his proper Office, and the chief of them their particular Attendants. Thus *Jupiter* had in propriety, *Ganymede* and *Mercury*; and *Juno* had *Iris*. It was not for *Virgil* then to create new Miniſters; he muſt take what he found in his Religion. It cannot therefore be ſaid that he borrow'd them from *Homer*, any more than from *Apollo*, *Diana*, and the reſt, whom he uſes as he finds occaſion for them, as the *Grecian* Poet did: but he invents the Occaſions for which he uſes them. *Venus*, after the Deſtruction of *Troy*, had gain'd *Neptune* entirely to her Party; therefore we find him buſy in the beginning of the *Æneis*, to calm the Tempeſt rais'd by *Æolus*, and afterwards conducting the *Trojan* Fleet to *Cumes* in ſafety, with the loſs only of their Pilot; for whom he Bargains. I name thoſe two Examples amongſt a hundred which I omit; to prove that *Virgil*, generally ſpeaking, employ'd his Machines in performing thoſe things which might poſſibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a Storm at Sea, upon the riſing of *Orion*? What wonder, if amongſt ſo many Ships there ſhou'd one be overſet, which was commanded by *Orontes*; though half the Winds had not been there, which *Æolus* employ'd? Might not *Palinurus*, without a Miracle, fall aſleep, and drop into the Sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and ſecure of a quiet paſſage, by his obſervation of the Skies? At leaſt *Æneas*, who knew nothing of the Machine of *Somnus*, takes it plainly in this Senſe:

O nimium Cœlo & Pelago confiſe ſereno,
Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.

But Machines ſometimes are ſpecious things to amuſe the Reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwiſe incredible. And beſides, it ſooth'd the vanity of the *Romans*, to find the Gods ſo viſibly concern'd in all the Actions of their Predeceſſors. We who are better taught by our Religion, yet own every wonderful Accident which befalls us for the beſt, to be brought to paſs by ſome ſpecial Providence of Almighty God; and by the care of guardian Angels: And from hence I might infer, that no Heroick Poem can be writ on the *Epiruræan* Principles. Which I cou'd eaſily demonſtrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leiſure.

When *Venus* opens the Eyes of her Son *Æneas*, to behold the Gods who Combated againſt *Troy*, in that fatal Night when it was ſurpriz'd; we ſhare the pleaſure of that glorious Viſion, (which *Taſſo* has not ill Copied in the ſacking of *Jeruſalem*.) But the *Greeks* had done their buſineſs; though neither *Neptune*, *Juno*, or *Pallas*, had given them their Divine aſſiſtance. The moſt crude Machine which *Virgil* uſes, is in the

the *Epiſode* of *Camilla*, where *Opis* by the command of her Miſtreſs, kills *Aruns*. The next is in the Twelfth *Æneid*, where *Venus* cures her Son *Æneas*. But in the laſt of theſe, the Poet was driven to a neceſſity; for *Turnus* was to be ſlain that very day; and *Æneas*, wounded as he was, cou'd not have Engag'd him in ſingle Combat, unleſs his Hurt had been miraculouſly heal'd. And the Poet had conſider'd, that the *Dittany* which ſhe brought from *Crete*, cou'd not have wrought ſo ſpeedy an effect, without the Juice of *Ambroſia*, which ſhe mingled with it. After all, that his Machine might not ſeem too violent, we ſee the Heroe limping after *Turnus*. The Wound was skin'd; but the ſtrength of his Thigh was not reſtor'd. But what Reaſon had our Author to wound *Æneas* at ſo critical a time? And how came the Cuiſſes to be worſe temper'd than the reſt of his Armour, which was all wrought by *Vulcan* and his Journey-men. Theſe difficulties are not eaſily to be ſolv'd, without confeſſing that *Virgil* had not Life enough to correct his Work: Tho' he had review'd it, and found thoſe Errours which he reſolv'd to mend: But being prevented by Death, and not willing to leave an imperfect Work behind him, he ordain'd, by his laſt Teſtament, that his *Æneis* ſhould be burn'd. As for the death of *Aruns*, who was ſhot by a Goddeſs, the Machine was not altogether ſo outragious, as the wounding *Mars* and *Venus* by the Sword of *Diomede*. Two Divinities, one wou'd have thought, might have pleaded their Prerogative of Impaſſibility, or at leaſt not have been wounded by any mortal Hand. Beſide that the ἰχὼρ which they ſhed, was ſo very like our common Blood, that it was not to be diſtinguiſh'd from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what *Horace* ſays in his Art Poetry; that no Machines are to be us'd, unleſs on ſome extraordinary occaſion,

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus.

That Rule is to be apply'd to the Theatre, of which he is then ſpeaking; and means no more than this, that when the Knot of the Play is to be unty'd, and no other way is left, for making the diſcovery; then and not otherwiſe, let a God deſcend upon a Rope, and clear the Buſineſs to the Audience: But this has no relation to the Machines which are us'd in an Epick Poem.

In the laſt place, for the *Dira*, or Flying-Peſt, which flapping on the Shield of *Turnus*, and fluttering about his Head, diſhearten'd him in the Duel, and preſag'd to him his approaching Death, I might have plac'd it more properly amongſt the Objections. For the Criticks, who lay want of Courage to the Charge of *Virgil*'s Heroe; quote this Paſſage as a main Proof of their Aſſertion. They ſay our Author had not only ſecur'd him before the Duel, but alſo in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable Arms, and in his Sword: (for that of *Turnus* was not his own, which was forg'd by *Vulcan* for his Father) but a Weapon which he had ſnatch'd in haſte, and by miſtake, belonging to his Charioteer *Metiſcus*. That after all this, *Jupiter*, who was partial to the *Trojan*, and diſtruſtful of the Event, though he had hung the Balance, and given it a jog of his Hand to weigh down *Turnus*, thought convenient to give the Fates a collateral Security, by ſending the Screech-Owl to diſcourage him. For which they quote theſe words of *Virgil*,

——— Non me tua turbida virtus
Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter Hoſtis.

In anſwer to which, I ſay, that this Machine is one of thoſe which the Poet uſes only for Ornament, and not out of Neceſſity. Nothing can be more Beautiful, or more Poetical than his deſcription of the three *Diræ*, or the ſetting of the Balance, which our *Milton* has borrow'd from him, but employ'd to a different end: For firſt he makes God Almighty ſet the Scales for St. *Gabriel* and *Sathan*, when he knew no Combat was to follow; then he makes the good Angel's Scale deſcend, and the Devils mount; quite contrary to *Virgil*, if I have Tranſlated the three Verſes, according to my Author's Senſe.

Jupiter ipſe duas, æquato Examine lances
Suſtinet; & fata imponit diverſa duorum:
Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum.

For I have taken theſe words *Quem damnet labor*, in the Senſe which *Virgil* gives them in another place; *Damnabis tu quoque votis*; to ſignify a proſperous Event. Yet I dare not condemn ſo great a Genius as *Milton*: For I am much miſtaken if he alludes not to the Text in *Daniel*, where *Belſhazzar* was put into the Balance, and found too light. This is digreſſion, and I return to my Subject. I ſaid above, that theſe two Machines of the Balance, and the *Dira*, were only Ornamental, and that the Succeſs of the Duel had been the ſame without them. For when *Æneas* and *Turnus* ſtood fronting each other before the Altar, *Turnus* look'd dejected, and his Colour faded in his Face, as if he deſponded of the Victory before the Fight; and not only he, but all his Party, when the ſtrength of the two Champions was judg'd by the proportion of their Limbs, concluded it was *impar pugna*, and that their Chief was over-match'd: Whereupon *Juturna* (who was of the ſame Opinion) took this opportunity to break the Treaty and renew the War. *Juno* her ſelf had plainly told the Nymph beforehand, that her Brother was to Fight

Imparibus fatis; nec Diis, nec viribus æquis;

So that there was no need of an Apparition to fright *Turnus*, he had the preſage within himſelf of his impending Deſtiny. The *Dira* only ſerv'd to confirm him in his firſt Opinion, that it was his Deſtiny to dye in the enſuing Combat. And in this ſenſe are thoſe words of *Virgil* to be taken;

——— Non me tua turbida virtus
Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter Hoſtis.

I doubt not but the Adverb *(ſolùm)* is to be underſtood; 'tis not your Valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find alſo, by this Portent, that *Jupiter* is my Enemy. For *Turnus* fled before, when his firſt Sword was broken, 'till his Siſter ſupply'd him with a better; which indeed he cou'd not uſe; becauſe *Æneas* kept him at a diſtance with his Spear. I wonder *Ruæus* ſaw not this, where he charges his Author ſo unjuſtly, for giving *Turnus* a ſecond Sword, to no

no purpoſe. How cou'd he faſten a blow, or make a thruſt, when he was not ſuffer'd to approach? Beſides, the chief Errand of the *Dira*, was to warn *Juturna* from the Field, for ſhe cou'd have brought the Chariot again, when ſhe ſaw her Brother worſted in the Duel. I might farther add, that *Æneas* was ſo eager of the Fight, that he left the City, now almoſt in his poſſeſſion, to decide his Quarrel with *Turnus* by the Sword: Whereas *Turnus* had manifeſtly declin'd the Combat, and ſuffer'd his Siſter to convey him as far from the reach of his Enemy as ſhe cou'd. I ſay not only ſuffer'd her, but conſented to it; for 'tis plain, he knew her by theſe words;

O ſoror & dudum agnovi, cùm prima per artem
Fœdera turbaſti, teque hæc in bella dediſti;
Et tunc nec quicquam fallis Dea. ——

I have dwelt ſo long on this Subject, that I muſt contract what I have to ſay, in reference to my Tranſlation: Unleſs I would ſwell my Preface into a Volume, and make it formidable to your Lordſhip, when you ſee ſo many Pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written either in Juſtification or Praiſe of *Virgil*, is againſt my ſelf; for preſuming to Copy, in my courſe Engliſh, the Thoughts and Beautiful Expreſſions of this inimitable Poet: Who flouriſh'd in an Age when his Language was brought to its laſt perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and *Horace*. I will give your Lordſhip my Opinion, that thoſe two Friends had conſulted each others Judgment, wherein they ſhould endeavour to excel; and they ſeem to have pitch'd on Propriety of Thought, Elegance of Words, and Harmony of Numbers. According to this Model, *Horace* writ his *Odes* and *Epods*: For his *Satires* and *Epiſtles*, being intended wholly for Inſtruction, requir'd another Style:

Ornari res ipſa negat, contenta doceri.

And therefore as he himſelf profeſſes, are *Sermoni propiora*, nearer Proſe than Verſe. But *Virgil*, who never attempted the Lyrick Verſe, is every where elegant, ſweet and flowing in his *Hexameters*. His Words are not only choſen, but the places in which he ranks them for the ſound; he who removes them from the Station wherein their Maſter ſets them, ſpoils the Harmony. What he ſays of the *Sibyls* Prophecies, may be as properly apply'd to every Word of his: They muſt be read, in order as they lie; the leaſt Breath diſcompoſes them, and ſomwhat of their Divinity is loſt. I cannot boaſt that I have been thus exact in my Verſes, but I have endeavour'd to follow the Example of my Maſter; And am the firſt *Engliſhman*, perhaps, who made it his deſign to copy him in his Numbers, his choice of Words, and his placing them for the ſweetneſs of the Sound. On this laſt Conſideration, I have ſhun'd the *Cæſura* as much as poſſibly I cou'd. For wherever that is us'd, it gives a roughneſs to the Verſe; of which we can have little need, in a Language which is over-ſtock'd with Conſonants. Such is not the Latin, where the Vowels and Conſonants are mix'd in proportion to each other: yet *Virgil* judg'd the Vowels to have ſomewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their ſweetneſs with *Cæſura's*. Such difference there is in Tongues, that the ſame Figure which roughens one, gives Majeſty to another: and that

was

was it which *Virgil* ſtudied in his Verſes. *Ovid* uſes it but rarely; and hence it is that his Verſification cannot ſo properly be call'd ſweet, as luſcious. The *Italians* are forc'd upon it, once or twice in every Line, becauſe they have a redundancy of Vowels in their Language. Their Metal is ſo ſoft, that it will not Coyn without Alloy to harden it. On the other ſide, for the Reaſon already nam'd, 'tis all we can do to give ſufficient ſweetneſs to our Language: We muſt not only chuſe our Words for Elegance, but for Sound. To perform which, a Maſtery in the Language is requir'd; the Poet muſt have a Magazin of Words, and have the Art to manage his few Vowels to the beſt advantage, that they may go the farther. He muſt alſo know the nature of the Vowels, which are more ſonorous, and which more ſoft and ſweet; and ſo diſpoſe them as his preſent Occaſions require: All which, and a thouſand Secrets of Verſification beſide, he may learn from *Virgil*, if he will take him for his Guide. If he be above *Virgil*, and is reſolv'd to follow his own *Verve* (as the *French* call it,) the Proverb will fall heavily upon him; *Who teaches himſelf, has a Fool for his Maſter.*

Virgil employ'd Eleven Years upon his *Æneis*, yet he left it as he thought himſelf imperfect. Which when I ſeriouſly conſider, I wiſh, that inſtead of three years which I have ſpent in the Tranſlation of his Works, I had four years more allow'd me to correct my Errours, that I might make my Verſion ſomewhat more tolerable than it is. For a Poet cannot have too great a reverence for his Readers, if he expects his Labours ſhou'd ſurvive him. Yet I will neither plead my Age nor Sickneſs, in excuſe of the faults which I have made: That I wanted time, is all I have to ſay. For ſome of my Subſcribers grew ſo clamorous, that I cou'd no longer deferr the Publication. I hope from the Candour of your Lordſhip, and your often experienc'd goodneſs to me; that if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with *Horace*;

Si plura nitent in Carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parùm cavit natura. —

You may pleaſe alſo to obſerve, that there is not, to the beſt of my remembrance, one Vowel gaping on another for want of a *Cæſura*, in this whole Poem. But where a Vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a Conſonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *W* and *H* aſpirate, and our Diphthongues are plainly ſuch: The greateſt latitude I take is in the Letter *Y*, when it concludes a word, and the firſt Syllable of the next begins with a Vowel. Neither need I have call'd this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general Rule: That no Vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot ſink the Pronunciation of it; as *He*, *She*, *Me*, *I*, &c. *Virgil* thinks it ſometimes a Beauty, to imitate the Licence of the *Greeks*, and leave two Vowels opening on each other, as in that Verſe of the Third Paſtoral,

Et ſuccus pecori, & lac ſubducitur agnis.

But, *nobis non licet eſſe tam diſertis.* At leaſt, if we ſtudy to refine our Numbers. I have long had by me the Materials of an Engliſh *Proſodia*, containing all the Mechanical Rules of Verſification, wherein I have

I have treated with ſome exactneſs of the Feet, the Quantities, and the Pauſes. The *French* and *Italians* know nothing of the two firſt; at leaſt their beſt Poets have not practis'd them. As for the Pauſes, *Malherb* firſt brought them into *France*, within this laſt Century: And we ſee how they adorn their *Alexandrins*. But as *Virgil* propounds a Riddle which he leaves unſolv'd:

Dic quibus in terris, inſcripti nomina Regum
Naſcantur flores, & Phyllida ſolus habeto.

So I will give your Lordſhip another, and leave the Expoſition of it to your acute Judgment. I am ſure there are few who make Verſes, have obſerv'd the ſweetneſs of theſe two Lines in *Coopers Hill*,

Tho' deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

And there are yet fewer who can find the Reaſon of that ſweetneſs. I have given it to ſome of my Friends in Converſation, and they have allow'd the Criticiſm to be juſt. But ſince the evil of falſe quantities is difficult to be cur'd in any Modern Language; ſince the *French* and the *Italians* as well as we, are yet ignorant what Feet are to be us'd in Heroick Poetry; ſince I have not ſtrictly obſerv'd thoſe Rules my ſelf, which I can teach others; ſince I pretend to no Dictatorſhip among my Fellow-Poets; ſince if I ſhou'd inſtruct ſome of them to make well-running Verſes, they want Genius to give them ſtrength as well as ſweetneſs: And above all, ſince your Lordſhip has advis'd me not to publiſh that little which I know, I look on your Counſel as your Command, which I ſhall obſerve inviolably, 'till you ſhall pleaſe to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts publick. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to my ſelf, I muſt acknowledge that *Virgil* in Latin, and *Spencer* in Engliſh, have been my Maſters. *Spencer* has alſo given me the boldneſs to make uſe ſometimes of his *Alexandrin* Line, which we call, though improperly, the *Pindarick*; becauſe Mr. *Cowley* has often employ'd it in his *Odes*. It adds a certain Majeſty to the Verſe, when 'tis us'd with Judgment, and ſtops the Senſe from overflowing into another Line. Formerly the *French*, like us, and the *Italians*, had but five Feet, or ten Syllables in their Heroick Verſe: But ſince *Ronſard*'s time, as I ſuppoſe, they found their Tongue too weak to ſupport their Epick Poetry, without the addition of another Foot. That indeed has given it ſomewhat of the run, and meaſure of a *Trimeter*; but it runs with more activity than ſtrength: Their Language is not ſtrung with Sinews like our *Engliſh*. It has the nimbleneſs of a Greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a Maſtiff. Our Men and our Verſes over-bear them by their weight; and *Pondere non Numero*, is the *Britiſh* Motto. The *French* have ſet up Purity for the Standard of their Language; and a Maſculine Vigour is that of ours. Like their Tongue is the Genius of their Poets, light and trifling in compariſon of the *Engliſh*; more proper for Sonnets, Madrigals, and Elegies, than Heroick Poetry. The turn on Thoughts and Words is their chief Talent, but the Epick Poem is too ſtately to receive thoſe little Ornaments. The Painters draw their Nymphs in thin and airy Habits, but the weight of Gold and of Embroideries is reſerv'd for Queens

and

and Goddeſſes. *Virgil* is never frequent in thoſe Turns, like *Ovid*, but much more ſparing of them in his *Æneis*, than in his *Paſtorals* and *Georgicks:*

Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes.

That turn is Beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, not in his great Poem. I have us'd that Licenſe in his *Æneis* ſometimes: but I own it as my fault. 'Twas given to thoſe who underſtand no better. 'Tis like *Ovid*'s

Semivirumque bovem, ſemibovemque virum.

The Poet found it before his Criticks, but it was a darling Sin which he wou'd not be perſwaded to reform. The want of Genius, of which I have accus'd the *French*, is laid to their Charge by one of their own great Authors, though I have forgotten his Name, and where I read it. If Rewards cou'd make good Poets, their great Maſter has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful Encouragements: For he is wiſe enough to imitate *Auguſtus*, if he had a *Maro*. The *Triumvir* and *Proſcriber* had deſcended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the Emperour had not taken care to make Friends of him and *Horace*. I confeſs the Baniſhment of *Ovid* was a Blot in his Eſcutcheon, yet he was only Baniſh'd, and who knows but his Crime was Capital, and then his Exile was a Favour? *Arioſto*, who with all his faults, muſt be acknowledg'd a great Poet, has put theſe words into the mouth of an Evangeliſt, but whether they will paſs for Goſpel now, I cannot tell.

Non fu ſi ſanto ni benigno Auguſto,
Come la tuba di Virgilio ſuona;
L' haver havuto, in poeſia buon guſto
La proſcrittione, iniqua gli pardona.

But Heroick Poetry is not of the growth of *France*, as it might be of *England*, if it were Cultivated. *Spencer* wanted only to have read the Rules of *Boſſu*; for no Man was ever Born with a greater Genius, or had more Knowledge to ſupport it. But the Performance of the *French* is not equal to their Skill; and hitherto we have wanted Skill to perform better. *Segrais*, whoſe Preface is ſo wonderfully good, yet is wholly deſtitute of Elevation; though his Verſion is much better than that of the two Brothers, or any of the reſt who have attempted *Virgil*. *Hannibal Caro* is a great Name amongſt the *Italians*, yet his Tranſlation of the *Æneis* is moſt ſcandalouſly mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in Blank Verſe, and freed himſelf from the ſhackles of modern Rhime: (if it be modern, for *Le Clerc* has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that *David*'s Pſalms were written in as errant Rhime as they are Tranſlated.) Now if a Muſe cannot run when ſhe is unfetter'd, 'tis a ſign ſhe has but little ſpeed. I will not make a digreſſion here, though I am ſtrangely tempted to it; but will only ſay, that he who can write well in Rhime, may write better in Blank Verſe. Rhime is certainly a conſtraint even to the beſt Poets, and thoſe who make it with moſt eaſe; though perhaps I have as little reaſon to complain of that hardſhip as any Man, excepting

Quarles,

Quarles, and *Withers*. What it adds to ſweetneſs it takes away from Senſe; and he who loſes the leaſt by it, may be call'd a gainer: it often makes us ſwerve from an Author's meaning. As if a Mark be ſet up for an Archer at a great diſtance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the leaſt Wind will take his Arrow, and divert it from the White. I return to our *Italian* Tranſlator of the *Æneis*: He is a Foot-Poet, he Lacquies by the ſide of *Virgil* at the beſt, but never mounts behind him. Doctor *Morelli*, who is no mean Critick in our Poetry, and therefore may be preſum'd to be a better in his own Language, has confirm'd me in this Opinion by his Judgment, and thinks withal, that he has often miſtaken his Maſter's Senſe. I wou'd ſay ſo, if I durſt, but am afraid I have committed the ſame fault more often, and more groſly: For I have forſaken *Ruæus*, (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made Expoſitions of my own in ſome, quite contrary to him. Of which I will give but two Examples, becauſe they are ſo near each other, in the Tenth *Æneid*:

—— *Sorti Pater æquus utrique.*

Pallas ſays it to *Turnus*, juſt before they Fight. *Ruæus* thinks that the word *Pater* is to be referr'd to *Evander* the Father of *Pallas*. But how cou'd he imagine that it was the ſame thing to *Evander*, if his Son were ſlain, or if he overcame. The Poet certainly intended *Jupiter* the common Father of Mankind; who, as *Pallas* hop'd, wou'd ſtand an impartial Spectatour of the Combat, and not be more favourable to *Turnus*, than to him. The Second is not long after it, and both before the Duel is begun. They are the words of *Jupiter*, who comforts *Hercules* for the death of *Pallas*, which was immediately to enſue, and which *Hercules* cou'd not hinder: (though the young Heroe had addreſs'd his Prayers to him for his aſſiſtance:) Becauſe the Gods cannot controul Deſtiny. — The Verſe follows:

Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.

Which the ſame *Ruæus* thus conſtrues: *Jupiter* after he had ſaid this, immediately turns his Eyes to the *Rutulian* Fields, and beholds the Duel. I have given this place another Expoſition, that he turn'd his Eyes from the Field of Combat, that he might not behold a ſight ſo unpleaſing to him. The Word *Rejicit* I know will admit of both ſenſes; but *Jupiter* having confeſs'd that he could not alter Fate, and being griev'd he cou'd not, in conſideration of *Hercules*, it ſeems to me that he ſhou'd avert his Eyes, rather than take pleaſure in the Spectacle. But of this I am not ſo confident as the other, though I think I have follow'd *Virgil*'s Senſe.

What I have ſaid, though it has the face of arrogance, yet is intended for the honour of my Country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this *Engliſh* Tranſlation has more of *Virgil*'s Spirit in it, than either the *French*, or the *Italian*. Some of our Country-men have tranſlated Epiſodes, and other parts of *Virgil*, with great Succeſs. As particularly your Lordſhip, whoſe Verſion of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, is eminently good. Amongſt the dead Authors, the *Silenus* of my Lord *Roſcommon* cannot be too much commended. I ſay nothing of Sir *John Denham*, Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*; 'tis the utmoſt of my Ambition to be thought their Equal, or not to be much

inferiour to them, and ſome others of the Living. But 'tis one thing to take pains on a Fragment, and Tranſlate it perfectly; and another thing to have the weight of a whole Author on my Shoulders. They who believe the Burthen light, let them attempt the Fourth, Sixth, or Eighth *Paſtoral*; the Firſt or Fourth *Georgick*; and amongſt the *Æneids*, the Fourth, the Fifth, the Seventh, the Ninth, the Tenth, the Eleventh, or the Twelfth; for in theſe I think I have ſucceeded beſt.

Long before I undertook this Work, I was no ſtranger to the Original. I had alſo ſtudied *Virgil*'s Deſign, his diſpoſition of it, his Manners, his judicious management of the Figures, the ſober retrenchments of his Senſe, which always leaves ſomewhat to gratify our Imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleaſure: but above all, the Elegance of his Expreſſions, and the Harmony of his Numbers. For, as I have ſaid in a former Diſſertation, the Words are in Poetry, what the Colours are in Painting. If the Deſign be good, and the Draught be true, the Colouring is the firſt Beauty that ſtrikes the Eye. *Spencer* and *Milton* are the neareſt in Engliſh, to *Virgil* and *Horace* in the Latin; and have endeavour'd to form my Stile by imitating their Maſters. I will farther own to you, my Lord, that my chief Ambition is to pleaſe thoſe Readers who have diſcernment enough to prefer *Virgil* before any other Poet in the Latin Tongue. Such Spirits as he deſir'd to pleaſe, ſuch wou'd I chuſe for my Judges, and wou'd ſtand or fall by them alone. *Segrais* has diſtinguiſh'd the Readers of Poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three Claſſes: (He might have ſaid the ſame of Writers too if he had pleas'd.) In the loweſt Form he places thoſe whom he calls *Les Petits Eſprits*: ſuch things as are our Upper-Gallery Audience in a Play-Houſe; who like nothing but the Huſk and Rhind of Wit; prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, an Epigram, before ſolid Senſe, and elegant Expreſſion: Theſe are Mobb-Readers: If *Virgil* and *Martial* ſtood for Parliament-Men, we know already who wou'd carry it. But though they make the greateſt appearance in the Field, and cry the loudeſt, the beſt on't is, they are but a ſort of *French Hugonots*, or *Dutch Boors*, brought over in Herds, but not Naturaliz'd: who have not Land of two Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnaſſus*, and therefore are not priviledg'd to Poll. Their Authors are of the ſame level; fit to repreſent them on a Mountebank's-Stage, or to be Maſters of the Ceremonies in a Bear-Garden. Yet theſe are they who have the moſt Admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their Readers improve their Stock of Senſe, (as they may by reading better Books, and by converſation with Men of Judgment,) they ſoon forſake them: And when the Torrent from the Mountains falls no more, the ſwelling Writer is reduc'd into his ſhallow Bed, like the *Mançanares* at *Madrid*, with ſcarce Water to moiſten his own Pebbles. There are a middle ſort of Readers, (as we hold there is a middle ſtate of Souls) ſuch as have a farther inſight than the former; yet have not the capacity of judging right; (for I ſpeak not of thoſe who are brib'd by a Party, and know better if they were not corrupted;) but I mean a Company of warm young Men, who are not yet arrived ſo far as to diſcern the difference betwixt Fuſtian, or oſtentatious Sentences, and the true ſublime. Theſe are above liking *Martial* or *Owen*'s Epigrams, but they wou'd certainly ſet *Virgil* below *Statius*, or *Lucan*. I need not ſay their Poets are of the ſame Paſte with their Admirers. They affect greatneſs in all they write, but 'tis a bladder'd Greatneſs, like that of the vain Man whom *Seneca* deſcribes: An ill Habit of Body, full of Humours,

Humours, and ſwell'd with Dropſie. Even theſe too deſert their Authors, as their Judgment ripens. The young Gentlemen themſelves are commonly miſs-led by their *Pædagogue* at School, their Tutor at the Univerſity, or their Governour in their Travels. And many of thoſe three ſorts are the moſt poſitive Blockheads in the World. How many of thoſe flatulent Writers have I known, who have ſunk in their Reputation, after Seven or Eight Editions of their Works? for indeed they are Poets only for young Men. They had great ſucceſs at their firſt appearance; but not being of God, as a Wit ſaid formerly, they cou'd not ſtand.

I have already nam'd two ſorts of Judges, but *Virgil* wrote for neither of them; and by his Example, I am not ambitious of pleaſing the loweſt, or the middle Form of Readers.

He choſe to pleaſe the moſt Judicious: Souls of the higheſt Rank, and trueſt Underſtanding. Theſe are few in number; but whoever is ſo happy as to gain their Approbation, can never loſe it, becauſe they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain *Magnetiſm* in their Judgment, which attracts others to their Senſe. Every day they gain ſome new Proſelyte, and in time become the Church. For this Reaſon, a well-weigh'd Judicious Poem, which at its firſt appearance gains no more upon the World than to be juſt receiv'd, and rather not blam'd, than much applauded, inſinuates it ſelf by inſenſible degrees into the liking of the Reader: The more he ſtudies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he diſcovers ſome new Graces in it. And whereas Poems which are produc'd by the vigour of Imagination only, have a gloſs upon them at the firſt, which Time wears off; the Works of Judgment, are like the Diamond, the more they are poliſh'd, the more luſtre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt *Virgil*'s *Æneis*, and *Marini*'s *Adone*. And if I may be allow'd to change the Metaphor, I wou'd ſay, that *Virgil* is like the Fame which he deſcribes;

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

Such a ſort of Reputation is my aim, though in a far inferiour degree, according to my Motto in the Title-Page; *Sequiturque Patrem, non paſſibus æquis:* and therefore I appeal to the Higheſt Court of Judicature, like that of the Peers, of which your Lordſhip is ſo great an Ornament.

Without this Ambition which I own, of deſiring to pleaſe the *Judices Natos*, I cou'd never have been able to have done any thing at this Age, when the fire of Poetry is commonly extinguiſh'd in other Men. Yet *Virgil* has given me the Example of *Entellus* for my Encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger Champion cou'd not ſtand before him. And we find the Elder contended not for the Gift, but for the Honour; *Nec dona moror.* For *Dampier* has inform'd us, in his Voyages, that the Air of the Country which produces Gold, is never wholſom.

I had long ſince conſider'd, that the way to pleaſe the beſt Judges, is not to Tranſlate a Poet literally; and *Virgil* leaſt of any other. For his peculiar Beauty lying in his choice of Words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compaſs of our Heroick Verſe, unleſs I wou'd make uſe of Monoſyllables only, and thoſe clog'd with Conſonants, which

are the dead weight of our Mother-Tongue. 'Tis poſſible, I confeſs, though it rarely happens, that a Verſe of Monoſyllables may ſound harmoniouſly; and ſome Examples of it I have ſeen. My firſt Line of the *Æneis* is not harſh:

Arms, and the Man I Sing, who forc'd by Fate, &c.

But a much better inſtance may be given from the laſt Line of *Manilius*, made Engliſh by our Learned and Judicious Mr. *Creech:*

Nor could the World have born ſo fierce a Flame.

Where the many Liquid Conſonants are plac'd ſo Artfully, that they give a pleaſing ſound to the Words, though they are all of one Syllable.

'Tis true, I have been ſometimes forc'd upon it in other places of this Work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haſte, or *Virgil* gave me no occaſion for the Ornament of Words; for it ſeldom happens but a Monoſyllable Line turns Verſe to Proſe, and even that Proſe is rugged, and unharmonious. *Philarchus*, I remember, taxes *Balzac* for placing Twenty Monoſyllables in file, without one Diſſyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken, is not ſo ſtreight as Metaphraſe, nor ſo looſe as Paraphraſe: Some things too I have omitted, and ſometimes have added of my own. Yet the omiſſions I hope, are but of Circumſtances, and ſuch as wou'd have no grace in Engliſh; and the Additions, I alſo hope, are eaſily deduc'd from *Virgil*'s Senſe. They will ſeem (at leaſt I have the Vanity to think ſo,) not ſtuck into him, but growing out of him. He ſtudies brevity more than any other Poet, but he had the advantage of a Language wherein much may be comprehended in a little ſpace. We, and all the Modern Tongues, have more Articles and Pronouns, beſides Signs of Tenſes and Caſes, and other Barbarities on which our Speech is built by the faults of our Forefathers. The *Romans* founded theirs upon the *Greek:* And the *Greeks*, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their Language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all thoſe Signs, and cut off as many Articles as they cou'd ſpare; comprehending in one word, what we are conſtrain'd to expreſs in two; which is one Reaſon why we cannot write ſo conciſely as they have done. The word *Pater*, for Example, ſignifies not only a Father, but your Father, my Father, his or her Father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all Modern Tongues, and this alone conſtrains us to employ more words than the Ancients needed. But having before obſerv'd, that *Virgil* endeavours to be ſhort, and at the ſame time Elegant, I purſue the Excellence, and forſake the Brevity. For there he is like Ambergreace, a Rich Perfume, but of ſo cloſe and glutinous a Body, that it muſt be open'd with inferiour ſcents of Musk or Civet, or the ſweetneſs will not be drawn out into another Language.

On the whole Matter, I thought fit to ſteer betwixt the two Extreams, of Paraphraſe, and Literal Tranſlation: To keep as near my Author as I cou'd, without loſing all his Graces, the moſt Eminent of which, are in the Beauty of his words: And thoſe words, I muſt add, are always Figurative. Such of theſe as wou'd retain their Elegance in our Tongue, I have endeavour'd to graff on it; but moſt

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of them are of neceſſity to be loſt, becauſe they will not ſhine in any but their own. *Virgil* has ſometimes two of them in a Line; but the ſcantineſs of our Heroick Verſe, is not capable of receiving more than one: And that too muſt expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the Languages, or ſuch my want of skill in chuſing words. Yet I may preſume to ſay, and I hope with as much reaſon as the *French* Tranſlator, that taking all the Materials of this divine Author, I have endeavour'd to make *Virgil* ſpeak ſuch Engliſh, as he wou'd himſelf have ſpoken, if he had been born in *England*, and in this preſent Age. I acknowledge, with *Segrais*, that I have not ſucceeded in this attempt, according to my deſire: yet I ſhall not be wholly without praiſe, if in ſome ſort I may be allow'd to have copied the Clearneſs, the Purity, the Eaſineſs and the Magnificence of his Stile. But I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak farther on this Subject, before I end the Preface.

When I mention'd the Pindarick Line, I ſhould have added, that I take another Licenſe in my Verſes: For I frequently make uſe of Triplet Rhymes, and for the ſame Reaſon: Becauſe they bound the Senſe. And therefore I generally join theſe two Licenſes together: and make the laſt Verſe of the Triplet a Pindarique: For beſides, the Majeſty which it gives, it confines the ſenſe within the barriers of three Lines, which would languiſh if it were lengthen'd into four. *Spencer* is my Example for both theſe priviledges of *Engliſh* Verſes. And *Chapman* has follow'd him in his Tranſlation of *Homer*. Mr. *Cowley* has given in to them after both; and all ſucceeding Writers after him. I regard them now as the *Magna Charta* of Heroick Poetry; and am too much an *Engliſhman* to loſe what my Anceſtors have gain'd for me. Let the *French* and *Italians* value themſelves on their Regularity: Strength and Elevation are our Standard. I ſaid before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the *French*, has unſinew'd their Heroick Verſe. The Language of an Epick Poem is almoſt wholly figurative: Yet they are ſo fearful of a Metaphor, that no Example of *Virgil* can encourage them to be bold with ſafety. Sure they might warm themſelves by that ſprightly Blaze, without approaching it ſo cloſe as to ſinge their Wings; they may come as near it as their Maſter. Not that I wou'd diſcourage that purity of diction, in which he excels all other Poets. But he knows how far to extend his Franchiſes: And advances to the verge, without venturing a Foot beyond it. On the other ſide, without being injurious to the Memory of our *Engliſh Pindar*, I will preſume to ſay, that his Metaphors are ſometimes too violent, and his Language is not always pure. But at the ſame time, I muſt excuſe him. For through the Iniquity of the Times, he was forc'd to Travel, at an Age, when, inſtead of Learning Foreign Languages, he ſhou'd have ſtudied the Beauties of his Mother-Tongue: Which like all other Speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we ſhall never Write it with any kind of Elegance. Thus by gaining abroad he loſt at home: Like the Painter in the *Arcadia*, who going to ſee a Skirmiſh, had his Arms lop'd off; and return'd, ſays Sir *Philip Sidney*, well inſtructed how to draw a Battel, but without a Hand to perform his Work.

There is another thing in which I have preſum'd to deviate from him and *Spencer*. They both make Hemyſticks (or half Verſes) breaking off in the middle of a Line. I confeſs there are not many ſuch in the *Fairy Queen*: And even thoſe few might be occaſion'd by his unhappy choice

of

of ſo long a Stanza. Mr. *Cowley* had found out, that no kind of Staff is proper for an Heroick Poem; as being all too Lyrical: Yet though he wrote in Couplets, where Rhyme is freer from conſtraint, he frequently affects half Verſes; of which we find not one in *Homer*, and I think not in any of the *Greek* Poets, or the *Latin*, excepting only *Virgil*; and there is no queſtion but he thought he had *Virgil*'s Authority for that Licenſe. But I am confident, our Poet never meant to leave him any other ſuch a Precedent. And I ground my Opinion on theſe two Reaſons. Firſt, we find no Example of a Hemyſtick in any of his *Paſtorals* or *Georgicks*. For he had given the laſt finiſhing Strokes to both theſe Poems: But his *Æneis* he left ſo uncorrect, at leaſt ſo ſhort of that perfection at which he aim'd, that we know how hard a Sentence He paſs'd upon it: And in the ſecond place, I reaſonably preſume, that he intended to have fill'd up all thoſe *Hemyſticks*, becauſe in one of them we find the ſenſe imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Trojâ. ——

Which ſome fooliſh Grammarian has ended for him, with a half Line of Nonſenſe;

Peperit fumante Crêuſa.

For *Aſcanius* muſt have been Born ſome Years before the Burning of that City; which I need not prove. On the other ſide we find alſo, that he himſelf fill'd up one Line in the ſixth *Æneid*, the Enthuſiaſm ſeizing him, while he was reading to *Auguſtus*,

Miſenum Æolidem, quo non præſtantior alter
Ære, ciere viros. ——

To which he added in that tranſport, *Martemque accendere cantu:* and never was any Line more nobly finiſh'd; for the Reaſons which I have given in the Book of Painting. On theſe Conſiderations I have ſhun'd *Hemyſticks:* Not being willing to imitate *Virgil* to a Fault; like *Alexander*'s Courtiers, who affected to hold their Necks awry, becauſe he cou'd not help it: I am confident your Lordſhip is by this time of my Opinion; and that you will look on thoſe half Lines hereafter, as the imperfect Products of a haſty Muſe: Like the Frogs and Serpents in the *Nile*; part of them kindled into Life, and part a lump of unform'd unanimated Mudd.

I am ſenſible that many of my whole Verſes, are as imperfect as thoſe halves; for want of time to digeſt them better: But give me leave to make the Excuſe of *Boccace*; who when he was upbraided, that ſome of his Novels had not the Spirit of the reſt, return'd this Anſwer; that *Charlemain* who made the *Paladins*, was never able to raiſe an Army of them. The Leaders may be Heroes, but the multitude muſt conſiſt of Common Men.

I am alſo bound to tell your Lordſhip, in my own defence: That from the beginning of the firſt *Georgick* to the end of the laſt *Æneid*; I found the difficulty of Tranſlation growing on me in every ſucceeding Book. For *Virgil*, above all Poets, had a Stock, which I may call almoſt inexhauſtible, of figurative, elegant, and ſounding Words. I who inherit but a ſmall portion of his Genius, and write in a Language ſo much

much inferiour to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary Phraſes, when the ſame Senſe returns upon me. Even he himſelf, whether out of neceſſity or choice, has often expreſs'd the ſame thing in the ſame words; and often repeated two or three whole Verſes, which he had us'd before. Words are not ſo eaſily Coyn'd as Money: And yet we ſee that the Credit not only of Banks, but of Exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. *Virgil* call'd upon me in every Line, for ſome new Word: And I paid ſo long, that I was almoſt Bankrupt. So that the latter end muſt needs be more burdenſom than the beginning or the middle. And conſequently the twelfth *Æneid* coſt me double the time of the firſt and ſecond. What had become of me, if *Virgil* had tax'd me with another Book? I had certainly been reduc'd to pay the Publick in Hammer'd Money for want of Mill'd; that is in the ſame old Words which I had us'd before: And the Receivers muſt have been forc'd to have taken any thing, where there was ſo little to be had.

Beſides this difficulty (with which I have ſtrugled, and made a ſhift to paſs it over) there is one remaining, which is inſuperable to all Tranſlators. We are bound to our Author's Senſe, though with the latitudes already mention'd, (for I think it not ſo ſacred, as that one *Iota* muſt not be added or diminiſh'd, on pain of an *Anathema.*) But Slaves we are; and labour on another Man's Plantation; we dreſs the Vine yard, but the Wine is the Owners: If the Soil be ſometimes Barren, then we are ſure of being ſcourg'd: If it be fruitful, and our Care ſucceeds, we are not thank'd; for the proud Reader will only ſay, the poor Drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for being oblig'd to make his Senſe intelligible, we are forc'd to untune our own Verſes, that we may give his meaning to the Reader. He who Invents, is Maſter of his Thoughts and Words: He can turn and vary them as he pleaſes, 'till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched Tranſlator has no ſuch Priviledge: For being ty'd to the Thoughts, he muſt make what Muſick he can in the Expreſſion. And for this Reaſon it cannot always be ſo ſweet as that of the Original. There is a Beauty of Sound, as *Segrais* has obſerv'd, in ſome Latin Words, which is wholly loſt in any Modern Language. He inſtances in that *Mollis Amaracus*, on which *Venus* lays *Cupid* in the Firſt *Æneid*. If I ſhould tranſlate it Sweet-Marjoram, as the word ſignifies; the Reader would think I had miſtaken *Virgil*: For thoſe Village-words, as I may call them, gives us a mean Idea of the thing; but the Sound of the Latin is ſo much more pleaſing, by the juſt mixture of the Vowels with the Conſonants, that it raiſes our Fancies, to conceive ſomewhat more Noble than a common Herb; and to ſpread Roſes under him, and ſtrew Lillies over him; a Bed not unworthy the Grandſon of the Goddeſs.

If I cannot Copy his Harmonious Numbers, how ſhall I Imitate his noble Flights; where his Thoughts and Words are equally ſublime?

Quem quiſquis ſtudet æmulari,
— Cæratis ope Dedaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

What

What Modern Language, or what Poet can expreſs the Majeſtick Beauty of this one Verſe amongſt a thouſand others!

Aude Hoſpes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo. —— ——

For my part, I am loſt in the admiration of it: I contemn the World, when I think on it, and my ſelf when I Tranſlate it.

Lay by *Virgil*, I beſeech your Lordſhip, and all my better ſort of Judges, when you take up my Verſion, and it will appear a paſſable Beauty, when the Original Muſe is abſent: But like *Spencer*'s falſe *Florimel* made of Snow, it melts and vaniſhes when the true one comes in ſight. I will not excuſe but juſtify my ſelf for one pretended Crime, with which I am liable to be charg'd by falſe Criticks, not only in this Tranſlation, but in many of my Original Poems; that I Latinize too much. 'Tis true, that when I find an *Engliſh* Word, ſignificant and ſounding, I neither borrow from the *Latin* or any other Language: But when I want at home, I muſt ſeek abroad.

If ſounding Words are not of our growth and Manufacture, who ſhall hinder me to Import them from a Foreign Country? I carry not out the Treaſure of the Nation, which is never to return: but what I bring from *Italy*, I ſpend in *England*: Here it remains, and here it circulates; for if the Coyn be good, it will paſs from one hand to another. I Trade both with the Living and the Dead, for the Enrichment of our Native Language. We have enough in *England* to ſupply our neceſſity; but if we will have things of Magnificence and Splendour, we muſt get them by Commerce. Poetry requires Ornament, and that is not to be had from our Old *Teuton* Monoſyllables; therefore if I find any Elegant Word in a Claſſick Author, I propoſe it to be Naturaliz'd, by uſing it my ſelf: and if the Publick approves of it, the Bill paſſes. But every Man cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt Pedantry and Poetry: Every Man therefore is not fit to Innovate. Upon the whole matter, a Poet muſt firſt be certain that the Word he wou'd Introduce is Beautiful in the *Latin*; and is to conſider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the *Engliſh* Idiom: After this, he ought to take the Opinion of Judicious Friends, ſuch as are Learned in both Languages: And laſtly, ſince no Man is infallible, let him uſe this Licenſe very ſparingly; for if too many Foreign Words are pour'd in upon us, it looks as if they were deſign'd not to aſſiſt the Natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a Concluſion, and ſuſpect your Lordſhip is very glad of it. But permit me firſt, to own what Helps I have had in this Undertaking. The late Earl of *Lauderdail*, ſent me over his new Tranſlation of the *Æneis*; which he had ended before I ingag'd in the ſame Deſign. Neither did I then intend it: But ſome Propoſals being afterwards made me by my Bookſeller, I deſir'd his Lordſhip's leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his Letter yet to ſhew, for that Permiſſion. He reſolv'd to have Printed his Work; which he might have done two Years before I cou'd Publiſh mine: and had perform'd it, if Death had not prevented him. But having his Manuſcript in my hands, I conſulted it as often as I doubted of my Author's Senſe. For no Man underſtood *Virgil* better than that Learned Noble Man. His Friends, I hear, have yet another, and more Correct Copy of that Tranſ-

lation

lation by them, which had they pleas'd to have given the Publick, the Judges muſt have been convinc'd, that I have not flatter'd him. Beſides this help, which was not inconſiderable, Mr. *Congreve* has done me the Favour to review the *Æneis*; and compare my Verſion with the Original. I ſhall never be aſham'd to own, that this Excellent Young Man, has ſhew'd me many Faults, which I have endeavour'd to Correct. 'Tis true, he might have eaſily found more, and then my Tranſlation had been more Perfect.

Two other Worthy Friends of mine, who deſire to have their Names conceal'd, ſeeing me ſtraitned in my time, took Pity on me, and gave me the Life of *Virgil*, the two Prefaces to the Paſtorals, and the *Georgics*, and all the Arguments in Proſe to the whole Tranſlation. Which perhaps, has caus'd a Report that the two Firſt Poems are not mine. If it had been true, that I had taken their Verſes for my own, I might have glory'd in their Aid; and like *Terence*, have farther'd the Opinion, that *Scipio* and *Lælius* join'd with me. But the ſame Style being continu'd thro' the whole, and the ſame Laws of Verſification obſerv'd, are Proofs ſufficient, that this is one Man's Work: And your Lordſhip is too well acquainted with my manner, to doubt that any part of it is anothers.

That your Lordſhip may ſee I was in earneſt, when I promis'd to haſten to an end, I will not give the Reaſons, why I Writ not always in the proper terms of Navigation, Land-Service, or in the Cant of any Profeſſion. I will only ſay, that *Virgil* has avoided thoſe proprieties, becauſe he Writ not to Mariners, Souldiers, Aſtronomers, Gardners, Peaſants, *&c.* but to all in general, and in particular to Men and Ladies of the firſt Quality; who have been better Bred than to be too nicely knowing in the Terms. In ſuch caſes, 'tis enough for a Poet to write ſo plainly, that he may be underſtood by his Readers: To avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought Learn'd in all things.

I have omitted the Four Preliminary Lines of the Firſt *Æneid*; becauſe I think them inferiour to any Four others, in the whole Poem; and conſequently, believe they are not *Virgil*'s. There is too great a gap betwixt the Adjective *vicina* in the ſecond Line, and the Subſtantive *Arva* in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obſcurity too long: and is contrary to the clearneſs of his Style.

Ut quamvis avidis

Is too ambitious an Ornament to be his, and

Gratum opus Agricolis,

Are all words unneceſſary, and independent of what he had ſaid before.

Horrentia Martis Arma,

Is worſe than any of the reſt. *Horrentia* is ſuch a flat Epithete, as *Tully* wou'd have given us in his Verſes. 'Tis a meer filler, to ſtop a vacancy in the Hexameter, and connect the Preface to the Work of *Virgil*. Our Author ſeems to ſound a Charge, and begins like the clangour of a Trumpet;

Arma, virumque cano; Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

Scarce a word without an *R*, and the Vowels for the greater part ſonorous. The Prefacer began with *Ille ego*, which he was conſtrain'd to patch up in the fourth Line with *At nunc*, to make the Senſe cohere. And if both thoſe words are not notorious Botches, I am much deceiv'd, though the *French* Tranſlator thinks otherwiſe. For my own part, I am rather of the Opinion, that they were added by *Tucca* and *Varius*, than Retrench'd.

I know it may be anſwer'd by ſuch as think *Virgil* the Author of the four Lines; that he aſſerts his Title to the *Æneis*, in the beginning of this Work, as he did to the two former, in the laſt Lines of the fourth *Georgic*. I will not reply otherwiſe to this, than by deſiring them to compare theſe four Lines with the four others; which we know are his, becauſe no Poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot diſtinguiſh Creeping from Flying, let them lay down *Virgil*, and take up *Ovid de Ponto* in his ſtead. My Maſter needed not the aſſiſtance of that Preliminary Poet to prove his Claim. His own Majeſtick Meen diſcovers him to be the King, amidſt a Thouſand Courtiers. It was a ſuperfluous Office, and therefore I wou'd not ſet thoſe Verſes in the Front of *Virgil*; but have rejected them to my own Preface.

I, who before, with Shepherds in the Groves,
Sung to my Oaten Pipe, their Rural Loves,
And iſſuing thence, compell'd the Neighb'ring Field
A plenteous Crop of riſing Corn to yield,
Manur'd the Glebe, and ſtock'd the fruitful Plain,
(A Poem grateful to the greedy Swain.) &c.

If there be not a tolerable Line in all theſe ſix, the Prefacer gave me no occaſion to write better. This is a juſt Apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to *Virgil* in the whole Tranſlation: Want of Time, the Inferiority of our Language, the inconvenience of Rhyme, and all the other Excuſes I have made, may alleviate my Fault, but cannot juſtify the boldneſs of my Undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any Line? For even my own Confeſſion makes againſt me; and it will always be return'd upon me, Why then did you attempt it? To which no other Anſwer can be made, than that I have done him leſs Injury than any of his former Libellers.

What they call'd his Picture, had been drawn at length, ſo many times, by the Daubers of almoſt all Nations, and ſtill ſo unlike him, that I ſnatch'd up the Pencil with diſdain: being ſatisfi'd before-hand, that I cou'd make ſome ſmall reſemblance of him, though I muſt be content with a worſe likeneſs. A Sixth Paſtoral, a *Pharmaceutria*, a ſingle *Orpheus*, and ſome other Features, have been exactly taken: But thoſe Holiday-Authors writ for Pleaſure; and only ſhew'd us what they cou'd have done, if they wou'd have taken pains, to perform the whole.

Be pleas'd, My Lord, to accept with your wonted goodneſs, this unworthy Preſent which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its Imperfections: And though ſome part of them are cover'd in the Verſe; (as *Erichthonius*

nius rode always in a Chariot, to hide his lameneſs.) Such of them as cannot be conceal'd, you will pleaſe to connive at, though in the ſtrictneſs of your Judgment, you cannot Pardon. If *Homer* was allow'd to nod ſometimes, in ſo long a Work, it will be no wonder if I often fall aſleep. You took my *Aureng-zeb* into your Protection, with all his faults: And I hope here cannot be ſo many, becauſe I Tranſlate an Author, who gives me ſuch Examples of Correctneſs. What my Jury may be, I know not; but 'tis good for a Criminal to plead before a favourable Judge: If I had ſaid Partial, wou'd your Lordſhip have forgiven me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the World, that I have many times been oblig'd to your Bounty ſince the Revolution. Though I never was reduc'd to beg a Charity, nor ever had the Impudence to ask one, either of your Lordſhip, or your Noble Kinſman the Earl of *Dorſet*, much leſs of any other; yet when I leaſt expected it, you have both remember'd me. So inherent it is in your Family, not to forget an Old Servant. It looks rather like Ingratitude on my part, that where I have been ſo often oblig'd, I have appear'd ſo ſeldom to return my thanks; and where I was alſo ſo ſure of being well receiv'd. Somewhat of Lazineſs was in the caſe; and ſomewhat too of Modeſty: But nothing of Diſreſpect, or of Unthankfulneſs. I will not ſay that your Lordſhip has encourag'd me to this Preſumption, leſt if my Labours meet with no ſucceſs in Publick, I may expoſe your Judgment to be Cenſur'd. As for my own Enemies, I ſhall never think them worth an Anſwer; and if your Lordſhip has any, they will not dare to Arraign you for want of Knowledge in this Art, 'till they can produce ſomewhat better of their own, than your *Eſſay* on Poetry. 'Twas on this Conſideration, that I have drawn out my Preface to ſo great a length. Had I not addreſs'd to a Poet, and a Critick of the firſt Magnitude, I had my ſelf been taxed for want of Judgment, and ſham'd my Patron for want of Underſtanding. But neither will you, My Lord, ſo ſoon be tir'd as any other, becauſe the Diſcourſe is on your Art: Neither will the Learned Reader think it tedious, becauſe it is *ad Clerum*. At leaſt, when he begins to be weary, the Church Doors are open. That I may purſue the Allegory with a ſhort Prayer, after a long Sermon:

May you Live happily and long, for the Service of your Country, the Encouragement of good Letters and the Ornament of Poetry; which cannot be wiſh'd more earneſtly by any Man, than by

Your Lordſhips, moſt Humble,

Moſt Obliged, and moſt Obedient Servant.

John Dryden.

To his Royall Highness PRINCE
GEORGE of DENMARK, &c.

Virgil's Æneis.

The First Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

The Trojans, *after a Seven Years Voyage, set sail for* Italy, *but are overtaken by a dreadful Storm, which* Æolus *raises at* Juno's *Request. The Tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest:* Neptune *drives off the Winds and calms the Sea.* Æneas *with his own Ship, and six more, arrives safe at an* African *Port.* Venus *complains to* Jupiter *of her Son's Misfortunes.* Jupiter *comforts her, and sends* Mercury *to procure him a kind Reception among the* Carthaginians. Æneas *going out to discover the Country, meets his Mother in the Shape of an Huntress, who conveys him in a Cloud to* Carthage; *where he sees his Friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind Entertainment from the Queen.* Dido *by a Device of* Venus *begins to have a Passion for him, and after some Discourse with him, desires the History of his Adventures since the Siege of* Troy, *which is the Subject of the Two following Books.*

ARms, and the Man I sing, who forc'd by Fate,
And haughty *Juno*'s unrelenting Hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the *Trojan* Shoar:
Long Labours, both by Sea and Land he bore;
And in the doubtful War, before he won
The *Latian* Realm, and built the destin'd Town:
His banish'd Gods restor'd to Rites Divine,
And setl'd sure Succession in his Line:
From whence the Race of *Alban* Fathers come,
And the long Glories of Majestick *Rome.*
O Muse! the Causes and the Crimes relate,
What Goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate:

For what Offence the Queen of Heav'n began
To perſecute ſo brave, ſo juſt a Man!
Involv'd his anxious Life in endleſs Cares,
Expos'd to Wants, and hurry'd into Wars!
Can Heav'nly Minds ſuch high reſentment ſhow;
Or exerciſe their Spight in Human Woe?
Againſt the *Tiber*'s Mouth, but far away,
An ancient Town was ſeated on the Sea:
A *Tyrian* Colony; the People made
Stout for the War, and ſtudious of their Trade.
Carthage the Name, belov'd by *Juno* more
Than her own *Argos*, or the *Samian* Shoar.
Here ſtood her Chariot, here, if Heav'n were kind,
The Seat of awful Empire ſhe deſign'd.
Yet ſhe had heard an ancient Rumour fly,
(Long cited by the People of the Sky;)
That times to come ſhou'd ſee the *Trojan* Race
Her *Carthage* ruin, and her Tow'rs deface:
Nor thus confin'd, the Yoke of Sov'raign Sway,
Should on the Necks of all the Nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in Fate;
Nor cou'd forget the War ſhe wag'd of late,
For conq'ring *Greece* againſt the *Trojan* State.
Beſides long Cauſes working in her Mind,
And ſecret Seeds of Envy lay behind.
Deep graven in her Heart, the Doom remain'd
Of partial *Paris*, and her Form diſdain'd:
The Grace beſtow'd on raviſh'd *Ganimed*,
Electra's Glories, and her injur'd Bed.
Each was a Cauſe alone, and all combin'd
To kindle Vengeance in her haughty Mind.
For this, far diſtant from the *Latian* Coaſt,
She drove the Remnants of the *Trojan* Hoaſt:

And ſev'n long Years th' unhappy wand'ring Train,
Were toſs'd by Storms, and ſcatter'd through the Main.
Such Time, ſuch Toil requir'd the *Roman* Name,
Such length of Labour for ſo vaſt a Frame.
Now ſcarce the *Trojan* Fleet with Sails and Oars,
Had left behind the fair *Sicilian* Shoars:
Ent'ring with chearful Shouts the wat'ry Reign,
And ploughing frothy Furrows in the Main,
When lab'ring ſtill, with endleſs diſcontent,
The Queen of Heav'n did thus her Fury vent.
Then am I vanquiſh'd, muſt I yield, ſaid ſhe,
And muſt the *Trojans* reign in *Italy*?
So Fate will have it, and *Jove* adds his Force;
Nor can my Pow'r divert their happy Courſe.
Cou'd angry *Pallas*, with revengeful Spleen,
The *Grecian* Navy burn, and drown the Men?
She for the Fault of one offending Foe,
The Bolts of *Jove* himſelf preſum'd to throw:
With Whirlwinds from beneath ſhe toſs'd the Ship,
And bare expos'd the Boſom of the deep:
Then, as an Eagle gripes the trembling Game,
The Wretch yet hiſſing with her Father's Flame,
She ſtrongly ſeiz'd, and with a burning Wound,
Transfix'd and naked, on a Rock ſhe bound.
But I, who walk in awful State above,
The Majeſty of Heav'n, the Siſter-wife of *Jove*;
For length of Years, my fruitleſs Force employ
Againſt the thin remains of ruin'd *Troy*.
What Nations now to *Juno*'s Pow'r will pray,
Or Off'rings on my ſlighted Altars lay?
Thus rag'd the Goddeſs, and with Fury fraught,
The reſtleſs Regions of the Storms ſhe ſought.
Where in a ſpacious Cave of living Stone,
The Tyrant *Eolus* from his Airy Throne,

With Pow'r Imperial curbs the ſtrugling Winds,
And ſounding Tempeſts in dark Priſons binds.
This Way, and that, th' impatient Captives tend,
And preſſing for Releaſe, the Mountains rend;
High in his Hall, th' undaunted Monarch ſtands,
And ſhakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands:
Which did he not, their unreſiſted Sway
Wou'd ſweep the World before them, in their Way:
Earth, Air, and Seas through empty Space wou'd rowl,
And Heav'n would fly before the driving Soul.
In fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confin'd their Fury to thoſe dark Abodes,
And lock'd 'em ſafe within, oppreſs'd with Mountain loads:
Impos'd a King, with arbitrary Sway,
To looſe their Fetters, or their Force allay.
To whom the ſuppliant Queen her Pray'rs addreſt,
And thus the tenour of her Suit expreſs'd.
O *Eolus!* for to thee the King of Heav'n
The Pow'r of Tempeſts, and of Winds has giv'n:
Thy Force alone their Fury can reſtrain,
And ſmooth the Waves, or ſwell the troubl'd Main.
A race of wand'ring Slaves, abhorr'd by me,
With proſp'rous Paſſage cut the *Thuſcan* Sea:
To fruitful *Italy* their Courſe they ſteer,
And for their vanquiſh'd Gods deſign new Temples there.
Raiſe all thy Winds, with Night involve the Skies;
Sink, or diſperſe my fatal Enemies.
Twice ſev'n, the charming Daughters of the Main,
Around my Perſon wait, and bear my Train:
Succeed my Wiſh, and ſecond my Deſign,
The faireſt, *Deiopeia*, ſhall be thine;
And make thee Father of a happy Line.
To this the God—'Tis yours, O Queen! to will
The Work, which Duty binds me to fulfil.

Theſe

Theſe airy Kingdoms, and this wide Command,
Are all the Preſents of your bounteous Hand:
Yours is my Sov'raigns Grace, and, as your Gueſt,
I ſit with Gods at their Coeleſtial Feaſt.
Raiſe Tempeſts at your Pleaſure, or ſubdue;
Diſpoſe of Empire, which I hold from you.
He ſaid, and hurld againſt the Mountain ſide,
His quiv'ring Spear, and all the God apply'd.
The raging Winds ruſh through the hollow Wound,
And dance aloft in Air, and skim along the Ground:
Then ſettling on the Sea, the Surges ſweep;
Raiſe liquid Mountains, and diſcloſe the deep.
South, Eaſt, and Weſt, with mix'd Confuſion roar,
And rowl the foaming Billows to the Shoar.
The Cables crack, the Sailors fearful Cries
Aſcend; and ſable Night involves the Skies;
And Heav'n it ſelf is raviſh'd from their Eyes.
Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles enſue,
Then flaſhing Fires the tranſient Light renew:
The Face of things a frightful Image bears,
And preſent Death in various Forms appears.
Struck with unuſual Fright, the *Trojan* Chief,
With lifted Hands and Eyes, invokes Relief.
And thrice, and four times happy thoſe, he cry'd,
That under *Ilian* Walls before their Parents dy'd.
Tydides, braveſt of the *Grecian* Train,
Why cou'd not I by that ſtrong Arm be ſlain,
And lie by noble *Hector* on the Plain,
Or great *Sarpedon*, in thoſe bloody Fields,
Where *Simois* rowls the Bodies, and the Shields
Of Heroes, whoſe diſmember'd Hands yet bear
The Dart aloft, and clench the pointed Spear?
Thus while the Pious Prince his Fate bewails,
Fierce *Boreas* drove againſt his flying Sails,

And rent the Sheats: The raging Billows riſe,
And mount the toſſing Veſſel to the Skies:
Nor can the ſhiv'ring Oars ſuſtain the Blow;
The Galley gives her ſide, and turns her Prow:
While thoſe aſtern deſcending down the Steep,
Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling deep.
Three Ships were hurry'd by the Southern Blaſt,
And on the ſecret Shelves with Fury caſt.
Thoſe hidden Rocks, th' *Auſonian* Sailors knew,
They call'd them Altars, when they roſe in view,
And ſhow'd their ſpacious Backs above the Flood.
Three more, fierce *Eurus* in his angry Mood,
Daſh'd on the Shallows of the moving Sand,
And in mid Ocean left them moor'd a-land.
Orontes Barque that bore the *Lycian* Crew,
(A horrid Sight) ev'n in the Hero's view,
From Stem to Stern, by Waves was overborn:
The trembling Pilot, from his Rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd; thrice round, the Ship was toſt,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was loſt.
And here and there above the Waves were ſeen
Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men.
The ſtouteſt Veſſel to the Storm gave way,
And ſuck'd through looſen'd Planks the ruſhing Sea.
Ilioneus was her Chief: *Alethes* old,
Achates faithful, *Abas* young and bold
Endur'd not leſs: their Ships, with gaping Seams,
Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams.
Mean time Imperial *Neptune* heard the Sound
Of raging Billows breaking on the Ground:
Diſpleas'd, and fearing for his Wat'ry Reign,
He reard his awful Head above the Main:
Serene in Majeſty, then rowl'd his Eyes
Around the Space of Earth, and Seas, and Skies.

He

He ſaw the *Trojan* Fleet diſpers'd, diſtreſs'd
By ſtormy Winds and wintry Heav'n oppreſs'd.
Full well the God his Siſter's envy knew,
And what her Aims, and what her Arts purſue:
He ſummon'd *Eurus* and the Weſtern Blaſt,
And firſt an angry glance on both he caſt:
Then thus rebuk'd; Audacious Winds! from whence
This bold Attempt, this Rebel Inſolence?
Is it for you to ravage Seas and Land,
Unauthoriz'd by my ſupream Command?
To raiſe ſuch Mountains on the troubl'd Main?
Whom I——But firſt 'tis fit, the Billows to reſtrain,
And then you ſhall be taught obedience to my Reign.
Hence, to your Lord my Royal Mandate bear,
The Realms of Ocean and the Fields of Air
Are mine, not his; by fatal Lot to me
The liquid Empire fell, and Trident of the Sea.
His Pow'r to hollow Caverns is confin'd,
There let him reign, the Jailor of the Wind:
With hoarſe Commands his breathing Subjects call,
And boaſt and bluſter in his empty Hall.
He ſpoke: And while he ſpoke, he ſmooth'd the Sea,
Diſpell'd the Darkneſs, and reſtor'd the Day:
Cymothoe, *Triton*, and the Sea-green Train
Of beauteous Nymphs, the Daughters of the Main,
Clear from the Rocks the Veſſels with their hands;
The God himſelf with ready Trident ſtands,
And opes the Deep, and ſpreads the moving Sands;
Then heaves them off the ſholes: where e're he guides
His finny Courſers, and in Triumph rides,
The Waves unruffle and the Sea Subſides.
As when in Tumults riſe th' ignoble Crow'd,
Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud;

And Stones and Brands in ratling Vollies fly,
And all the Ruſtick Arms that Fury can ſupply:
If then ſome Grave and Pious Man appear,
They huſh their Noiſe, and lend a liſt'ning Ear;
He ſooths with ſober Words their angry Mood,
And quenches their innate Deſire of Blood:
So when the Father of the Flood appears,
And o're the Seas his Sov'raign Trident rears,
Their Fury falls: He skims the liquid Plains,
High on his Chariot, and with looſen'd Reins,
Majeſtick moves along, and awful Peace maintains.
The weary *Trojans* ply their ſhatter'd Oars,
To neareſt Land, and make the *Lybian* Shoars.
Within a long Receſs there lies a Bay,
An Iſland ſhades it from the rowling Sea,
And forms a Port ſecure for Ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting Land on either ſide:
In double Streams the briny Waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of Rocks, a Sylvan Scene
Appears above, and Groves for ever green:
A Grott is form'd beneath, with Moſſy Seats,
To reſt the *Nereids*, and exclude the Heats.
Down thro' the Cranies of the living Walls
The Cryſtal Streams deſcend in murm'ring Falls.
No Haulſers need to bind the Veſſels here,
Nor bearded Anchors, for no Storms they fear.
Sev'n Ships within this happy Harbour meet,
The thin Remainders of the ſcatter'd Fleet.
The *Trojans*, worn with Toils, and ſpent with Woes,
Leap on the welcome Land, and ſeek their wiſh'd Repoſe.
Firſt, good *Achates*, with repeated Stroaks
Of claſhing Flints, their hidden Fire provokes;
Short Flame ſucceeds, a Bed of wither'd Leaves
The dying Sparkles in their Fall receives:

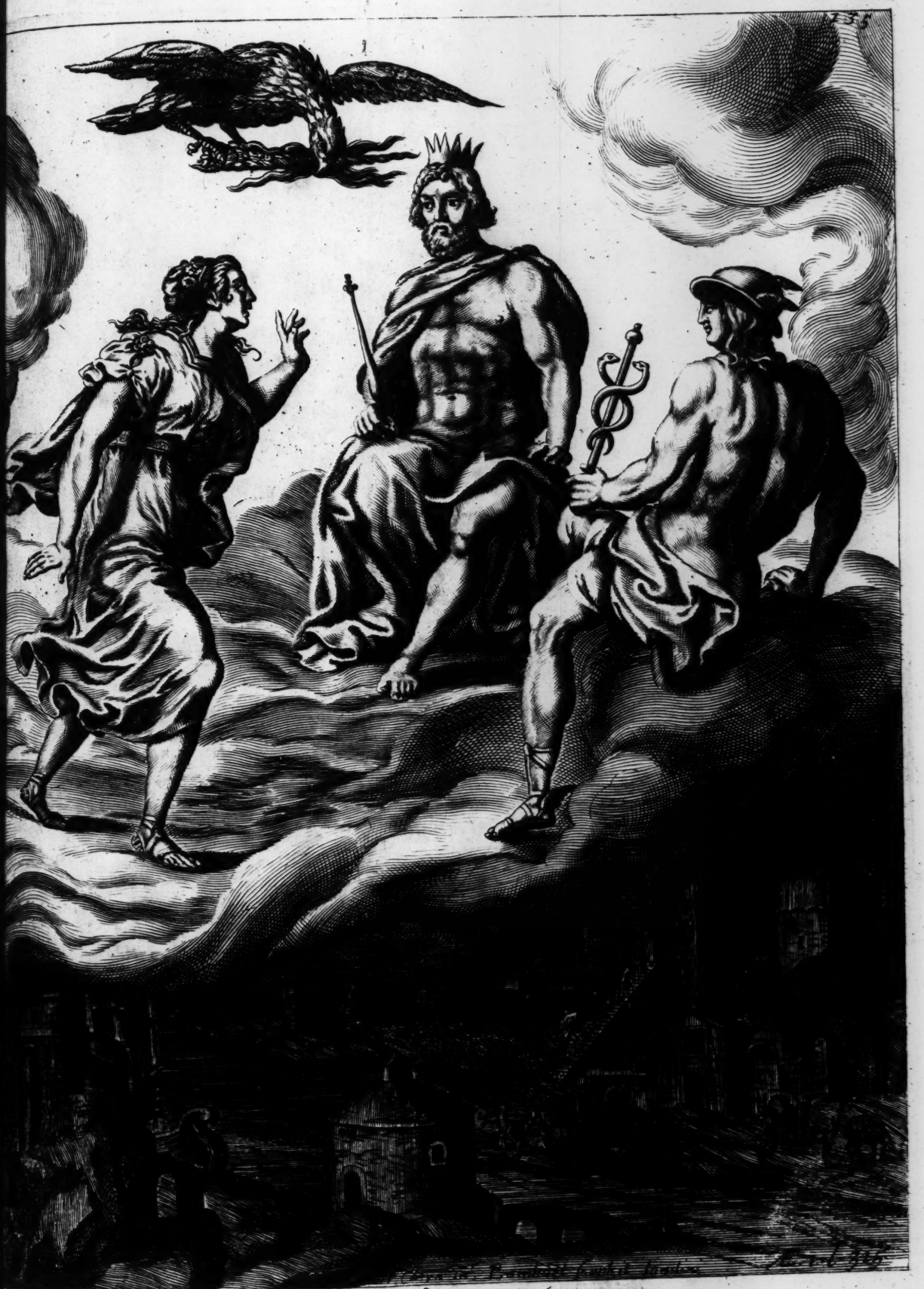
Caught

Caught into Life, in fiery Fumes they riſe,
And, fed with ſtronger Food, invade the Skies.
The *Trojans*, dropping wet, or ſtand around
The chearful blaze, or lye along the Ground:
Some dry their Corn infected with the Brine,
Then grind with Marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the Mountain's airy Brow,
And takes a Proſpect of the Seas below:
If *Capys* thence, or *Antheus* he cou'd ſpy;
Or ſee the Streamers of *Caicus* fly.
No Veſſels were in view: But, on the Plain,
Three beamy Stags command a Lordly Train
Of branching Heads; the more ignoble Throng
Attend their ſtately Steps, and ſlowly graze along.
He ſtood; and while ſecure they fed below,
He took the Quiver, and the truſty Bow
Achates us'd to bear; the Leaders firſt
He laid along, and then the Vulgar pierc'd:
Nor ceas'd his Arrows, 'till the ſhady Plain
Sev'n mighty Bodies, with their Blood diſtain.
For the ſev'n Ships he made an equal Share,
And to the Port return'd, Triumphant from the War.
The Jarrs of gen'rous Wine, (*Aceſtes* Gift,
When his *Trinacrian* Shoars the Navy left)
He ſet abroach, and for the Feaſt prepar'd;
In equal Portions, with the Ven'ſon ſhar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious Chief,
With chearful Words, allay'd the common Grief.
Endure, and conquer; *Jove* will ſoon diſpoſe
To future Good, our paſt and preſent Woes.
With me, the Rocks of *Scylla* you have try'd;
Th' inhuman *Cyclops*, and his Den defy'd.
What greater Ills hereafter can you bear?
Reſume your Courage, and diſmiſs your Care.

An Hour will come, with Pleaſure to relate,
Your Sorrows paſt, as Benefits of Fate.
Through various Hazards, and Events we move
To *Latium*, and the Realms foredoom'd by *Jove*.
Call'd to the Seat, (the Promiſe of the Skies,)
Where *Trojan* Kingdoms once again may riſe.
Endure the Hardſhips of your preſent State,
Live, and reſerve your ſelves for better Fate.
These Words he ſpoke; but ſpoke not from his Heart;
His outward Smiles conceal'd his inward Smart.
The jolly Crew, unmindful of the paſt,
The Quarry ſhare, their plenteous Dinner haſte:
Some ſtrip the Skin, ſome portion out the Spoil;
The Limbs yet trembling, in the Cauldrons boyl:
Some on the Fire the reeking Entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the graſsy Turf, at eaſe they dine;
Reſtore their Strength with Meat, and chear their Souls with Wine.
Their Hunger thus appeas'd, their Care attends,
The doubtful Fortune of their abſent Friends:
Alternate Hopes and Fears, their Minds poſſeſs,
Whether to deem 'em dead, or in Diſtreſs.
Above the reſt, *Æneas* mourns the Fate
Of brave *Orontes*, and th' uncertain State
Of *Gyas*, *Lycus*, and of *Amycus*:
The Day, but not their Sorrows, ended thus.
When, from aloft, Almighty *Jove* ſurveys
Earth, Air, and Shoars, and navigable Seas,
At length on *Lybian* Realms he fix'd his Eyes:
Whom, pond'ring thus on Human Miſeries,
When *Venus* ſaw, ſhe with a lowly Look,
Not free from Tears, her Heav'nly Sire beſpoke.
O King of Gods and Men, whoſe awful Hand,
Diſperſes Thunder on the Seas and Land;
Diſpoſing all with abſolute Command:

How

To her Royall Highness the
Princess Anne of Denmark.



To her Grace Mary Dutchess of Ormond

How cou'd my Pious Son thy Pow'r incenſe,
Or what, alas! is vaniſh'd *Troy*'s Offence;
Our hope of *Italy* not only loſt,
On various Seas, by various Tempeſts toſt,
But ſhut from ev'ry Shoar, and barr'd from ev'ry Coaſt.
You promis'd once, a Progeny Divine,
Of *Romans*, riſing from the *Trojan* Line,
In after-times ſhou'd hold the World in awe,
And to the Land and Ocean give the Law.
How is your Doom revers'd, which eas'd my Care?
When *Troy* was ruin'd in that cruel War?
Then Fates to Fates I cou'd oppoſe; but now,
When Fortune ſtill purſues her former Blow,
What can I hope? What worſe can ſtill ſucceed?
What end of Labours has your Will decreed?
Antenor, from the midſt of *Grecian* Hoſts,
Could paſs ſecure, and pierce th' *Illyrian* Coaſts:
Where rowling down the Steep, *Timavus* raves,
And through nine Channels diſembogues his Waves.
At length he founded *Padua*'s happy Seat,
And gave his *Trojans* a ſecure Retreat:
There fix'd their Arms, and there renew'd their Name,
And there in Quiet rules, and crown'd with Fame.
But we, deſcended from your ſacred Line,
Entitled to your Heav'n, and Rites Divine,
Are baniſh'd Earth, and, for the Wrath of one,
Remov'd from *Latium*, and the promis'd Throne.
Are theſe our Scepters? Theſe our due Rewards?
And is it thus that *Jove* his plighted Faith Regards?
To whom, the Father of th' immortal Race,
Smiling with that ſerene indulgent Face,
With which he drives the Clouds, and clears the Skies:
Firſt gave a holy Kiſs, then thus replies.

Daughter, diſmiſs thy Fears: To thy deſire
The Fates of thine are fix'd, and ſtand entire.
Thou ſhalt behold thy wiſh'd *Lavinian* Walls,
And, ripe for Heav'n, when Fate *Æneas* calls,
Then ſhalt thou bear him up, ſublime, to me;
No Councils have revers'd my firm Decree.
And leſt new Fears diſturb thy happy State,
Know, I have ſearch'd the Myſtick Rolls of Fate:
Thy Son (nor is th' appointed Seaſon far)
In *Italy* ſhall wage ſucceſsful War:
Shall tame fierce Nations in the bloody Field,
And Sov'raign Laws impoſe, and Cities build.
'Till, after ev'ry Foe ſubdu'd, the Sun
Thrice through the Signs his Annual Race ſhall run:
This is his time prefix'd. *Aſcanius* then,
Now called *Julus*, ſhall begin his Reign.
He thirty rowling Years the Crown ſhall wear:
Then from *Lavinium* ſhall the Seat transfer:
And, with hard Labour, *Alba-longa* build;
The Throne with his Succeſſion ſhall be fill'd,
Three hundred Circuits more: then ſhall be ſeen,
Ilia the fair, a Prieſteſs and a Queen.
Who full of *Mars*, in time, with kindly Throws,
Shall at a Birth two goodly Boys diſcloſe.
The Royal Babes a tawny Wolf ſhall drain,
Then *Romulus* his Grandſire's Throne ſhall gain,
Of Martial Tow'rs the Founder ſhall become,
The People *Romans* call, the City *Rome*.
To them, no Bounds of Empire I aſſign;
Nor term of Years to their immortal Line.
Ev'n haughty *Juno*, who, with endleſs Broils,
Earth, Seas, and Heav'n, and *Jove* himſelf turmoils;
At length atton'd, her friendly Pow'r ſhall joyn,
To cheriſh and advance the *Trojan* Line.

The

The ſubject World ſhall *Rome*'s Dominion own,
And, proſtrate, ſhall adore the Nation of the Gown.
An Age is ripening in revolving Fate,
When *Troy* ſhall overturn the *Grecian* State:
And ſweet Revenge her conqu'ring Sons ſhall call,
To cruſh the People that conſpir'd her Fall.
Then *Cæſar* from the *Julian* Stock ſhall riſe,
Whoſe Empire Ocean, and whoſe Fame the Skies
Alone ſhall bound. Whom, fraught with *Eaſtern* Spoils,
Our Heav'n, the juſt Reward of Human Toyls,
Securely ſhall repay with Rites Divine;
And Incenſe ſhall aſcend before his ſacred Shrine.
Then dire Debate, and impious War ſhall ceaſe,
And the ſtern Age be ſoftned into Peace:
Then baniſh'd Faith ſhall once again return,
And Veſtal Fires in hallow'd Temples burn,
And *Remus* with *Quirinus* ſhall ſuſtain,
The righteous Laws, and Fraud and Force reſtrain.
Janus himſelf before his Fane ſhall wait,
And keep the dreadful iſſues of his Gate,
With Bolts and Iron Bars: within remains
Impriſon'd Fury, bound in brazen Chains:
High on a Trophie rais'd, of uſeleſs Arms;
He ſits, and threats the World with vain Alarms.
He ſaid, and ſent *Cyllenius* with Command
To free the Ports, and ope the *Punique* Land
To *Trojan* Gueſts; leſt ignorant of Fate,
The Queen might force them from her Town and State.
Down from the Steep of Heav'n *Cyllenius* flies,
And cleaves with all his Wings the yielding Skies.
Soon on the *Lybian* Shoar deſcends the God;
Performs his Meſſage, and diſplays his Rod:
The ſurly Murmurs of the People ceaſe,
And, as the Fates requir'd, they give the Peace.

The

The Queen her ſelf ſuſpends the rigid Laws,
The *Trojans* pities, and protects their Cauſe.
Mean time, in Shades of Night *Æneas* lies;
Care ſeiz'd his Soul, and Sleep forſook his Eyes.
But when the Sun reſtor'd the chearful Day,
He roſe, the Coaſt and Country to ſurvey,
Anxious and eager to diſcover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated Shoar:
But whether Human Kind, or Beaſts alone
Poſſeſs'd the new-found Region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of Rocks his Feet he hides;
Tall Trees ſurround the Mountains ſhady ſides:
The bending Brow above, a ſafe Retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed Darts, he leaves his Friends,
And true *Achates* on his ſteps attends.
Loe, in the deep Receſſes of the Wood,
Before his Eyes his Goddeſs Mother ſtood:
A Huntreſs in her Habit and her Meen;
Her dreſs a Maid, her Air confeſs'd a Queen.
Bare were her Knees, and knots her Garments bind;
Looſe was her Hair, and wanton'd in the Wind;
Her Hand ſuſtain'd a Bow, her Quiver hung behind.
She ſeem'd a Virgin of the *Spartan* Blood:
With ſuch Array *Harpalice* beſtrode
Her *Thracian* Courſer, and outſtrip'd the rapid Flood.
Ho! Strangers! have you lately ſeen, ſhe ſaid,
One of my Siſters, like my ſelf array'd;
Who croſt the Lawn, or in the Foreſt ſtray'd?
A Painted Quiver at her Back ſhe bore;
Vary'd with Spots, a *Linx*'s Hide ſhe wore:
And at full Cry purſu'd the tusky Boar?
Thus *Venus*: Thus her Son reply'd agen;
None of your Siſters have we heard or ſeen,

To ye Right Hon:ble Anne Countess of Exeter Wife
to ye Right Honble John Earle of Exeter
Baron Cecill of Burleigh

O Virgin! or what other Name you bear
Above that ſtyle; O more than mortal fair!
Your Voice and Meen Cœleſtial Birth betray!
If, as you ſeem, the Siſter of the Day;
Or one at leaſt of Chaſt *Diana*'s Train,
Let not an humble Suppliant ſue in vain:
But tell a Stranger, long in Tempeſts toſt,
What Earth we tread, and who commands the Coaſt?
Then on your Name ſhall wretched Mortals call;
And offer'd Victims at your Altars fall.
I dare not, ſhe reply'd, aſſume the Name
Of Goddeſs, or Cœleſtial Honours claim:
For *Tyrian* Virgins Bows and Quivers bear,
And Purple Buskins o're their Ankles wear.
Know, gentle Youth, in *Lybian* Lands you are:
A People rude in Peace, and rough in War.
The riſing City, which from far you ſee,
Is *Carthage*; and a *Tyrian* Colony.
Phenician Dido rules the growing State,
Who fled from *Tyre*, to ſhun her Brother's hate:
Great were her wrongs, her Story full of Fate;
Which I will ſum in ſhort. *Sichæus* known
For wealth, and Brother to the *Punic* Throne,
Poſſeſs'd fair *Dido*'s Bed: And either heart
At once was wounded with an equal Dart.
Her Father gave her, yet a ſpotleſs Maid;
Pigmalion then the *Tyrian* Scepter ſway'd:
One who contemn'd Divine and Humane Laws.
Then Striſe enſu'd, and curſed Gold the Cauſe.
The Monarch, blinded with deſire of Wealth;
With Steel invades his Brother's life by ſtealth;
Before the ſacred Altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed:

Some Tale, ſome new Pretence, he daily coin'd,
To ſooth his Siſter, and delude her Mind.
At length, in dead of Night, the Ghoſt appears
Of her unhappy Lord: The Spectre ſtares,
And with erected Eyes his bloody Boſom bares.
The cruel Altars, and his Fate he tells,
And the dire Secret of his Houſe reveals.
Then warns the Widow, with her houſehold Gods,
To Seek a Refuge in remote abodes.
Laſt, to ſupport her, in ſo long a way,
He ſhows her where his hidden Treaſure lay.
Admoniſh'd thus, and ſeiz'd with mortal fright,
The Queen provides Companions of her flight:
They meet; and all combine to leave the State,
Who hate the Tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They ſeize a Fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is *Pigmalion*'s Treaſure left behind.
The Veſſels, heavy laden, put to Sea
With proſp'rous Winds; a Woman leads the way.
I know not, if by ſtreſs of Weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal Courſe diſpos'd by Heav'n;
At laſt they landed, where from far your Eyes
May view the Turrets of new *Carthage* riſe:
There bought a ſpace of Ground, which *Byrſa* call'd
From the Bulls hide, they firſt inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you, what Country claims your Birth?
What ſeek you, Strangers, on our *Lybian* Earth?
To whom, with ſorrow ſtreaming from his Eyes,
And deeply ſighing, thus her Son replies:
Cou'd you with Patience hear, or I relate,
O Nymph! the tedious Annals of our Fate!
Thro' ſuch a train of Woes if I ſhou'd run,
The day wou'd ſooner than the Tale be done!

From

From ancient *Troy*, by Force expell'd we came,
If you by chance have heard the *Trojan* Name:
On various Seas by various Tempeſts toſt,
At length we landed on your *Lybian* Coaſt.
The Good *Æneas* am I call'd, a Name,
While Fortune favour'd, not unknown to Fame:
My houſhold Gods, Companions of my Woes,
With pious Care I reſcu'd from our Foes.
To fruitful *Italy* my Courſe was bent,
And from the King of Heav'n is my Deſcent.
With twice ten Sail I croſt the *Phrygian* Sea;
Fate and my Mother Goddeſs, led my Way.
Scarce ſev'n, the thin Remainders of my Fleet,
From Storms preſerv'd, within your Harbour meet:
My ſelf diſtreſs'd, an Exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from *Europe*, and from *Aſia* thrown,
In *Lybian* Deſarts wander thus alone.
His tender Parent could no longer bear;
But, interpoſing, ſought to ſooth his Care.
Who e're you are, not unbelov'd by Heav'n,
Since on our friendly Shoar your Ships are driv'n:
Have Courage: To the Gods permit the reſt,
And to the Queen expoſe your juſt Requeſt.
Now take this earneſt of Succeſs, for more:
Your ſcatter'd Fleet is join'd upon the Shoar;
The Winds are chang'd, your Friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my Skill in Augury.
Twelve Swans behold, in beauteous order move,
And ſtoop with cloſing Pinions from above:
Whom late the Bird of *Jove* had driv'n along,
And through the Clouds purſu'd the ſcatt'ring Throng:
Now all united in a goodly Team,
They skim the Ground, and ſeek the quiet Stream.

As they, with Joy returning, clap their Wings,
And ride the Circuit of the Skies in Rings:
Not otherwiſe your Ships, and ev'ry Friend,
Already hold the Port, or with ſwift Sails deſcend.
No more Advice is needful, but purſue
The Path before you, and the Town in view.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe turn'd, and made appear
Her Neck refulgent, and diſhevel'd Hair;
Which flowing from her Shoulders, reach'd the Ground,
And widely ſpread Ambroſial Scents around:
In length of Train deſcends her ſweeping Gown,
And by her graceful Walk, the Queen of Love is known.
The Prince purſu'd the parting Deity,
With Words like theſe: Ah! whither do you fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your Son
In borrow'd Shapes, and his Embrace to ſhun:
Never to bleſs my Sight, but thus unknown;
And ſtill to ſpeak in Accents not your own.
Againſt the Goddeſs theſe Complaints he made;
But took the Path, and her Commands obey'd.
They march obſcure, for *Venus* kindly ſhrowds,
With Miſts, their Perſons, and involves in Clouds:
That, thus unſeen, their Paſſage none might ſtay,
Or force to tell the Cauſes of their Way.
This part perform'd, the Goddeſs flies ſublime,
To viſit *Paphos*; and her native Clime:
Where Garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With Vows are offer'd, and with ſolemn Pray'r:
A hundred Altars in her Temple Smoke,
A thouſand bleeding Hearts her Pow'r invoke.
They climb the next Aſcent, and, looking down,
Now at a nearer Diſtance view the Town:
The Prince, with Wonder, ſees the ſtately Tow'rs,
Which late were Huts, and Shepherd's homely Bow'rs.

The

The Gates and Streets; and hears, from ev'ry part,
The Noiſe, and buſy Concourſe of the Mart.
The toiling *Tyrians* on each other call,
To ply their Labour: Some extend the Wall,
Some build the Citadel; the brawny throng,
Or dig, or puſh unweildy Stones along.
Some for their Dwellings chuſe a Spot of Ground,
Which, firſt deſign'd, with Ditches they ſurround.
Some Laws ordain, and ſome attend the Choice
Of holy Senates, and elect by Voice.
Here ſome deſign a Mole, while others there
Lay deep Foundations for a Theatre:
From Marble Quarries mighty Columns hew,
For Ornaments of Scenes, and future view.
Such is their Toyl, and ſuch their buſy Pains,
As exerciſe the Bees in flow'ry Plains;
When Winter paſt, and Summer ſcarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the Sun:
Some lead their Youth abroad, while ſome condenſe
Their liquid Store, and ſome in Cells diſpence.
Some at the Gate ſtand ready to receive
The Golden burthen, and their Friends relieve.
All, with united Force, combine to drive
The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive;
With envy ſtung, they view each others Deeds;
The fragrant Work with Diligence proceeds.
Thrice happy you, whoſe Walls already riſe;
Æneas ſaid; and viewed, with lifted Eyes,
Their lofty Tow'rs; then ent'ring at the Gate,
Conceal'd in Clouds, (prodigious to relate)
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the buſy Throng,
Born by the Tide, and paſs'd unſeen along.
Full in the Centre of the Town there ſtood,
Thick ſet with Trees, a venerable Wood:

The *Tyrians* landing near this holy Ground,
And digging here, a proſp'rous Omen found:
From under Earth a Courſer's Head they drew,
Their Growth and future Fortune to foreſhew:
This fated Sign their Foundreſs *Juno* gave,
Of a Soil fruitful, and a People brave.
Sidonian Dido here with ſolemn State
Did *Juno*'s Temple build, and conſecrate:
Enrich'd with Gifts, and with a Golden Shrine;
But more the Goddeſs made the Place Divine.
On Brazen Steps the Marble Threſhold roſe,
And brazen Plates the Cedar Beams incloſe:
The Rafters are with brazen Cov'rings crown'd,
The lofty Doors on brazen Hinges ſound.
What firſt *Æneas* in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his Courage, and his Fear expel'd.
For while, expecting there the Queen, he rais'd
His wond'ring Eyes, and round the Temple gaz'd;
Admir'd the Fortune of the riſing Town,
The ſtriving Artiſts, and their Arts renown:
He ſaw in order painted on the Wall,
Whatever did unhappy *Troy* befall:
The Wars that Fame around the World had blown,
All to the Life, and ev'ry Leader known.
There *Agamemnon*, *Priam* here he ſpies,
And fierce *Achilles* who both Kings defies.
He ſtop'd, and weeping ſaid, O Friend! ev'n here
The Monuments of *Trojan* Woes appear!
Our known Diſaſters fill ev'n foreign Lands:
See there, where old unhappy *Priam* ſtands!
Ev'n the Mute Walls relate the Warrior's Fame,
And *Trojan* Griefs the *Tyrians* Pity claim.
He ſaid, his Tears a ready Paſſage find,
Devouring what he ſaw ſo well deſign'd;
And with an empty Picture fed his Mind.

For there he ſaw the fainting *Grecians* yield,
And here the trembling *Trojans* quit the Field,
Purſu'd by fierce *Achilles* through the Plain,
On his high Chariot driving o're the Slain.
The Tents of *Rheſus* next, his Grief renew,
By their white Sails betray'd to nightly view.
And wakeful *Diomede*, whoſe cruel Sword
The Centries ſlew; nor ſpar'd their ſlumb'ring Lord.
Then took the fiery Steeds, e're yet the Food
Of *Troy* they taſte, or drink the *Xanthian* Flood.
Elſewhere he ſaw where *Troilus* defy'd
Achilles, and unequal Combat try'd.
Then, where the Boy diſarm'd with looſen'd Reins,
Was by his Horſes hurry'd o're the Plains:
Hung by the Neck and Hair, and drag'd around,
The hoſtile Spear yet ſticking in his Wound;
With tracks of Blood inſcrib'd the duſty Ground.
Mean time the *Trojan* Dames oppreſs'd with Woe,
To *Pallas* Fane in long Proceſſion goe,
In hopes to reconcile their Heav'nly Foe:
They weep, they beat their Breaſts, they rend their Hair,
And rich embroider'd Veſts for Preſents bear:
But the ſtern Goddeſs ſtands unmov'd with Pray'r.
Thrice round the *Trojan* Walls *Achilles* drew
The Corps of *Hector*, whom in Fight he ſlew.
Here *Priam* ſues, and there, for Sums of Gold,
The lifeleſs Body of his Son is ſold.
So ſad an Object, and ſo well expreſs'd,
Drew Sighs and Groans from the griev'd Heroes Breaſt:
To ſee the Figure of his lifeleſs Friend,
And his old Sire his helpleſs Hand extend.
Himſelf he ſaw amidſt the *Grecian* Train,
Mix'd in the bloody Battel on the Plain.

And ſwarthy *Memnon* in his Arms he knew
His pompous Enſigns, and his *Indian* Crew.
Penthiſilea there, with haughty Grace,
Leads to the Wars an *Amazonian* Race:
In their right Hands a pointed Dart they wield;
The left, for Ward, ſuſtains the Lunar Shield.
Athwart her Breſt a Golden Belt ſhe throws,
Amidſt the Preſs alone provokes a thouſand Foes:
And dares her Maiden Arms to Manly Force oppoſe.
Thus, while the *Trojan* Prince employs his Eyes,
Fix'd on the Walls with wonder and ſurpriſe;
The Beauteous *Dido*, with a num'rous Train,
And pomp of Guards, aſcends the ſacred Fane.
Such on *Eurota*'s Banks, or *Cynthus*'s hight,
Diana ſeems; and ſo ſhe charms the ſight,
When in the Dance the graceful Goddeſs leads
The Quire of Nymphs, and overtops their Heads.
Known by her Quiver, and her lofty Meen,
She walks Majeſtick, and ſhe looks their Queen:
Latona ſees her ſhine above the reſt,
And feeds with ſecret Joy her ſilent Breaſt.
Such *Dido* was; with ſuch becoming State,
Amidſt the Crowd, ſhe walks ſerenely great.
Their Labour to her future Sway ſhe ſpeeds,
And paſſing with a gracious Glance proceeds:
Then mounts the Throne, high plac'd before the Shrine;
In Crowds around the ſwarming People joyn.
She takes Petitions, and diſpenſes Laws,
Hears, and determines ev'ry private Cauſe.
Their Tasks in equal Portions ſhe divides,
And where unequal, there by Lots decides.
Another way by chance *Æneas* bends
His Eyes, and unexpected ſees his Friends:

Antheus,

Antheus, *Sergeſtus* grave, *Cloanthus* ſtrong,
And at their Backs a mighty *Trojan* Throng:
Whom late the Tempeſt on the Billows toſt,
And widely ſcatter'd on another Coaſt.
The Prince, unſeen, ſurpriz'd with Wonder ſtands,
And longs, with joyful haſte to join their Hands:
But doubtful of the wiſh'd Event, he ſtays,
And from the hollow Cloud his Friends ſurveys:
Impatient 'till they told their preſent State,
And where they left their Ships, and what their Fate;
And why they came, and what was their Requeſt:
For theſe were ſent commiſſion'd by the reſt,
To ſue for leave to land their ſickly Men,
And gain Admiſſion to the Gracious Queen.
Ent'ring, with Cries they fill'd the holy Fane;
Then thus, with lowly Voice, *Ilioneus* began.
O Queen! indulg'd by Favour of the Gods,
To found an Empire in theſe new Abodes;
To build a Town, with Statutes to reſtrain
The wild Inhabitants beneath thy Reign:
We wretched *Trojans* toſt on ev'ry Shore,
From Sea to Sea, thy Clemency implore:
Forbid the Fires our Shipping to deface,
Receive th' unhappy Fugitives to Grace,
And ſpare the remnant of a Pious Race.
We come not with deſign of waſtful Prey,
To drive the Country, force the Swains away:
Nor ſuch our Strength, nor ſuch is our Deſire,
The vanquiſh'd dare not to ſuch Thoughts aſpire.
A Land there is, *Heſperia* nam'd of old,
The Soil is fruitful, and the Men are bold:
Th' *Oenotrians* held it once, by common Fame,
Now call'd *Italia*, from the Leaders Name.

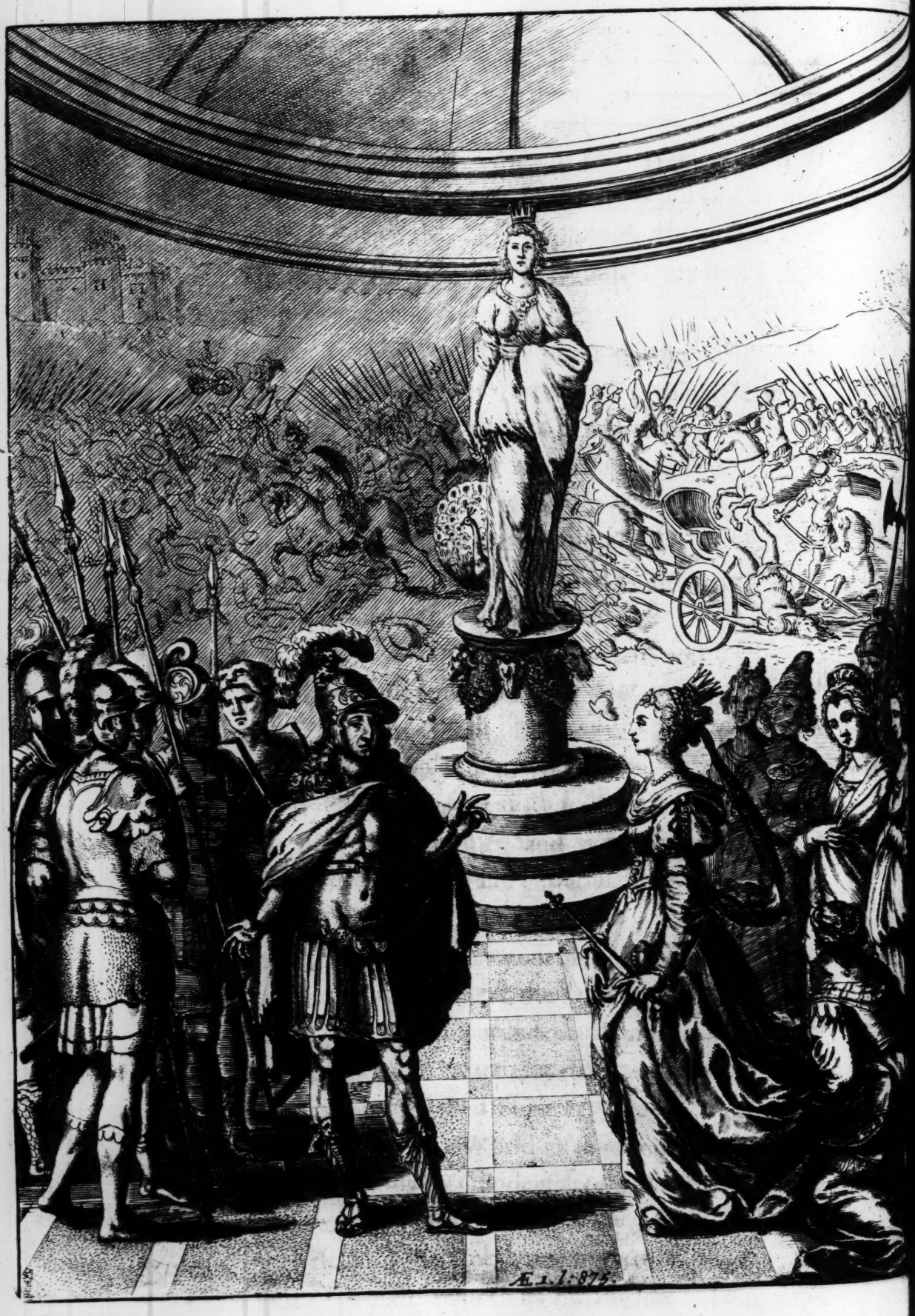
To that ſweet Region was our Voyage bent,
When Winds, and ev'ry warring Element,
Diſturb'd our Courſe, and far from ſight of Land,
Caſt our torn Veſſels on the moving Sand.
The Sea came on; the South with mighty Roar,
Diſpers'd and daſh'd the reſt upon the Rocky Shoar.
Thoſe few you ſee eſcap'd the Storm, and fear,
Unleſs you interpoſe, a Shipwreck here;
What Men, what Monſters, what inhuman Race,
What Laws, what barb'rous Cuſtoms of the Place,
Shut up a deſart Shoar to drowning Men,
And drive us to the cruel Seas agen!
If our hard Fortune no Compaſſion draws,
Nor hoſpitable Rights, nor human Laws,
The Gods are juſt, and will revenge our Cauſe.
Æneas was our Prince, a juſter Lord,
Or nobler Warriour, never drew a Sword:
Obſervant of the Right, religious of his Word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital Air:
Nor we his Friends of Safety ſhall deſpair;
Nor you, great Queen, theſe Offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not Cities, nor *Cicilian* Coaſts,
Where King *Aceſtes Trojan* Lineage boaſts.
Permit our Ships a Shelter on your Shoars,
Refitted from your Woods with Planks and Oars;
That if our Prince be ſafe, we may renew
Our deſtin'd Courſe, and *Italy* purſue.
But if, O beſt of Men! the Fates ordain
That thou art ſwallow'd in the *Lybian* Main;
And if our young *Julus* be no more,
Diſmiſs our Navy from your friendly Shoar.
That we to good *Aceſtes* may return,
And with our Friends our common Loſſes mourn.

Thus

Thus ſpoke *Ilioneus*; the *Trojan* Crew
With Cries and Clamours his Requeſt renew.
The modeſt Queen a while, with down-caſt Eyes,
Ponder'd the Speech; then briefly thus replies.
Trojans diſmiſs your Fears: my cruel Fate,
And doubts attending an unſettled State,
Force me to guard my Coaſt, from Foreign Foes.
Who has not heard the ſtory of your Woes?
The Name and Fortune of your Native Place,
The Fame and Valour of the *Phrygian* Race?
We *Tyrians* are not ſo devoid of Senſe,
Nor ſo remote from *Phœbus* influence.
Whether to *Latian* Shores your Courſe is bent,
Or driv'n by Tempeſts from your firſt intent,
You ſeek the good *Aceſtes* Government;
Your Men ſhall be receiv'd, your Fleet repair'd,
And ſail, with Ships of Convoy for your guard;
Or, wou'd you ſtay, and joyn your friendly Pow'rs,
To raiſe and to defend the *Tyrian* Tow'rs;
My Wealth, my City, and my Self are yours.
And wou'd to Heav'n the Storm, you felt, wou'd bring
On *Carthaginian* Coaſts your wand'ring King.
My People ſhall, by my Command, explore
The Ports and Creeks of ev'ry winding ſhore;
And Towns, and Wilds, and ſhady Woods, in queſt
Of ſo renown'd and ſo deſir'd a Gueſt.
Rais'd in his Mind the *Trojan* Heroe ſtood,
And long'd to break from out his Ambient Cloud;
Achates found it; and thus urg'd his way;
From whence, O Goddeſs born, this long delay?
What more can you deſire, your Welcome ſure,
Your Fleet in ſafety, and your Friends ſecure?
One only wants; and him we ſaw in vain
Oppoſe the Storm, and ſwallow'd in the Main.

Orontes in his Fate our Forfeit paid,
The reſt agrees with what your Mother ſaid.
Scarce had he ſpoken, when the Cloud gave way,
The Miſts flew upward, and diſſolv'd in day.
The *Trojan* Chief appear'd in open ſight,
Auguſt in Viſage, and ſerenely bright.
His Mother Goddeſs, with her hands Divine,
Had form'd his Curling Locks, and made his Temples ſhine:
And giv'n his rowling Eyes a ſparkling grace;
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his Face:
Like poliſh'd Iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
Or *Parian* Marble, when enchas'd in Gold:
Thus radiant from the circling Cloud he broke;
And thus with manly modeſty he ſpoke.
He whom you ſeek am I: by Tempeſts toſt,
And ſav'd from Shipwreck on your *Lybian* Coaſt:
Preſenting, gracious Queen, before your Throne,
A Prince that owes his Life to you alone.
Fair Majeſty, the Refuge and Redreſs
Of thoſe whom Fate purſues, and Wants oppreſs.
You, who your pious Offices employ
To ſave the Reliques of abandon'd *Troy*;
Receive the Shipwreck'd on your friendly Shore,
With hoſpitable Rites relieve the Poor:
Aſſociate in your Town a wandring Train.
And ſtrangers in your Palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched Fugitives return,
Who ſcatter'd thro' the World in exile mourn?
The Gods, (if Gods to Goodneſs are inclin'd,)
If Acts of mercy touch their Heav'nly Mind;
And more than all the Gods, your gen'rous heart,
Conſcious of worth, requite its own deſert!
In you this Age is happy, and this Earth:
And Parents more than Mortal gave you birth.

While



To the Right Hon.ble Elizabeth Countess
Dowager of Winchelsea &.cb

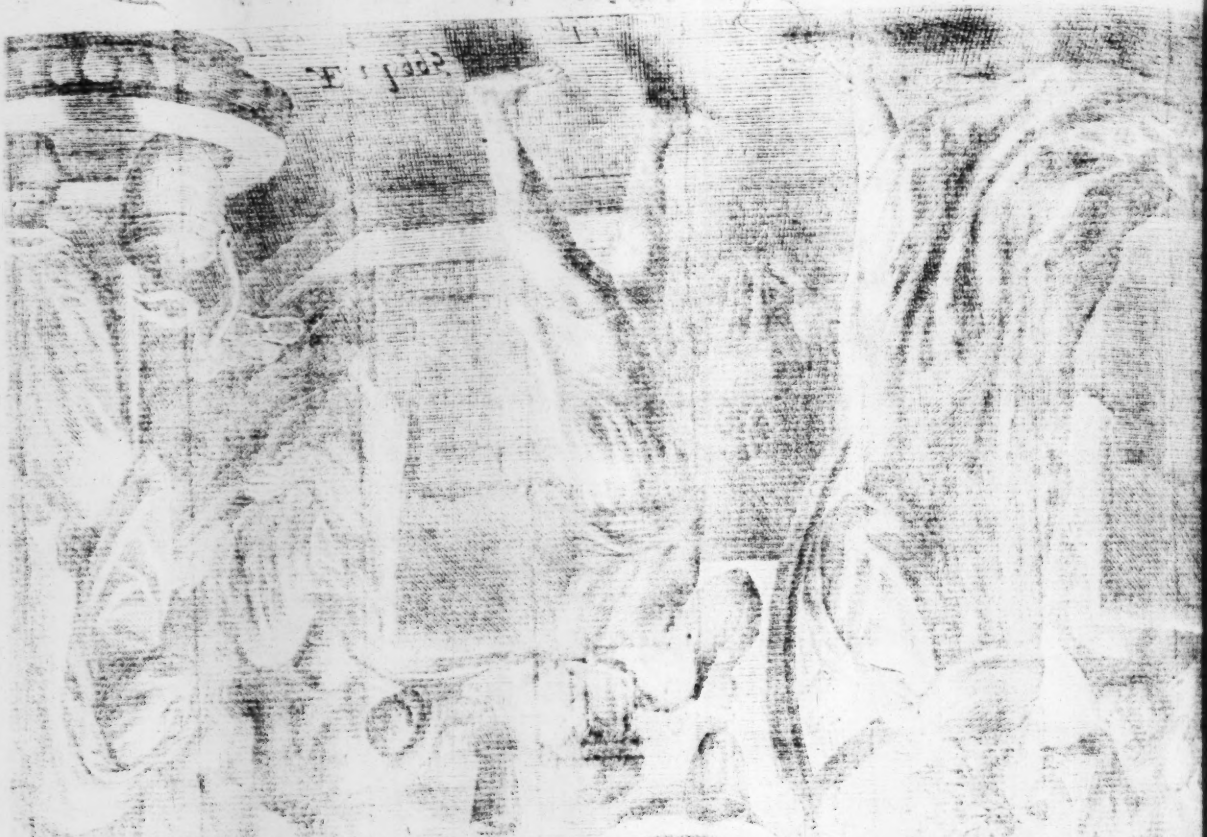
While rowling Rivers into Seas ſhall run,
And round the ſpace of Heav'n the radiant Sun;
While Trees the Mountain tops with Shades ſupply,
Your Honour, Name, and Praiſe ſhall never dye.
What e're abode my Fortune has aſſign'd;
Your Image ſhall be preſent in my Mind.
Thus having ſaid; he turn'd with pious haſt,
And joyful his expecting Friends embrac'd:
With his right hand *Ilioneus* was grac'd,
Sereſtus with his left; then to his breaſt
Cloanthus and the Noble *Gyas* preſt;
And ſo by turns deſcended to the reſt.
The *Tyrian* Queen ſtood fix'd upon his Face,
Pleas'd with his motions, raviſh'd with his grace:
Admir'd his Fortunes, more admir'd the Man;
Then recollected ſtood; and thus began.
What Fate, O Goddeſs born, what angry Pow'rs
Have caſt you ſhipwrack'd on our barren Shores?
Are you the great *Æneas*, known to Fame,
Who from Cœleſtial Seed your Lineage claim!
The ſame *Æneas* whom fair *Venus* bore
To fam'd *Anchiſes* on th' *Idæan* Shore?
It calls into my mind, tho' then a Child,
When *Teucer* came from *Salamis* exil'd;
And ſought my Father's aid, to be reſtor'd:
My Father *Belus* then with Fire and Sword
Invaded *Cyprus*, made the Region bare,
And, Conqu'ring, finiſh'd the ſucceſsful War.
From him the *Trojan* Siege I underſtood,
The *Grecian* Chiefs, and your Illuſtrious Blood.
Your Foe himſelf the *Dardan* Valour prais'd,
And his own Anceſtry from *Trojans* rais'd.
Enter, my Noble Gueſt; and you ſhall find,
If not a coſtly welcome, yet a kind.

For I my ſelf, like you, have been diſtreſs'd;
Till Heav'n afforded me this place of reſt.
Like you an Alien in a Land unknown;
I learn to pity Woes, ſo like my own.
She ſaid, and to the Palace led her Gueſt,
Then offer'd Incenſe, and proclaim'd a Feaſt.
Nor yet leſs careful for her abſent Friends,
Twice ten fat Oxen to the Ships ſhe ſends:
Beſides a hundred Boars, a hundred Lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their Milky Dams.
And Jars of gen'rous Wine, and ſpacious Bowls,
She gives to chear the Sailors drooping Souls.
Now Purple Hangings cloath the Palace Walls;
And ſumptuous Feaſts are made in ſplendid Halls:
On *Tyrian* Carpets, richly wrought, they Dine;
With loads of Maſſy Plate the Side-boards ſhine.
And Antique Vaſes all of Gold Emboſs'd;
(The Gold it ſelf inferiour to the Coſt:)
Of curious Work, where on the ſides were ſeen
The Fights and Figures of Illuſtrious Men;
From their firſt Founder to the preſent Queen.
The Good *Æneas*, whoſe Paternal Care
Iulus abſence could no longer bear,
Diſpatch'd *Achates* to the Ships in haſt,
To give a glad Relation of the paſt;
And, fraught with precious Gifts, to bring the Boy
Snatch'd from the Ruins of unhappy *Troy*:
A Robe of Tiſſue, ſtiff with golden Wire;
An upper Veſt, once *Hellen*'s rich Attire;
From *Argos* by the fam'd Adultreſs brought;
With Golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought;
Her Mother *Lædà*'s Preſent, when ſhe came
To ruin *Troy*, and ſet the World on flame.

The Scepter *Priam*'s eldeſt Daughter bore,
Her orient Necklace, and the Crown ſhe wore;
Of double texture, glorious to behold;
One order ſet with Gems, and one with Gold.
Inſtructed thus, the wiſe *Achates* goes:
And in his diligence his duty ſhows.
But *Venus*, anxious for her Son's Affairs,
New Councils tryes; and new Deſigns prepares:
That *Cupid* ſhould aſſume the Shape and Face
Of ſweet *Aſcanius*, and the ſprightly grace:
Shou'd bring the Preſents, in her Nephew's ſtead,
And in *Eliza*'s Veins the gentle Poiſon ſhed.
For much ſhe fear'd the *Tyrians*, double tongu'd,
And knew the Town to *Juno*'s care belong'd.
Theſe thoughts by Night her Golden Slumbers broke;
And thus alarm'd, to winged Love ſhe ſpoke.
My Son, my ſtrength, whoſe mighty Pow'r alone
Controuls the Thund'rer, on his awful Throne;
To thee thy much afflicted Mother flies,
And on thy Succour, and thy Faith relies.
Thou know'ſt, my Son, how *Jove*'s revengeful Wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy Brother's life.
And often haſt thou mourn'd with me his Pains:
Him *Dido* now with Blandiſhment detains;
But I ſuſpect the Town where *Juno* reigns.
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her Art,
And fire with Love the proud *Phœnician*'s heart.
A Love ſo violent, ſo ſtrong, ſo ſure,
As neither Age can change, nor Art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
Aſcanius, by his Father is deſign'd
To come, with Preſents, laden from the Port,
To gratifie the Queen, and gain the Court.

I mean to plunge the Boy in pleaſing Sleep,
And, raviſh'd, in *Idalian* Bow'rs to keep;
On high *Cythæra*: That the ſweet Deceipt
May paſs unſeen, and none prevent the Cheat,
Take thou his Form and Shape. I beg the Grace
But only for a Night's revolving Space;
Thy ſelf a Boy, aſſume a Boy's diſſembled Face.
That when amidſt the fervour of the Feaſt,
The *Tyrian* hugs, and fonds thee on her Breaſt,
And with ſweet Kiſſes in her Arms conſtrains,
Thou may'ſt infuſe thy Venom in her Veins.
The God of Love obeys, and ſets aſide
His Bow, and Quiver, and his plumy Pride:
He walks *Iulus* in his Mother's Sight:
And in the ſweet Reſemblance takes Delight.
The Goddeſs then to young *Aſcanius* flies,
And in a pleaſing Slumber ſeals his Eyes;
Lull'd in her Lap, amidſt a Train of Loves,
She gently bears him to her bliſful Groves:
Then with a Wreath of Myrtle crowns his Head,
And ſoftly lays him on a flow'ry Bed.
Cupid mean time aſſum'd his Form and Face,
Foll'wing *Achates* with a ſhorter Pace;
And brought the Gifts. The Queen, already ſate
Amidſt the *Trojan* Lords, in ſhining State,
High on a Golden Bed: Her Princely Gueſt
Was next her ſide, in order ſate the reſt.
Then Caniſters with Bread are heap'd on high;
Th' Attendants Water for their Hands ſupply;
And having waſh'd, with ſilken Towels dry.
Next fifty Handmaids in long order bore
The Cenſers, and with Fumes the Gods adore.
Then Youths, and Virgins twice as many, join
To place the Diſhes, and to ſerve the Wine.

The



To the most Hon.ble Ursula,
Marchioness of Normanby

The *Tyrian* Train, admitted to the Feaſt,
Approach, and on the painted Couches reſt.
All on the *Trojan* Gifts, with Wonder gaze;
But view the beauteous Boy with more amaze.
His Roſy-colour'd Cheeks, his radiant Eyes,
His Motions, Voice, and Shape, and all the God's diſguiſe.
Nor paſs unprais'd the Veſt and Veil Divine,
Which wand'ring Foliage and rich Flow'rs entwine.
But far above the reſt, the Royal Dame,
(Already doom'd to Love's diſaſtrous Flame;)
With Eyes inſatiate, and tumultuous Joy,
Beholds the Preſents, and admires the Boy.
The guileful God, about the Heroe long,
With Children's play, and falſe Embraces hung;
Then ſought the Queen: She took him to her Arms,
With greedy Pleaſure, and devour'd his Charms.
Unhappy *Dido* little thought what Gueſt,
How dire a God ſhe drew ſo near her Breaſt.
But he, not mindleſs of his Mother's Pray'r,
Works in the pliant Boſom of the Fair;
And moulds her Heart anew, and blots her former Care.
The dead is to the living Love reſign'd,
And all *Æneas* enters in her Mind.
Now, when the Rage of Hunger was appeas'd,
The Meat remov'd, and ev'ry Gueſt was pleas'd;
The Golden Bowls with ſparkling Wine are crown'd,
And through the Palace chearful Cries reſound.
From gilded Roofs depending Lamps diſplay
Nocturnal Beams, that emulate the Day.
A Golden Bowl, that ſhone with Gems Divine,
The Queen commanded to be crown'd with Wine;
The Bowl that *Belus* us'd, and all the *Tyrian* Line.
Then, Silence through the Hall proclaim'd, ſhe ſpoke:
O hoſpitable *Jove*! we thus invoke,

With

With ſolemn Rites, thy ſacred Name and Pow'r!
Bleſs to both Nations this auſpicious Hour.
So may the *Trojan* and the *Tyrian* Line,
In laſting Concord, from this Day combine.
Thou, *Bacchus*, God of Joys and friendly Cheer,
And gracious *Juno*, both be preſent here:
And you, my Lords of *Tyre*, your Vows addreſs
To Heav'n with mine, to ratifie the Peace.
The Goblet then ſhe took, with *Nectar* crown'd,
(Sprinkling the firſt Libations on the Ground,)
And rais'd it to her Mouth with ſober Grace,
Then ſipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'Twas *Bitias* whom ſhe call'd, a thirſty Soul,
He took the Challenge, and embrac'd the Bowl:
With Pleaſure ſwill'd the Gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
'Till he the bottom of the Brimmer ſaw.
The Goblet goes around: *Jopas* brought
His Golden Lyre, and ſung what ancient *Atlas* taught.
The various Labours of the wand'ring Moon,
And whence proceed th' Eclipſes of the Sun.
Th' Original of Men, and Beaſts; and whence
The Rains ariſe, and Fires their Warmth diſpence;
And fix'd, and erring Stars, diſpoſe their Influence.
What ſhakes the ſolid Earth, what Cauſe delays
The Summer Nights, and ſhortens Winter Days.
With Peals of Shouts the *Tyrians* praiſe the Song;
Thoſe Peals are echo'd by the *Trojan* Throng.
Th' unhappy Queen with Talk prolong'd the Night,
And drank large Draughts of Love with vaſt Delight.
Of *Priam* much enquir'd, of *Hector* more;
Then ask'd what Arms the ſwarthy *Memnon* wore;
What Troops he landed on the *Trojan* Shore.
The Steeds of *Diomede* vary'd the Diſcourſe,
And fierce *Achilles*, with his matchleſs Force.

At

At length, as Fate and her ill Stars requir'd,
To hear the Series of the War desir'd.
Relate at large, my God-like Guest, she said,
The *Grecian* Stratagems, the Town betray'd;
The fatal Issue of so long a War,
Your Flight, your Wand'rings, and your Woes declare:
For since on ev'ry Sea, on ev'ry Coast,
Your Men have been distress'd, your Navy tost,
Sev'n times the Sun has either Topick view'd,
The Winter banish'd, and the Spring renew'd.

The Second Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

Æneas relates how the City of Troy *was taken, after a Ten Years Siege, by the Treachery of* Sinon, *and the Stratagem of a Wooden Horſe. He declares the fixt Reſolution he had taken not to ſurvive the Ruins of his Country, and the various Adventures he met with in the Defence of it: at laſt having been before adviſ'd by* Hector's *Ghoſt, and now by the Appearance of his Mother* Venus, *he is prevail'd upon to leave the Town, and ſettle his Houſhold-Gods in another Country. In order to this, he carries off his Father on his Shoulders, and leads his little Son by the Hand, his Wife following him behind. When he comes to the Place appointed for the general Rendezvouze, he finds a great conſluence of People, but miſſes his Wife, whoſe Ghoſt afterwards appears to him, and tells him the Land which was deſign'd for him.*

ALL were attentive to the God-like Man;
When from his lofty couch he thus began.
Great Queen, what you command me to relate,
Renews the ſad Remembrance of our Fate.
An Empire from its old Foundations rent,
And ev'ry Woe the *Trojans* underwent:
A Peopl'd City made a Deſart Place;
All that I ſaw, and part of which I was:
Not ev'n the hardeſt of our Foes cou'd hear,
Nor ſtern *Ulyſſes* tell without a Tear.
And now the latter Watch of waſting Night,
And ſetting Stars to kindly Reſt invite.
But ſince you take ſuch Int'reſt in our Woe,
And *Troy*'s diſaſt'rous end deſire to know:
I will reſtrain my Tears, and briefly tell
What in our laſt and fatal Night befel.
By Deſtiny compell'd, and in Deſpair,
The *Greeks* grew weary of the tedious War:

ye most Illustrious
Duke of Somerset,
Noble Order

QVI·M·
HONI·S·
SOIT·QVI·
MAL·Y·PENSE·

FOY POUR DEVOIR.

Prince Charles
Knight of ye most
of ye Garter.

And by *Minerva*'s Aid a Fabrick rear'd,
Which like a Steed of monſtrous height appear'd;
The Sides were planck'd with Pine, they feign'd it made
For their Return, and this the Vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow Side,
Selected Numbers of their Souldiers hide:
With inward Arms the dire Machine they load,
And Iron Bowels ſtuff the dark Abode.
In ſight of *Troy* lies *Tenedos*, an Iſle,
(While Fortune did on *Priam*'s Empire ſmile)
Renown'd for Wealth, but ſince a faithleſs Bay,
Where Ships expos'd to Wind and Weather lay.
There was their Fleet conceal'd: We thought for *Greece*
Their Sails were hoiſted, and our Fears releaſe.
The *Trojans* coop'd within their Walls ſo long,
Unbar their Gates, and iſſue in a Throng,
Like ſwarming Bees, and with Delight ſurvey
The Camp deſerted, where the *Grecians* lay:
The Quarters of the ſev'ral Chiefs they ſhow'd,
Here *Phœnix*, here *Achilles* made abode,
Here join'd the Battels, there the Navy rode,
Part on the Pile their wond'ring Eyes employ,
(The Pile by *Pallas* rais'd to ruin *Troy*.)
Thymætes firſt ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or ſo the *Trojan* Deſtiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the Ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the Monſter Fabrique in the Town.
But *Capys*, and the reſt of ſounder Mind,
The fatal Preſent to the Flames deſign'd;
Or to the watry deep: At leaſt to bore
The hollow ſides, and hidden Frauds explore:
The giddy Vulgar, as their Fancies guide,
With Noiſe ſay nothing, and in parts divide.

Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous Crowd,
Ran from the Fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;
O wretched Country-men! what Fury reigns?
What more than Madneſs has poſſeſs'd your Brains?
Think you the *Grecians* from your Coaſts are gone,
And are *Ulyſſes* Arts no better known?
This hollow Fabrick either muſt incloſe,
Within its blind Receſs, our ſecret Foes;
Or 'tis an Engine rais'd above the Town,
T' o'relook the Walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is ſure deſign'd; by Fraud or Force;
Truſt not their Preſents, nor admit the Horſe.
Thus having ſaid, againſt the Steed he threw
His forceful Spear, which, hiſſing as it flew,
Pierc'd through the yielding Planks of jointed Wood,
And trembling in the hollow Belly ſtood.
The ſides tranſpierc'd, return a ratling Sound,
And Groans of *Greeks* inclos'd come iſſuing through the Wound.
And had not Heav'n the fall of *Troy* deſign'd,
Or had not Men been fated to be blind,
Enough was ſaid and done, t' inſpire a better Mind:
Then had our Lances pierc'd the treach'rous Wood,
And *Ilian* Tow'rs, and *Priam*'s Empire ſtood.
Mean time, with Shouts, the *Trojan* Shepherds bring
A captive *Greek* in Bands, before the King:
Taken, to take; who made himſelf their Prey,
T' impoſe on their Belief, and *Troy* betray.
Fix'd on his Aim, and obſtinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the Captive, tides of *Trojans* flow;
All preſs to ſee, and ſome inſult the Foe.

Now

Now hear how well the *Greeks* their Wiles diſguis'd,
Behold a Nation in a Man compris'd.
Trembling the Miſcreant ſtood, unarm'd and bound;
He ſtar'd, and rowl'd his hagger'd Eyes around:
Then ſaid, Alas! what Earth remains, what Sea
Is open to receive unhappy me!
What Fate a wretched Fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my Foes, abandon'd by my Friends.
He ſaid, and ſigh'd, and caſt a ruful Eye:
Our Pity kindles, and our Paſſions dye.
We chear the Youth to make his own Defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What News he cou'd impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive Foe.
His fear at length diſmiſs'd, he ſaid, what e're
My Fate ordains, my Words ſhall be ſincere:
I neither can, nor dare my Birth diſclaim,
Greece is my Country, *Sinon* is my Name:
Though plung'd by Fortune's Pow'r in Miſery,
'Tis not in Fortune's Pow'r to make me lye.
If any chance has hither brought the Name
Of *Palamedes*, not unknown to Fame,
Who ſuffer'd from the Malice of the times;
Accus'd and ſentenc'd for pretended Crimes:
Becauſe theſe fatal Wars he would prevent;
Whoſe Death the Wretched *Greeks* too late lament;
Me, then a Boy, my Father, poor and bare
Of other Means, committed to his Care:
His Kinſman and Companion in the War.
While Fortune favour'd, while his Arms ſupport
The Cauſe, and rul'd the Counſels of the Court,
I made ſome figure there; nor was my Name
Obſcure, nor I without my ſhare of Fame.

But when *Ulysses*, with fallacious Arts,
Had made Impreſſion in the Peoples Hearts;
And forg'd a Treaſon in my Patron's Name,
(I ſpeak of things too far divulg'd by Fame)
My Kinſman fell; then I, without ſupport,
In private mourn'd his Loſs, and left the Court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his Fate
With ſilent Grief, but loudly blam'd the State:
And curs'd the direful Author of my Woes.
'Twas told again, and hence my Ruin roſe.
I threatn'd, if indulgent Heav'n once more
Wou'd land me ſafely on my Native Shore,
His Death with double Vengeance to reſtore.
This mov'd the Murderer's Hate, and ſoon enſu'd
Th' Effects of Malice from a Man ſo proud.
Ambiguous Rumors thro the Camp he ſpread,
And ſought, by Treaſon, my devoted Head:
New Crimes invented, left unturn'd no Stone,
To make my Guilt appear, and hide his own.
'Till *Calchas* was by Force and Threatning wrought:
But why—— Why dwell I on that anxious Thought?
If on my Nation juſt Revenge you ſeek,
And 'tis t' appear a Foe, t' appear a *Greek*;
Already you my Name and Country know,
Aſſwage your thirſt of Blood, and ſtrike the Blow:
My Death will both the Kingly Brothers pleaſe,
And ſet inſatiate *Ithacus* at eaſe.
This fair unfiniſh'd Tale, theſe broken ſtarts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing Hearts;
Unknowing as we were in *Grecian* Arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted Fear, the Villain thus purſu'd.
Long had the *Grecians* (tir'd with fruitleſs Care,
And weary'd with an unſucceſsful War,)

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd to raiſe the Siege, and leave the Town;
And had the Gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the Wintry Seas, and Southern Winds,
Withſtood their paſſage home, and chang'd their Minds.
Portents and Prodigies their Souls amaz'd;
But moſt, when this ſtupendous Pile was rais'd.
Then flaming Meteors, hung in Air, were ſeen,
And Thunders ratled through a Skie ſerene:
Diſmay'd, and fearful of ſome dire Event,
Eurypylus, t'enquire their Fate, was ſent;
He from the Gods this dreadful Anſwer brought;
O *Grecians*, when the *Trojan* Shores you ſought,
Your Paſſage with a Virgin's Blood was bought:
So muſt Your ſafe Return be bought again;
And *Grecian* Blood, once more attone the Main.
The ſpreading Rumour round the People ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himſelf the Man.
Ulyſſes took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd *Calchas*, and produc'd in open ſight:
Than bade him name the Wretch, ordain'd by Fate,
The Publick Victim, to redeem the State.
Already ſome preſag'd the dire Event,
And ſaw what Sacrifice *Ulyſſes* meant.
For twice five days the good old Seer withſtood
Th' intended Treaſon, and was dumb to Blood.
Till tir'd with endleſs Clamours, and purſuit
Of *Ithacas*, he ſtood no longer Mute:
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd, that I
Was deſtin'd by the wrathful Gods to die.
All prais'd the Sentence, pleas'd the ſtorm ſhould fall
On one alone, whoſe Fury threatn'd all.
The diſmal day was come, the Prieſts prepare
Their leaven'd Cakes; and Fillets for my Hair.

I follow'd Natur's Laws, and muſt avow
I broke my Bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy Lake all Night I lay,
Secure of Safety when they ſail'd away.
But now what further Hopes for me remain,
To ſee my Friends or Native Soil again?
My tender Infants, or my careful Sire;
Whom they returning will to Death require?
Will perpetrate on them their firſt Deſign,
And take the forfeit of their Heads for mine?
Which, O if Pity Mortal Minds can move!
If there be Faith below, or Gods above!
If Innocence and Truth can claim deſert,
Ye *Trojans* from an injur'd Wretch avert.
Falſe Tears true Pity move: the King Commands
To looſe his Fetters, and unbind his Hands:
Then adds theſe friendly Words; diſmiſs thy Fears,
Forget the *Greeks*, be mine as thou wert theirs.
But truly tell, was it for Force or Guile,
Or ſome Religious End, you rais'd the Pile?
Thus ſaid the King. He full of fraudful Arts,
This well invented Tale for Truth imparts.
Ye Lamps of Heav'n! he ſaid, and lifted high
His hands now free, thou venerable Sky,
Inviolable Pow'rs, ador'd with dread,
Ye fatal Fillets, that once bound this head,
Ye ſacred Altars, from whoſe flames I fled!
Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a Crime, th' ungrateful *Greeks* betray!
Reveal the Secrets of the guilty State,
And juſtly puniſh whom I juſtly hate!
But you, O King, preſerve the Faith you gave,
If I to ſave my life your Empire ſave.

The

The *Grecian* Hopes, and all th' Attempts they made,
Were only founded on *Minerva*'s Aid.
But from the time when impious *Diomede*,
And falſe *Ulyſſes*, that inventive Head,
Her fatal Image from the Temple drew,
The ſleeping Guardians of the Caſtle ſlew,
Her Virgin Statue with their bloody Hands
Polluted, and prophan'd her holy Bands:
From thence the Tide of Fortune left their Shore,
And ebb'd much faſter than it flow'd before:
Their Courage languiſh'd, as their Hopes decay'd,
And *Pallas*, now averſe, refus'd her Aid.
Nor did the Goddeſs doubtfully declare
Her alter'd Mind, and alienated Care:
When firſt her fatal Image touch'd the Ground,
She ſternly caſt her glaring Eyes around;
That ſparkl'd as they rowl'd, and ſeem'd to threat:
Her Heav'nly Limbs diſtill'd a briny Sweat.
Thrice from the Ground ſhe leap'd, was ſeen to wield
Her brandiſh'd Lance, and ſhake her horrid Shield.
Then *Calchas* bad our Hoſt for flight prepare,
And hope no Conqueſt from the tedious War:
'Till firſt they ſail'd for *Greece*; with Pray'rs beſought
Her injur'd Pow'r, and better Omens brought.
And now their Navy ploughs the Wat'ry Main,
Yet, ſoon expect it on your Shoars again,
With *Pallas* pleas'd; as *Calchas* did ordain.
But firſt, to reconcile the blue-ey'd Maid,
For her ſtoln Statue, and her Tow'r betray'd;
Warn'd by the Seer, to her offended Name
We rais'd, and dedicate this wond'rous Frame:
So lofty, leſt through your forbidden Gates
It paſs, and intercept our better Fates.

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For, once admitted there, our hopes are loſt;
And *Troy* may then a new *Palladium* boaſt.
For ſo Religion and the Gods ordain;
That if you violate with Hands prophane
Minerva's Gift, your Town in Flames ſhall burn,
(Which Omen, O ye Gods, on *Grecia* turn!)
But if it climb, with your aſſiſting Hands,
The *Trojan* Walls, and in the City ſtands;
Then *Troy* ſhall *Argos* and *Mycenæ* burn,
And the reverſe of Fate on us return.
With ſuch Deceits he gain'd their eaſie Hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious Arts.
What *Diomede*, nor *Thetis* greater Son,
A thouſand Ships, nor ten years Siege had done:
Falſe Tears and fawning Words the City won.
A greater Omen, and of worſe portent,
Did our unwary Minds with fear torment:
Concurring to produce the dire Event.
Laocoon, *Neptune*'s Prieſt by Lot that Year,
With ſolemn Pomp then ſacrific'd a Steer.
When, dreadful to behold, from Sea we ſpy'd
Two Serpents rank'd abreaſt, the Seas divide,
And ſmoothly ſweep along the ſwelling Tide.
Their flaming Creſts above the Waves they ſhow,
Their Bellies ſeem to burn the Seas below:
Their ſpeckled Tails advance to ſteer their Courſe,
And on the ſounding Shoar the flying Billows force.
And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,
Their ardent Eyes with bloody ſtreaks were fill'd:
Their nimble Tongues they brandiſh'd as they came,
And lick'd their hiſſing Jaws, that ſputter'd Flame.
We fled amaz'd; their deſtin'd way they take,
And to *Laocoon* and his Children make:

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We fled amaz'd; their deſtin'd way they take,
And to *Laocoon* and his Children make:

To the Right Hon.ble James Earle of Salisbury &

And firſt around the tender Boys they wind,
Then with their ſharpen'd Fangs their Limbs and Bodies (grind.
The wretched Father, running to their Aid
With pious Haſte, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his Waſte their winding Volumes rowl'd,
And twice about his gaſping Throat they fold.
The Prieſt, thus doubly choak'd, their Creſts divide;
And tow'ring o're his Head, in Triumph ride.
With both his Hands he labours at the Knots,
His Holy Fillets the blue Venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting Air around.
Thus, when an Oxe receives a glancing Wound,
He breaks his Bands, the fatal Altar flies,
And with loud Bellowings breaks the yielding Skies.
Their Tasks perform'd, the Serpents quit their prey,
And to the Tow'r of *Pallas* make their way:
Couch'd at her Feet, they lie protected there,
By her large Buckler, and protended Spear.
Amazement ſeizes all; the gen'ral Cry
Proclaims *Laocoon* juſtly doom'd to die.
Whoſe hand the Will of *Pallas* had withſtood,
And dar'd to violate the Sacred Wood.
All Vote t' admit the Steed, that Vows be paid,
And Incenſe offer'd to th' offended Maid.
A ſpacious Breach is made, the Town lies bare,
Some hoiſting Leavers, ſome the Wheels prepare,
And faſten to the Horſes Feet: the reſt
With Cables haul along the th' unweildy Beaſt.
Each on his Fellow for Aſſiſtance calls:
At length the fatal Fabrick mounts the Walls,
Big with Deſtruction. Boys with Chaplets crown'd,
And Quires of Virgins ſing, and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then deſcending down,
It enters o're our Heads, and threats the Town.

O ſacred City! built by Hands Divine!
O valiant Heroes of the *Trojan* Line!
Four times he ſtruck; as oft the claſhing ſound
Of Arms was heard, and inward Groans rebound.
Yet mad with Zeal, and blinded with our Fate,
We hawl along the Horſe, in ſolemn ſtate;
Then place the dire Portent within the Tow'r.
Caſſandra cry'd, and curs'd th' unhappy Hour;
Foretold our Fate; but by the Gods decree
All heard, and none believ'd the Prophecy.
With Branches we the Fanes adorn, and waſt
In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the laſt.
Mean time the rapid Heav'ns rowl'd down the Light,
And on the ſhaded Ocean ruſh'd the Night:
Our Men ſecure, nor Guards nor Centries held,
But eaſie Sleep their weary Limbs compell'd.
The *Grecians* had embark'd their Naval Pow'rs
From *Tenedos*, and ſought our well known Shoars:
Safe under Covert of the ſilent Night,
And guided by th' Imperial Galley's light.
When *Sinon*, favour'd by the Partial Gods,
Unlock'd the Horſe, and op'd his dark abodes:
Reſtor'd to vital Air our hidden Foes,
Who joyful from their long Confinement roſe.
Tyſander bold, and *Sthenelus* their Guide,
And dire *Ulyſſes* down the Cable ſlide:
Then *Thoas*, *Athamas*, and *Pyrrhus* haſt;
Nor was the *Podalyrian* Heroe laſt:
Nor injur'd *Menelaus*, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal Engine fram'd.
A nameleſs Crowd ſucceed; their Forces join
T' invade the Town, oppreſs'd with Sleep and Wine.
Thoſe few they find awake, firſt meet their Fate,
Then to their Fellows they unbar the Gate.

'Twas

'Twas in the dead of Night, when Sleep repairs
Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares,
When *Hector*'s Ghoſt before my ſight appears:
A bloody Shrowd he ſeem'd, and bath'd in Tears.
Such as he was, when, by *Pelides* ſlain,
Theſſalian Courſers drag'd him o're the Plain.
Swoln were his Feet, as when the Thongs were thruſt
Through the bor'd holes, his Body black with duſt.
Unlike that *Hector*, who return'd from toils
Of War Triumphant, in *Æacian* Spoils:
Or him, who made the fainting *Greeks* retire,
And lanch'd againſt their Navy *Phrygian* Fire.
His Hair and Beard ſtood ſtiffen'd with his gore;
And all the Wounds he for his Country bore,
Now ſtream'd afreſh, and with new Purple ran:
I wept to ſee the viſionary Man:
And while my Trance continu'd, thus began.
O Light of *Trojans*, and Support of *Troy*,
Thy Father's Champion, and thy Country's Joy!
O, long expected by thy Friends! from whence
Art thou ſo late return'd for our Defence?
Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
With length of Labours, and with Toils of War?
After ſo many Fun'rals of thy own,
Art thou reſtor'd to thy declining Town?
But ſay, what Wounds are theſe? What new Diſgrace
Deforms the Manly Features of thy Face?
To this the Spectre no Reply did frame;
But anſwer'd to the Cauſe for which he came:
And, groaning from the bottom of his Breaſt,
This Warning, in theſe mournful Words expreſs'd.
O Goddeſs-born! eſcape, by timely flight,
The Flames, and Horrors of this fatal Night.

The Foes already have poſſeſs'd the Wall,
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to *Priam*'s Royal Name,
More than enough to Duty and to Fame.
If by a Mortal Hand my Father's Throne
Cou'd be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
Now *Troy* to thee commends her future State,
And gives her Gods Companions of thy Fate:
From their aſſiſtance happier Walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at laſt thou ſhalt erect.
He ſaid, and brought me, from their bleſt abodes,
The venerable Statues of the Gods:
With ancient *Veſta* from the ſacred Quire,
The Wreaths and Relicks of th' Immortal Fire.
Now peals of Shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingl'd War:
The Noiſe approaches, though our Palace ſtood
Aloof from Streets, encompaſs'd with a Wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' Allarms
Of Human Cries diſtinct, and claſhing Arms:
Fear broke my Slumbers; I no longer ſtay,
But mount the Terraſs, thence the Town ſurvey,
And hearken what the frightful Sounds convey.
Thus when a flood of Fire by Wind is born,
Crackling it rowls, and mows the ſtanding Corn:
Or Deluges, deſcending on the Plains,
Sweep o're the yellow Year, deſtroy the pains
Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peaſant's gains:
Unroot the Forreſt Oaks, and bear away
Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undiſtinguiſh'd Prey.
The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and ſees from far,
The waſtful Ravage of the wat'ry War.
Then *Hector*'s Faith was manifeſtly clear'd;
And *Grecian* Frauds in open light appear'd.

The

The Palace of *Deiphobus* aſcends
In ſmoaky Flames, and catches on his Friends.
Ucalegon burns next; the Seas are bright
With ſplendor, not their own; and ſhine with *Trojan* light.
New Clamours, and new Clangors now ariſe,
The ſound of Trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
With frenzy ſeiz'd, I run to meet th' Alarms,
Reſolv'd on death, reſolv'd to die in Arms.
But firſt to gather Friends, with them t'oppoſe,
If Fortune favour'd, and repell the Foes.
Spurr'd by my Courage, by my Country fir'd;
With ſenſe of Honour, and Revenge inſpir'd.
Pantheus, *Apollo*'s Prieſt, a ſacred Name,
Had ſcap'd the *Grecian* Swords, and paſs'd the Flame;
With Reliqties loaden, to my Doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender Grand-ſon led.
What hope, O *Pantheus!* whither can we run?
Where make a ſtand? and what may yet be done?
Scarce had I ſaid, when *Pantheus*, with a groan,
Troy is no more, and *Ilium* was a Town!
The fatal Day, th' appointed Hour is come,
When wrathful *Jove*'s irrevocable Doom
Tranſfers the *Trojan* State to *Grecian* Hands.
The Fire conſumes the Town, the Foe commands:
And armed Hoſts, an unexpected Force,
Break from the Bowels of the Fatal Horſe.
Within the Gates, proud *Sinon* throws about
The Flames, and Foes for entrance preſs without.
With thouſand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from *Argos*, or *Mycenæ* came.
To ſev'ral Poſts their Parties they divide;
Some block the narrow Streets, ſome ſcour the wide.
The bold they kill, th' unwary they ſurpriſe;
Who fights finds Death, and Death finds him who flies.

The

The Warders of the Gate but ſcarce maintain
Th' unequal Combat, and reſiſt in vain.
I heard; and Heav'n, that well-born Souls inſpires,
Prompts me, thro' lifted Swords, and riſing Fires
To run, where claſhing Arms and Clamour calls,
And ruſh undaunted to defend the Walls.
Ripheus and *Iph'itas* by my ſide engage,
For Valour one Renown'd, and one for Age.
Dymas and *Hypanis* by Moonlight knew
My Motions, and my Meen, and to my Party drew;
With young *Chorœbus*, who by Love was led
To win Renown, and fair *Caſſandra*'s Bed;
And lately brought his Troops to *Priam*'s aid:
Forewarn'd in vain, by the Prophetic Maid.
Whom, when I ſaw, reſolv'd in Arms to fall,
And that one Spirit animated all;
Brave Souls, ſaid I, but Brave, alas! in vain:
Come, finiſh what our Cruel Fates ordain.
You ſee the deſp'rate ſtate of our Affairs;
And Heav'ns protecting Pow'rs are deaf to Pray'rs.
The paſſive Gods behold the *Greeks* defile
Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil
Their own Abodes: we, feeble few, conſpire
To ſave a ſinking Town, involv'd in Fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidſt our Foes,
Deſpair of Life, the Means of living ſhows,
So bold a Speech incourag'd their deſire
Of Death, and added fuel to their Fire.
As hungry Wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour thro' the Fields, nor fear the Stormy Night;
Their Whelps at home expect the promis'd Food,
And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood:
So ruſh'd we forth at once, reſolv'd to die,
Reſolv'd in Death the laſt Extreams to try.

We

We leave the narrow Lanes behind, and dare
Th' unequal Combat in the publick Square:
Night was our Friend, our Leader was Deſpair.
What Tongue can tell the Slaughter of that Night?
What Eyes can weep the Sorrows and Affright!
An ancient and imperial City falls,
The Streets are fill'd with frequent Funerals:
Houſes and Holy Temples float in Blood,
And hoſtile Nations make a common Flood.
Not only *Trojans* fall, but in their turn,
The vanquiſh'd Triumph, and the Victors mourn.
Ours take new Courage from Deſpair and Night;
Confus'd the Fortune is, confus'd the Fight.
All parts reſound with Tumults, Plaints, and Fears,
And griſly Death in ſundry ſhapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his Band,
Who thought us *Grecians* newly come to Land:
From whence, ſaid he, my Friends this long delay?
You loiter, while the Spoils are born away:
Our Ships are laden with the *Trojan* Store,
And you like Truants come too late aſhore.
He ſaid, but ſoon corrected his Miſtake,
Found, by the doubtful Anſwers which we make:
Amaz'd, he wou'd have ſhun'd th' unequal Fight,
But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.
As when ſome Peaſant in a buſhy Brake,
Has with unwary Footing preſs'd a Snake;
He ſtarts aſide, aſtoniſh'd, when he ſpies
His riſing Creſt, blue Neck, and rowling Eyes;
So from our Arms, ſurpriz'd *Androgeos* flies.
In vain; for him and his we compaſs'd round,
Poſſeſs'd with Fear, unknowing of the Ground;
And of their Lives an eaſie Conqueſt found.

Thus Fortune on our firſt Endeavour ſmil'd:
Choræbus then, with youthful Hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with Succeſs, and of a daring Mind,
This new Invention fatally deſign'd.
My Friends, ſaid he, ſince Fortune ſhows the way,
'Tis fit we ſhou'd th' auſpicious Guide obey.
For what has ſhe theſe *Greeian* Arms beſtow'd,
But their Deſtruction, and the *Trojans* good?
Then change we Shields, and their Devices bear,
Let Fraud ſupply the want of Force in War.
They find us Arms. This ſaid, himſelf he dreſs'd
In dead *Androgeos*'s Spoils, his upper Veſt,
His painted Buckler, and his plumy Creſt.
Thus *Ripheus*, *Dymas*, all the *Trojan* Train
Lay down their own Attire, and ſtrip the ſlain.
Mix'd with the *Greeks*, we go with ill Preſage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy Rage:
Unknown, aſſaulting whom we blindly meet,
And ſtrew, with *Grecian* Carcaſſes, the Street.
Thus while their ſtragling Parties we defeat,
Some to the Shoar and ſafer Ships retreat:
And ſome oppreſs'd with more ignoble Fear,
Remount the hollow Horſe, and pant in ſecret there.
But ah! what uſe of Valour can be made,
When Heav'ns propitious Pow'rs refuſe their Aid!
Behold the royal Propheteſs, the Fair
Caſſandra, drag'd by her diſhevel'd Hair;
Whom not *Minerva*'s Shrine, nor ſacred Bands,
In ſafety cou'd protect from ſacrilegious Hands:
On Heav'n ſhe caſt her Eyes, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe cry'd,
('Twas all ſhe cou'd) her tender Arms were ty'd.
So ſad a Sight *Choærbus* cou'd not bear,
But fir'd with Rage, diſtracted with Deſpair;

Amid

A. 2. l: 645.

To the Right Hon.ble William O Bryen Earle
of Inchiquin in the Kingdom of Ireland &c.

Amid the barb'rous Raviſhers he flew:
Our Leader's raſh Example we purſue.
But ſtorms of Stones, from the proud Temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd Helms alight.
We from our Friends receiv'd this fatal Blow,
Who thought us *Grecians*, as we ſeem'd in ſhow.
They aim at the miſtaken Creſts, from high,
And ours beneath the pond'rous Ruin lie.
Then, mov'd with Anger and Diſdain, to ſee
Their Troops diſpers'd, the Royal Virgin free:
The *Grecians* rally, and their Pow'rs unite;
With Fury charge us, and renew the Fight.
The Brother-Kings with *Ajax* join their force,
And the whole Squadron of *Theſſalian* Horſe.
Thus, when the Rival Winds their Quarrel try,
Contending for the Kingdom of the Skie;
South, Eaſt, and Weſt, on airy Courſers born,
The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn:
Then *Nereus* ſtrikes the deep, the Billows riſe,
And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies.
The Troops we ſquander'd firſt, again appear
From ſev'ral Quarters, and encloſe the Rear.
They firſt obſerve, and to the reſt betray
Our diff'rent Speech; our borrow'd Arms ſurvey.
Oppreſs'd with odds, we fall; *Choræbus* firſt,
At *Pallas*'s Altar, by *Peneleus* pierc'd.
Then *Ripheus* follow'd, in th' unequal Fight;
Juſt of his Word, obſervant of the right;
Heav'n thought not ſo: *Dymas* their Fate attends,
With *Hypanis*, miſtaken by their Friends.
Nor *Pantheus*, thee, thy Mitre nor the Bands
Of awful *Phœbus*, ſav'd from impious Hands.
Ye *Trojan* Flames your Teſtimony bear,
What I perform'd, and what I ſuffer'd there:

No Sword avoiding in the fatal Strife,
Expos'd to Death, and prodigal of Life.
Witneſs, ye Heav'ns! I live not by my Fault,
I ſtrove to have deſerv'd the Death I fought.
But when I cou'd not fight, and wou'd have dy'd,
Born off to diſtance by the growing Tide,
Old *Iphitus* and I were hurry'd thence,
With *Pelias* wounded, and without Defence.
New Clamors from th' inveſted Palace ring;
We run to die, or diſengage the King.
So hot th' Aſſault, ſo high the Tumult roſe,
While ours defend, and while the *Greeks* oppoſe;
As all the *Dardan* and *Argolick* Race
Had been contracted in that narrow Space:
Or as all *Ilium* elſe were void of Fear,
And Tumult, War, and Slaughter only there.
Their Targets in a Tortoiſe caſt, the Foes
Secure advancing, to the Turrets roſe:
Some mount the ſcaling Ladders, ſome more bold
Swerve upwards, and by Poſts and Pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their Bucklers, in th' aſcent,
While with the right they ſeiſe the Battlement.
From their demoliſh'd Tow'rs the *Trojans* throw
Huge heaps of Stones, that falling, cruſh the Foe:
And heavy Beams, and Rafters from the ſides,
(Such Arms their laſt neceſſity provides:)
And gilded Roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of State, and ancient Royalty.
The Guards below, fix'd in the Paſs, attend
The Charge undaunted, and the Gate defend.
Renew'd in Courage with recover'd Breath,
A ſecond time we ran to tempt our Death:
To clear the Palace from the Foe, ſucceed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.

A Poſtern-door, yet unobſerv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind Gallery,
To the King's Cloſet led; a way well known
To *Hector*'s Wife, while *Priam* held the Throne:
Through which ſhe brought *Aſtyanax*, unſeen,
To chear his Grandſire, and his Grandſire's Queen.
Through this we paſs, and mount the Tow'r, from whence
With unavailing Arms the *Trojans* make defence.
From this the trembling King had oft deſcry'd
The *Grecian* Camp, and ſaw their Navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with Swords we hew;
Then wrenching with our hands, th' Aſſault renew.
And where the Rafters on the Columns meet,
We puſh them headlong with our Arms and Feet:
The Lightning flies not ſwifter than the Fall;
Nor Thunder louder than the ruin'd Wall:
Down goes the top at once; the *Greeks* beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into Death.
Yet more ſucceed, and more to death are ſent;
We ceaſe not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the Gate ſtood *Pyrrhus*, threat'ning loud,
With glitt'ring Arms conſpicuous in the Crowd.
So ſhines, renew'd in Youth, the creſted Snake,
Who ſlept the Winter in a thorny Brake:
And caſting off his Slough, when Spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:
Reſtor'd with pois'nous Herbs, his ardent ſides
Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides:
High o're the Graſs, hiſſing he rowls along,
And brandiſhes by fits his forky Tongue.
Proud *Periphas*, and fierce *Automedon*,
His Father's Charioteer, together run
To force the Gate: The *Scyrian* Infantry
Ruſh on in Crowds, and the barr'd Paſſage free.

Ent'ring

Ent'ring the Court, with Shouts the Skies they rend,
And flaming Firebrands to the Roofs aſcend:
Himſelf, among the foremoſt, deals his Blows,
And with his Axe repeated Stroaks beſtows
On the ſtrong Doors: then all their Shoulders ply,
'Till from the Poſts the brazen Hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double Bars at length
Yeilds to his Ax, and unreſiſted Strength.
A mighty Breach is made; the Rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the Palace is reveal'd.
The Halls of Audience, and of publick State,
And where the lonely Queen in ſecret ſate.
Arm'd Souldiers now by trembling Maids are ſeen,
With not a Door, and ſcarce a Space between.
The Houſe is fill'd with loud Laments and Cries,
And Shrieks of Women rend the vaulted Skies.
The fearful Matrons run from place to place,
And kiſs the Threſholds, and the Poſts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman *Pyrrhus* plies,
And all his Father ſparkles in his Eyes.
Nor Bars, nor fighting Guards his force ſuſtain;
The Bars are broken, and the Guards are ſlain.
In ruſh the *Greeks*, and all the Apartments fill;
Thoſe few Defendants whom they find, they kill.
Not with ſo fierce a Rage, the foaming Flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid Courſe withſtood:
Bears down the Dams with unreſiſted ſway,
And ſweeps the Cattle and the Cots away.
Theſe Eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The Brother-Kings: I ſaw th' unhappy Queen,
The hundred Wives, and where old *Priam* ſtood,
To ſtain his hallow'd Altar with his Blood.
The fifty Nuptial Beds: (ſuch Hopes had he,
So large a Promiſe of a Progeny:)

The Poſts of plated Gold, and hung with Spoils,
Fell the Reward of the proud Victor's Toils.
Where e're the raging Fire had left a ſpace,
The *Grecians* enter, and poſſeſs the Place.
Perhaps you may of *Priam*'s Fate enquire.
He, when he ſaw his Regal Town on fire,
His ruin'd Palace, and his ent'ring Foes,
On ev'ry ſide inevitable woes;
In Arms, diſus'd, inveſts his Limbs decay'd
Like them, with Age; a late and uſeleſs aid.
His feeble ſhoulders ſcarce the weight ſuſtain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along, with pain;
Deſpairing of Succeſs; ambitious to be ſlain!
Uncover'd but by Heav'n, there ſtood in view
An Altar; near the hearth a Lawrel grew;
Dodder'd with Age, whoſe Boughs encompaſs round
The Houſehold Gods, and ſhade the holy Ground.
Here *Hecuba*, with all her helpleſs Train
Of Dames, for ſhelter ſought, but ſought in vain.
Driv'n like a Flock of Doves along the skie,
Their Images they hugg, and to their Altars fly.
The Queen, when ſhe beheld her trembling Lord,
And hanging by his ſide a heavy Sword,
What Rage, ſhe cry'd, has ſeiz'd my Husband's mind;
What Arms are theſe, and to what uſe deſign'd?
Theſe times want other aids: were *Hector* here,
Ev'n *Hector* now in vain, like *Priam* wou'd appear.
With us, one common ſhelter thou ſhalt find,
Or in one common Fate with us be join'd.
She ſaid, and with a laſt Salute embrac'd
The poor old Man, and by the Lawrel plac'd.
Behold *Polites*, one of *Priam*'s Sons,
Purſu'd by *Pyrrhus*, there for ſafety runs.

Thro

Thro Swords, and Foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies
Through empty Courts, and open Galleries:
Him *Pyrrhus*, urging with his Lance, purſues;
And often reaches, and his thruſts renews.
The Youth transfix'd, with lamentable Cries
Expires, before his wretched Parent's Eyes.
Whom, gaſping at his feet, when *Priam* ſaw,
The Fear of Death gave place to Nature's Law.
And ſhaking more with Anger, than with Age,
The Gods, ſaid He, requite thy brutal Rage:
As ſure they will, Barbarian, ſure they muſt,
If there be Gods in Heav'n, and Gods be juſt:
Who tak'ſt in Wrongs an inſolent delight;
With a Son's death t'infect a Father's ſight.
Not He, whom thou and lying Fame conſpire
To call thee his; Not He, thy vaunted Sire,
Thus us'd my wretched Age: The Gods he fear'd,
The Laws of Nature and of Nations heard.
He chear'd my Sorrows, and for Sums of Gold
The bloodleſs Carcaſs of my *Hector* ſold.
Pity'd the Woes a Parent underwent,
And ſent me back in ſafety from his Tent.
This ſaid, his feeble hand a Javelin threw,
Which flutt'ring, ſeem'd to loiter as it flew:
Juſt, and but barely, to the Mark it held,
And faintly tinckl'd on the Brazen Shield.
Then *Pyrrhus* thus: Go thou from me to Fate;
And to my Father my foul deeds relate.
Now dye: with that he dragg'd the trembling Sire,
Slidd'ring through clotter'd Blood, and holy Mire,
(The mingl'd Paſte his murder'd Son had made,)
Haul'd from beneath the violated Shade;
And on the Sacred Pile, the Royal Victim laid.

His

To y^e^ Right Hon^ble^ Roger Earle of Orrery Baron of Broghill &c.

VIRTUTE PRÆMIUM HONOR

His right Hand held his bloody Fauchion bare;
His left he twiſted in his hoary Hair:
Then, with a ſpeeding Thruſt, his Heart he found:
The lukewarm Blood came ruſhing through the Wound,
And ſanguine Streams diſtain'd the ſacred Ground.
Thus *Priam* fell: and ſhar'd one common Fate
With *Troy* in Aſhes, and his ruin'd State:
He, who the Scepter of all *Aſia* ſway'd,
Whom Monarchs like Domeſtick Slaves obey'd,
On the bleak Shoar now lies th' abandon'd King,
* A headleſs Carcaſs, and a nameleſs thing.
Then, not before, I felt my crudled Blood
Congeal with Fear; my Hair with horror ſtood:
My Father's Image fill'd my pious Mind;
Leſt equal Years might equal Fortune find.
Again I thought on my forſaken Wife;
And trembl'd for my Son's abandon'd Life.
I look'd about; but found my ſelf alone:
Deſerted at my need, my Friends were gone.
Some ſpent with Toil, ſome with Deſpair oppreſs'd,
Leap'd headlong from the Heights; the Flames conſum'd the reſt.
Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a Guide,
The graceleſs *Helen* in the Porch I ſpy'd
Of *Veſta*'s Temple: there ſhe lurk'd alone;
Muffled ſhe ſate, and what ſhe cou'd, unknown:
But, by the Flames, that caſt their Blaze around,
That common Bane of *Greece* and *Troy*, I found.
For *Ilium* burnt, ſhe dreads the *Trojan* Sword;
More dreads the Vengeance of her injur'd Lord;
Ev'n by thoſe Gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd.
Trembling with Rage, the Strumpet I regard;
Reſolv'd to give her Guilt the due reward.
Shall ſhe triumphant ſail before the Wind,
And leave in Flames, unhappy *Troy* behind?

* *This whole line is taken from Sir* John Derham.

Shall ſhe, her Kingdom and her Friends review,
In State attended with a Captive Crew;
While unreveng'd the good old *Priam* falls,
And *Grecian* Fires conſume the *Trojan* Walls?
For this the *Phrygian* Fields, and *Xanthian* Flood
Were ſwell'd with Bodies, and were drunk with Blood?
'Tis true a Souldier can ſmall Honour gain:
And boaſt no Conqueſt from a Woman ſlain:
Yet ſhall the Fact not paſs without Applauſe,
Of Vengeance taken in ſo juſt a Cauſe.
The puniſh'd Crime ſhall ſet my Soul at eaſe:
And murm'ring Manes of my Friends appeaſe.
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleaſing Light
Spread o're the Place, and ſhining Heav'nly bright,
My Mother ſtood reveal'd before my Sight.
Never ſo radiant did her Eyes appear;
Not her own Star confeſs'd a light ſo clear.
Great in her Charms, as when on Gods above
She looks, and breaths her ſelf into their Love.
She held my Hand, the deſtin'd Blow to break:
Then from her roſie Lips began to ſpeak.
My Son, from whence this Madneſs, this neglect
Of my Commands, and thoſe whom I protect?
Why this unmanly Rage? Recall to mind
Whom you forſake, what Pledges leave behind.
Look if your helpleſs Father yet ſurvive;
Or if *Aſcanius*, or *Creuſa* live.
Around your Houſe the greedy *Grecians* err;
And theſe had periſh'd in the nightly War,
But for my Preſence and protecting Care.
Not *Helen*'s Face, nor *Paris* was in fault;
But by the Gods was this Deſtruction brought.
Now caſt your Eyes around; while I diſſolve
The Miſts and Films that Mortal Eyes involve:

Purge

Purge from your ſight the Droſs, and make you ſee
The Shape of each avenging Deity.
Enlightn'd thus, my juſt Commands fulfill;
Nor fear Obedience to your Mother's Will.
Where yon diſorder'd heap of Ruin lies,
Stones rent from Stones, where Clouds of Duſt ariſe,
Amid that ſmother, *Neptune* holds his place:
Below the Wall's foundation drives his Mace:
And heaves the Building from the ſolid Baſe.
Look where, in Arms, Imperial *Juno* ſtands,
Full in the *Scæan* Gate, with loud Commands;
Urging on Shore the tardy *Grecian* Bands.
See *Pallas*, of her ſnaky Buckler proud,
Beſtrides the Tow'r, refulgent through the Cloud:
See *Jove* new Courage to the Foe ſupplies,
And Arms againſt the Town, the partial Deities.
Haſte hence, my Son; this fruitleſs Labour end:
Haſte where your trembling Spouſe, and Sire attend:
Haſte, and a Mother's Care your Paſſage ſhall befriend.
She ſaid: and ſwiftly vaniſh'd from my Sight,
Obſcure in Clouds, and gloomy Shades of Night.
I look'd, I liſten'd; dreadful Sounds I hear;
And the dire Forms of hoſtile Gods appear.
Troy ſunk in Flames I ſaw, nor could prevent;
And *Ilium* from its old Foundations rent.
Rent like a Mountain Aſh, which dar'd the Winds;
And ſtood the ſturdy Stroaks of lab'ring Hinds:
About the Roots the cruel Ax reſounds,
The Stumps are pierc'd, with oft repeated Wounds.
The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown
Now threats a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down.
To their united Force it yields, though late;
And mourns with mortal Groans th' approaching Fate:

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The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown
Now threats a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down.
To their united Force it yields, though late;
And mourns with mortal Groans th' approaching Fate:

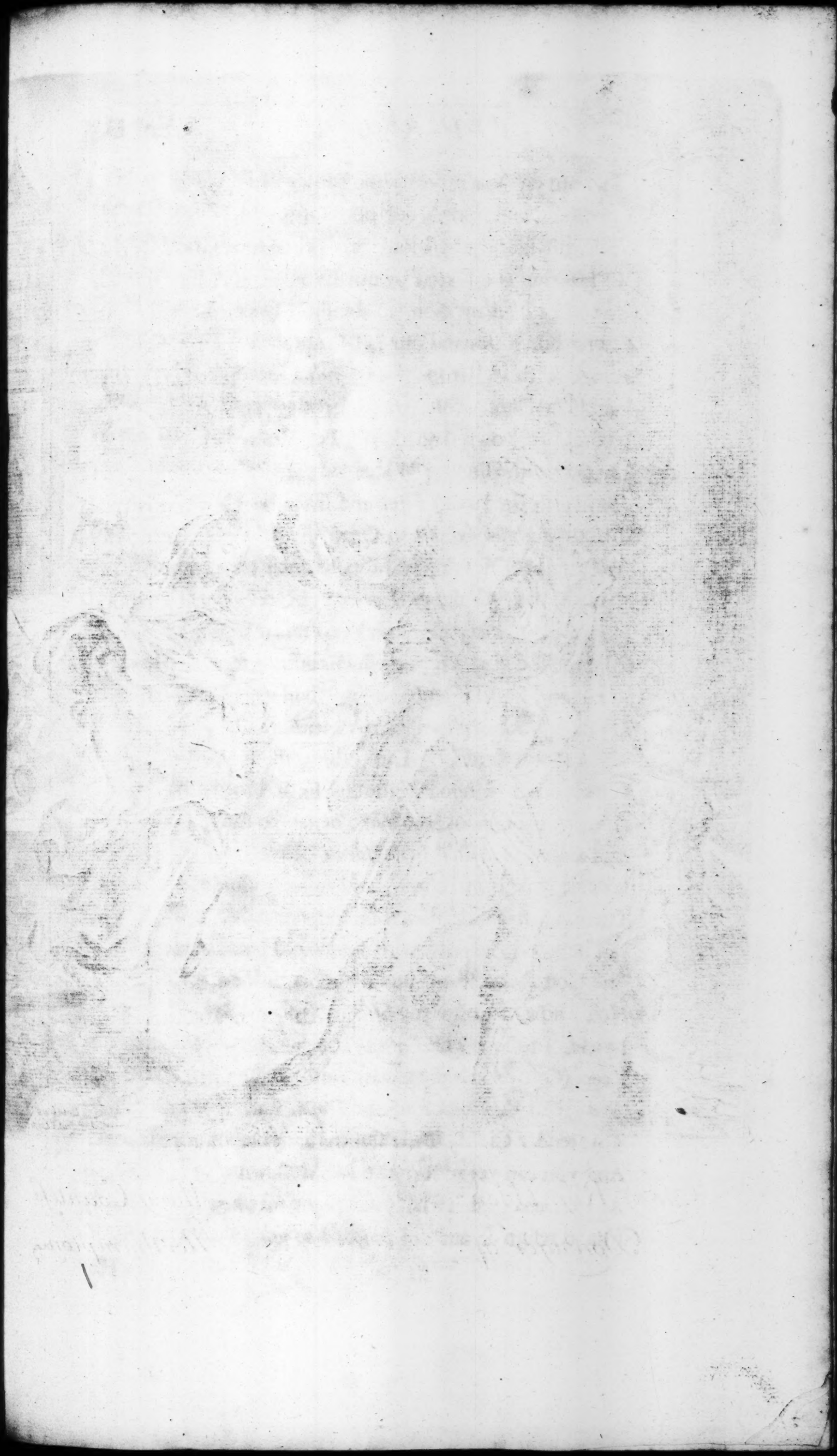
The Roots no more their upper load ſuſtain ;
But down ſhe falls, and ſpreads a ruin thro' the Plain.
Deſcending thence, I ſcape through Foes, and Fire :
Before the Goddeſs, Foes and Flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he for whoſe only ſake,
Or moſt for his, ſuch Toils I undertake,
The good *Anchiſes*, whom, by timely Flight,
I purpos'd to ſecure on *Ida*'s height,
Refus'd the Journey : Reſolute to die,
And add his Fun'rals to the fate of *Troy* :
Rather than Exile and old Age ſuſtain.
Go you, whoſe Blood runs warm in ev'ry Vein :
Had Heav'n decreed that I ſhou'd Life enjoy,
Heav'n had decreed to ſave unhappy *Troy*.
'Tis ſure enough, if not too much for one ;
Twice to have ſeen our *Ilium* overthrown.
Make haſte to ſave the poor remaining Crew ;
And give this uſeleſs Corps a long Adieu.
Theſe weak old Hands ſuffice to ſtop my Breath :
At leaſt the pitying Foes will aid my Death,
To take my Spoils : and leave my Body bare :
As for my Sepulchre let Heav'n take Care.
'Tis long ſince I, for my Cœleſtial Wife,
Loath'd by the Gods, have drag'd a lingring Life :
Since ev'ry Hour and Moment I expire,
Blaſted from Heav'n by *Jove*'s avenging Fire.
This oft repeated, he ſtood fix'd to die :
My ſelf, my Wife, my Son, my Family,
Intreat, pray, beg, and raiſe a doleful Cry.
What, will he ſtill perſiſt, on Death reſolve,
And in his Ruin all his Houſe involve !
He ſtill perſiſts, his Reaſons to maintain ;
Our Pray'rs, our Tears, our loud Laments are vain.
Urg'd by Deſpair, again I go to try
The fate of Arms, reſolv'd in Fight to die.

To y^e Right Hon^ble Rob^t L^d Constable Vis^nt
Dunbar in y^e Kingdom of Scotland

SANS MAUVAIS DESIRE

What hope remains, but what my Death muſt give?
Can I without ſo dear a Father live?
You term it Prudence, what I Baſeneſs call:
Cou'd ſuch a Word from ſuch a Parent fall?
If Fortune pleaſe, and ſo the Gods ordain,
That nothing ſhou'd of ruin'd *Troy* remain:
And you conſpire with Fortune, to be ſlain;
The way to Death is wide, th' Approaches near:
For ſoon relentleſs *Pyrrhus* will appear,
Reeking with *Priam*'s Blood: The wretch who ſlew
The Son (inhuman) in the Father's view,
And then the Sire himſelf, to the dire Altar drew.
O Goddeſs Mother, give me back to fate;
Your Gift was undeſir'd, and came too late.
Did you for this, unhappy me convey
Through Foes and Fires to ſee my Houſe a Prey?
Shall I, my Father, Wife, and Son, behold
Welt'ring in Blood, each others Arms infold?
Haſte, gird my Sword, tho' ſpent, and overcome:
'Tis the laſt Summons to receive our Doom.
I hear thee, Fate, and I obey thy Call:
Not unreveng'd the Foe ſhall ſee my Fall.
Reſtore me to the yet unfiniſh'd Fight:
My Death is wanting to conclude the Night.
Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring Sword I wield,
While th' other hand ſuſtains my weighty Shield:
And forth I ruſh to ſeek th' abandon'd Field.
I went; but ſad *Creuſa* ſtop'd my way,
And croſs the Threſhold in my Paſſage lay;
Embrac'd my Knees; and when I wou'd have gone
Shew'd me my feeble Sire, and tender Son.
If Death be your deſign, at leaſt, ſaid ſhe,
Take us along, to ſhare your Deſtiny.
If any farther hopes in Arms remain,
This Place, theſe Pledges of your Love, maintain.

To whom do you expoſe your Father's Life,
Your Son's, and mine, your now forgotten Wife!
While thus ſhe fills the Houſe with clam'rous Cries,
Our Hearing is diverted by our Eyes.
For while I held my Son, in the ſhort ſpace,
Betwixt our Kiſſes and our laſt Embrace;
Strange to relate, from young *Julus* Head
A lambent Flame aroſe, which gently ſpread
Around his Brows, and on his Temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running Water we prepare
To quench the ſacred Fire, and ſhake his Hair;
But old *Anchiſes*, vers'd in Omens, rear'd
His Hands to Heav'n, and this Requeſt preferr'd.
If any Vows, Almighty *Jove*, can bend
Thy Will, if Piety can Pray'rs commend,
Confirm the glad Preſage which thou art pleas'd to ſend.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of ratling Thunder rowl in Air:
There ſhot a ſtreaming Lamp along the Sky,
Which on the winged Lightning ſeem'd to fly;
From o're the Roof the blaze began to move;
And trailing vaniſh'd in th' *Idean* Grove.
It ſwept a path in Heav'n, and ſhone a Guide;
Then in a ſteaming ſtench of Sulphur dy'd.
The good old Man with ſuppliant Hands implor'd
The Gods protection, and their Star ador'd.
Now, now, ſaid he, my Son, no more delay,
I yield, I follow where Heav'n ſhews the way.
Keep (O my Country Gods) our dwelling Place,
And guard this Relick of the *Trojan* Race:
This tender Child; theſe Omens are your own;
And you can yet reſtore the ruin'd Town.
At leaſt accompliſh what your Signs foreſhow:
I ſtand reſign'd, and am prepar'd to go.



To y^e^ Right Hon^ble^:
Dowager of

Mary Countess
Northampton

He ſaid; the crackling Flames appear on high,
And driving Sparkles dance along the Sky.
With *Vulcan*'s rage the riſing Winds conſpire;
And near our Palace rowl the flood of Fire.
Haſte, my dear Father, ('tis no time to wait,)
And load my Shoulders with a willing Fraight.
What e're befalls, your Life ſhall be my care,
One Death, or one Deliv'rance we will ſhare.
My Hand ſhall lead our little Son; and you
My faithful Conſort, ſhall our Steps purſue.
Next, you my Servants, heed my ſtrict Commands:
Without the Walls a ruin'd Temple ſtands,
To *Ceres* hallow'd once; a Cypreſs nigh
Shoots up her venerable Head on high;
By long Religion kept: there bend your Feet;
And in divided Parties let us meet.
Our Country Gods, the Relicks, and the Bands,
Hold you, my Father, in your guiltleſs Hands:
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with Slaughter, new from War:
'Till in ſome living Stream I cleanſe the Guilt
Of dire Debate, and Blood in Battel ſpilt.
Thus, ord'ring all that Prudence cou'd provide,
I cloath my Shoulders with a Lion's Hide;
And yellow Spoils: Then, on my bending Back,
The welcome load of my dear Father take.
While on my better Hand *Aſcanius* hung,
And with unequal Paces tript along.
Creuſa kept behind: by choice we ſtray
Through ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious Way.
I, who ſo bold and dauntleſs juſt before,
The *Grecian* Darts and ſhock of Lances bore,
At ev'ry Shadow now am ſeiz'd with Fear:
Not for my ſelf, but for the Charge I bear.

'Till

Till near the ruin'd Gate arriv'd at laſt,
Secure, and deeming all the Danger paſt;
A frightful noiſe of trampling Feet we hear;
My Father looking through the Shades, with fear,
Cry'd out, haſte, haſte my Son, the Foes are nigh;
Their Swords, and ſhining Armour I deſcry.
Some hoſtile God, for ſome unknown Offence,
Had ſure bereft my Mind of better Sence:
For while through winding Ways I took my Flight;
And ſought the ſhelter of the gloomy Night;
Alas! I loſt *Creuſa*: hard to tell
If by her fatal Deſtiny ſhe fell,
Or weary ſate, or wander'd with affright;
But ſhe was loſt for ever to my ſight.
I knew not, or reflected, 'till I meet
My Friends, at *Ceres* now deſerted Seat:
We met: not one was wanting, only ſhe
Deceiv'd her Friends, her Son, and wretched me.
What mad expreſſions did my Tongue refuſe!
Whom did I not of Gods or Men accuſe!
This was the fatal Blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd *Troy* before.
Stung with my Loſs, and raving with Deſpair,
Abandoning my now forgotten Care,
Of Counſel, Comfort, and of Hope bereft,
My Sire, my Son, my Country Gods, I left.
In ſhining Armour once again I ſheath
My Limbs, not feeling Wounds, nor fearing Death.
Then headlong to the burning Walls I run,
And ſeek the Danger I was forc'd to ſhun.
I tread my former Tracks: through Night explore
Each Paſſage, ev'ry Street I croſs'd before.
All things were full of Horrour and Affright,
And dreadful ev'n the ſilence of the Night.

Then,

Then, to my Father's Houſe I make repair,
With ſome ſmall Glimps of hope to find her there:
Inſtead of her the cruel *Greeks* I met;
The houſe was fill'd with Foes, with Flames beſet.
Driv'n on the wings of Winds, whole ſheets of Fire,
Through Air tranſported, to the Roofs aſpire.
From thence to *Priam*'s Palace I reſort;
And ſearch the Citadel, and deſart Court.
Then, unobſerv'd, I paſs by *Juno*'s Church;
A guard of *Grecians* had poſſeſs'd the Porch:
There *Phœnix* and *Ulyſſes* watch the Prey:
And thither all the Wealth of *Troy* convey.
The Spoils which they from ranſack'd Houſes brought;
And golden Bowls from burning Altars caught,
The Tables of the Gods, the Purple Veſts;
The People's Treaſure, and the Pomp of Prieſts.
A ranck of wretched Youths, with pinion'd Hands,
And captive Matrons in long Order ſtands.
Then, with ungovern'd Madneſs, I proclaim,
Through all the ſilent Streets, *Creuſa*'s Name.
Creuſa ſtill I call: At length ſhe hears;
And ſuddain, through the Shades of Night appears.
Appears, no more *Creuſa*, nor my Wife:
But a pale Spectre, larger than the Life.
Aghaſt, aſtoniſh'd, and ſtruck dumb with Fear,
I ſtood; like Briſtles roſe my ſtiffen'd Hair.
Then thus the Ghoſt began to ſooth my Grief:
Nor Tears, nor Cries can give the dead Relief;
Deſiſt, my much lov'd Lord, t'indulge your Pain:
You bear no more than what the Gods ordain.
My Fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great Comptroller of the Sky.
Long wandring Ways for you the Pow'rs decree:
On Land hard Labors, and a length of Sea.

Then, after many painful Years are paſt,
On *Latium*'s happy Shore you ſhall be caſt:
Where gentle *Tiber* from his Bed beholds
The flow'ry Meadows, and the feeding Folds.
There end your Toils: And there your Fates provide
A quiet Kingdom, and a Royal Bride:
There Fortune ſhall the *Trojan* Line reſtore;
And you for loſt *Creuſa* weep no more.
Fear not that I ſhall watch with ſervile Shame,
Th' imperious Looks of ſome proud *Grecian* Dame:
Or, ſtooping to the Victor's Luſt, diſgrace
My Goddeſs Mother, or my Royal Race.
And now, farewell: the Parent of the Gods
Reſtrains my fleeting Soul in her Abodes:
I truſt our common Iſſue to your Care.
She ſaid: And gliding paſs'd unſeen in Air.
I ſtrove to ſpeak, but Horror ty'd my Tongue;
And thrice about her Neck my Arms I flung;
And thrice deceiv'd, on vain Embraces hung.
Light as an empty Dream at break of Day,
Or as a blaſt of Wind, ſhe ruſh'd away.
Thus, having paſs'd the Night in fruitleſs Pain,
I, to my longing Friends, return again.
Amaz'd th' augmented Number to behold,
Of Men, and Matrons mix'd, of young and old:
A wretched Exil'd Crew together brought,
With Arms appointed, and with Treaſure fraught.
Reſolv'd, and willing under my Command,
To run all hazards both of Sea and Land.
The Morn began, from *Ida*, to diſplay
Her roſy Cheeks, and *Phoſphor* led the day;
Before the Gates the *Grecians* took their Poſt:
And all pretence of late Relief was loſt.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire;
And loaded, up the Hill convey my Sire.

To the Right Honble William Stanley
Earle of Derby &c. L.d of Man & ye Isles

SANS CHANGER

The Third Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

Æneas *proceeds in his Relation: He gives an Account of the Fleet with which he ſail'd, and the Succeſs of his firſt Voyage to* Thrace; *from thence he directs his Courſe to* Delos, *and asks the Oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his Habitation? By a miſtake of the Oracle's Anſwer, he ſettles in* Crete; *his Houſehold Gods give him the true ſenſe of the Oracle, in a Dream. He follows their advice, and makes the beſt of his way for* Italy: *He is caſt on ſeveral Shores, and meets with very ſurpriſing Adventures, 'till at length he lands on* Sicily; *where his Father* Anchiſes *dies. This is the place which he was ſailing from, when the Tempeſt roſe and threw him upon the* Carthaginian *Coaſt.*

WHen Heav'n had overturn'd the *Trojan* State,
And *Priam*'s Throne, by too ſevere a Fate:
When ruin'd *Troy* became the *Grecians* Prey,
And *Ilium*'s lofty Tow'rs in Aſhes lay:
Warn'd by Cœleſtial Omens, we retreat,
To ſeek in foreign Lands a happier Seat.
Near old *Antandros*, and at *Ida*'s foot,
The Timber of the ſacred Groves we cut:
And build our Fleet; uncertain yet to find
What place the Gods for our Repoſe aſſign'd.
Friends daily flock; and ſcarce the kindly Spring
Began to cloath the Ground, and Birds to ſing;
When old *Anchiſes* ſummon'd all to Sea:
The Crew, my Father and the Fates obey.
With Sighs and Tears I leave my native Shore,
And empty Fields, where *Ilium* ſtood before.
My Sire, my Son, our leſs, and greater Gods,
All ſail at once; and cleave the briny Floods.
Againſt our Coaſt appears a ſpacious Land,
Which once the fierce *Lycurgus* did command:

Thracia the Name; the People bold in War;
Vaſt are their Fields, and Tillage is their Care.
A hoſpitable Realm while Fate was kind;
With *Troy* in friendſhip and Religion join'd.
I land; with luckleſs Omens, then adore
Their Gods, and draw a Line along the Shore:
I lay the deep Foundations of a Wall;
And *Enos*, nam'd from me, the City call.
To *Dionæan Venus* Vows are paid,
And all the Pow'rs that riſing Labours aid;
A Bull on *Jove*'s Imperial Altar laid.
Not far, a riſing Hillock ſtood in view;
Sharp Myrtles, on the ſides, and Cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the Silvan Scenes,
And ſhade our Altar with their leafy Greens;
I pull'd a Plant; (with horror I relate
A Prodigy ſo ſtrange, and full of Fate.)
The rooted Fibres roſe; and from the Wound,
Black bloody Drops diſtill'd upon the Ground.
Mute, and amaz'd, my Hair with Terrour ſtood;
Fear ſhrunk my Sinews, and congeal'd my Blood.
Man'd once again, another Plant I try;
That other guſh'd with the ſame ſanguine Dye.
Then, fearing Guilt, for ſome Offence unknown,
With Pray'rs and Vows the *Driads* I attone:
With all the Siſters of the Woods, and moſt
The God of Arms, who rules the *Thracian* Coaſt:
That they, or he, theſe Omens wou'd avert;
Releaſe our Fears, and better ſigns impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
To learn the Cauſe, I tug'd with all my Strength;
I bent my knees againſt the Ground; once more
The violated Myrtle ran with Gore.

Scarce

Scarce dare I tell the Sequel: From the Womb
Of wounded Earth, and Caverns of the Tomb,
A Groan, as of a troubled Ghoſt, renew'd
My Fright, and then theſe dreadful Words enſu'd.
Why doſt thou thus my bury'd Body rend?
O ſpare the Corps of thy unhappy Friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious Hands with Blood:
The Tears diſtil not from the wounded Wood;
But ev'ry drop this living Tree contains,
Is kindred Blood, and ran in *Trojan* Veins:
O fly from this unhoſpitable Shore,
Warn'd by my Fate; for I am *Polydore!*
Here loads of Lances, in my Blood embru'd,
Again ſhoot upward, by my Blood renew'd.
My faultring Tongue, and ſhiv'ring Limbs declare
My Horror, and in Briſtles roſe my Hair.
When *Troy* with *Grecian* Arms was cloſely pent,
Old *Priam*, fearful of the Wars Event,
This hapleſs *Polydore* to *Thracia* ſent.
Loaded with Gold, he ſent his Darling, far
From Noiſe and Tumults, and deſtructive War:
Committed to the faithleſs Tyrant's Care.
Who, when he ſaw the Pow'r of *Troy* decline,
Forſook the weaker, with the ſtrong to join.
Broke ev'ry Bond of Nature, and of Truth;
And murder'd, for his Wealth, the Royal Youth.
O ſacred Hunger of pernicious Gold,
What bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold!
Now, when my Soul had ſhaken off her Fears,
I call my Father, and the *Trojan* Peers:
Relate the Prodigies of Heav'n; require
What he commands, and their Advice deſire.
All vote to leave that execrable Shore,
Polluted with the Blood of *Polydore*.

But

But e're we ſail, his Fun'ral Rites prepare;
Then, to his Ghoſt, a Tomb and Altars rear,
In mournful Pomp the Matrons walk the round:
With baleful Cypreſs, and blue Fillets crown'd;
With Eyes dejected, and with Hair unbound.
Then Bowls of tepid Milk and Blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the Soul of *Polydore*.
Now when the raging Storms no longer reign;
But Southern Gales invite us to the Main;
We launch our Veſſels, with a proſp'rous Wind;
And leave the Cities and the Shores behind.
An Iſland in th' *Ægean* Main appears:
Neptune and wat'ry *Doris* claim it theirs.
It floated once, till *Phœbus* fix'd the ſides
To rooted Earth, and now it braves the Tides.
Here, born by friendly Winds, we come aſhore
With needful eaſe our weary Limbs reſtore;
And the Sun's Temple, and his Town adore.
Anius the Prieſt, and King, with Lawrel crown'd,
His hoary Locks with purple Fillets bound.
Who ſaw my Sire the *Delian* Shore aſcend,
Came forth with eager haſte to meet his Friend.
Invites him to his Palace; and in ſign
Of ancient Love, their plighted Hands they join.
Then to the Temple of the God I went;
And thus, before the Shrine, my Vows preſent.
Give, O *Thymbræus*, give a reſting place,
To the ſad Relicks of the *Trojan* Race:
A Seat ſecure, a Region of their own,
A laſting Empire, and a happier Town.
Where ſhall we fix, where ſhall our Labours end,
Whom ſhall we follow, and what Fate attend?
Let not my Pray'rs a doubtful Anſwer find,
But in clear Auguries unveil thy Mind.

Scarce

Æ. 3. l: no

To the Right Hon.ble Nathanael Lord
Bishop of Durham

Scarce had I ſaid, He ſhook the Holy Ground:
The Lawrels, and the lofty Hills around:
And from the *Tripos* ruſh'd a bellowing Sound.
Proſtrate we fell; confeſs'd the preſent God,
Who gave this Anſwer from his dark Abode.
Undaunted Youths, go ſeek that Mother Earth
From which your Anceſtors derive their Birth.
The Soil that ſent you forth, her Ancient Race,
In her old Boſom, ſhall again embrace.
Through the wide World th'*Æneian* Houſe ſhall reign,
And Childrens Children ſhall the Crown ſuſtain.
Thus *Phœbus* did our future Fates diſcloſe;
A mighty Tumult, mix'd with Joy, aroſe.
All are concern'd to know what place the God
Aſſign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
My Father, long revolving in his Mind,
The Race and Lineage of the *Trojan* Kind,
Thus anſwer'd their demands: Ye Princes, hear
Your pleaſing Fortune; and diſpel your fear.
The fruitful Iſle of *Crete* well known to Fame,
Sacred of old to *Jove*'s Imperial Name,
In the mid Ocean lies, with large Command;
And on its Plains a hundred Cities ſtand.
Another *Ida* riſes there; and we
From thence derive our *Trojan* Anceſtry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain Fame,
To the *Rhætean* Shores old *Teucrus* came.
There fix'd, and there the Seat of Empire choſe,
E're *Ilium* and the *Trojan* Tow'rs aroſe.
In humble Vales they built their ſoft abodes:
Till *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods,
With tinckling Cymbals charm'd th'*Idean* Woods.
She, ſecret Rites and Ceremonies taught,
And to the Yoke, the ſalvage Lions brought.

Let

Let us the Land, which Heav'n appoints, explore;
Appeaſe the Winds, and ſeek the *Gnoſſian* Shore.
If *Jove* aſſiſts the paſſage of our Fleet,
The third propitious dawn diſcovers *Creet*.
Thus having ſaid, the Sacrifices laid
On ſmoking Altars, to the Gods He paid.
A Bull, to *Neptune* an Oblation due,
Another Bull to bright *Apollo* ſlew:
A milk white Ewe the Weſtern Winds to pleaſe;
And one cole black to calm the ſtormy Seas.
E're this, a flying Rumour had been ſpread,
That fierce *Idomeneus* from *Crete* was fled;
Expell'd and exil'd; that the Coaſt was free
From Foreign or Domeſtick Enemy:
We leave the *Delian* Ports, and put to Sea.
By *Naxos*, fam'd for Vintage, make our way:
Then green *Donyſa* paſs; and Sail in ſight
Of *Paros* Iſle, with Marble Quarries white.
We paſs the ſcatter'd Iſles of *Cyclades*;
That, ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd, ſeem to ſtud the Seas.
The ſhouts of Sailors double near the ſhores;
They ſtretch their Canvaſs, and they ply their Oars.
All hands aloft, for *Creet* for *Creet* they cry,
And ſwiftly through the foamy Billows fly.
Full on the promis'd Land at length we bore,
With Joy deſcending on the *Cretan* Shore.
With eager haſte a riſing Town I frame,
Which from the *Trojan Pergamus* I name:
The Name it ſelf was grateful; I exhort
To found their Houſes, and erect a Fort.
Our Ships are haul'd upon the yellow ſtrand,
The Youth begin to Till the labour'd Land.
And I my ſelf new Marriages promote,
Give Laws: and Dwellings I divide by Lot.

When

When riſing Vapours choak the wholeſom Air,
And blaſts of noiſom Winds corrupt the Year:
The Trees, devouring Caterpillers burn:
Parch'd was the Graſs, and blited was the Corn.
Nor ſcape the Beaſts: for *Syrius* from on high,
With peſtilential Heat infects the Sky:
My Men, ſome fall, the reſt in Feavers fry.
Again my Father bids me ſeek the Shore
Of ſacred *Delos*; and the God implore:
To learn what end of Woes we might expect,
And to what Clime, our weary Courſe direct.
'Twas Night, when ev'ry Creature, void of Cares,
The common gift of balmy Slumber ſhares:
The Statues of my Gods, (for ſuch they ſeem'd)
Thoſe Gods whom I from flaming *Troy* redeem'd,
Before me ſtood; Majeſtically bright,
Full in the Beams of *Phœbe*'s entring light.
Then thus they ſpoke; and eas'd my troubled Mind:
What from the *Delian* God thou go'ſt to find,
He tells thee here; and ſends us to relate:
Thoſe Pow'rs are we, Companions of thy Fate,
Who from the burning Town by thee were brought;
Thy Fortune follow'd, and thy ſafety wrought.
Through Seas and Lands, as we thy Steps attend,
So ſhall our Care thy Glorious Race befriend.
An ample Realm for thee thy Fates ordain;
A Town, that o're the conquer'd World ſhall reign.
Thou, mighty Walls for mighty Nations build;
Nor let thy weary Mind to labours yield:
But change thy Seat; for not the *Delian* God,
Nor we, have giv'n thee *Crete* for our Abode.
A Land there is, *Heſperia* call'd of old,
The Soil is fruitful, and the Natives bold.

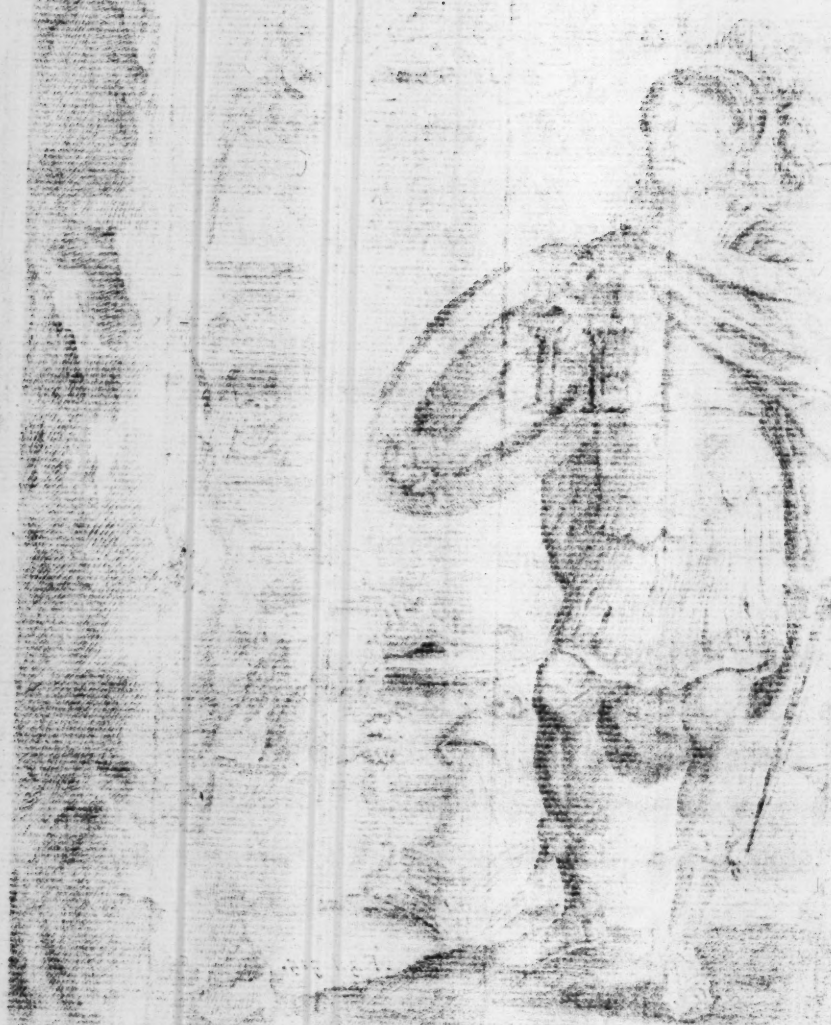
Th' *Oenotrians* held it once; by later Fame,
Now call'd *Italia* from the Leader's Name.
Jaſius there, and *Dardanus* were born:
From thence we came, and thither muſt return.
Riſe, and thy Sire with theſe glad Tidings greet;
Search *Italy*, for *Jove* denies thee *Creet*.
Aſtoniſh'd at their Voices, and their ſight,
(Nor were they Dreams, but Viſions of the Night;
I ſaw, I knew their Faces, and deſcry'd
In perfect View, their Hair with Fillets ty'd:)
I ſtarted from my Couch, a clammy Sweat
On all my Limbs, and ſhiv'ring Body ſate.
To Heav'n I lift my Hands with pious haſte,
And ſacred Incenſe in the Flames I caſt.
Thus to the Gods their perfect Honours done,
More chearful to my good old Sire I run:
And tell the pleaſing News; in little ſpace
He found his Error, of the double Race.
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from *Creet*;
No more deluded by the doubtful Seat.
Then ſaid, O Son, turmoil'd in *Trojan* Fate;
Such things as theſe *Caſſandra* did relate.
This Day revives within my mind, what ſhe
Foretold of *Troy* renew'd in *Italy*;
And *Latian* Lands: but who cou'd then have thought,
That *Phrygian* Gods to *Latium* ſhould be brought;
Or who believ'd what mad *Caſſandra* taught?
Now let us go, where *Phœbus* leads the way:
He ſaid, and we with glad Conſent obey.
Forſake the Seat; and leaving few behind,
We ſpread our ſails before the willing Wind.
Now from the ſight of Land, our Gallies move,
With only Seas around, and Skies above.

When

When o're our Heads, deſcends a burſt of Rain;
And Night, with ſable Clouds involves the Main:
The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raiſe:
The ſcatter'd Fleet is forc'd to ſev'ral Ways:
The face of Heav'n is raviſh'd from our Eyes,
And in redoubl'd Peals the roaring Thunder flies.
Caſt from our Courſe, we wander in the Dark;
No Stars to guide, no point of Land to mark.
Ev'n *Palinurus* no diſtinction found
Betwixt the Night and Day; ſuch Darkneſs reign'd around.
Three ſtarleſs Nights the doubtful Navy ſtrays
Without Diſtinction, and three Sunleſs days.
The fourth renews the Light, and from our Shrowds
We view a riſing Land like diſtant Clouds:
The Mountain tops confirm the pleaſing Sight;
And curling Smoke aſcending from their Height.
The Canvas falls; their Oars the Sailors ply;
From the rude ſtrokes the whirling Waters fly.
At length I land upon the *Strophades*;
Safe from the danger of the ſtormy Seas:
Thoſe Iſles are compaſs'd by th' *Ionian* Main;
The dire Abode where the foul *Harpies* reign:
Forc'd by the winged Warriors to repair
To their old Homes, and leave their coſtly Fare.
Monſters more fierce, offended Heav'n ne're ſent
From Hell's Abyſs, for Human Puniſhment.
With Virgin-faces, but with Wombs obſcene,
Foul Paunches, and with Ordure ſtill unclean:
With Claws for Hands, and Looks for ever lean.
We landed at the Port; and ſoon beheld
Fat Herds of Oxen graze the flowry Field:
And wanton Goats without a Keeper ſtray'd:
With Weapons we the welcome Prey invade.

Then call the Gods, for Partners of our Feaſt:
And *Jove* himſelf the chief inviteſt Gueſt.
We ſpread the Tables, on the greenſword Ground:
We feed with Hunger, and the Bowls go round.
When from the Mountain tops, with hideous Cry,
And clatt'ring Wings, the hungry Harpies fly:
They ſnatch the Meat; defiling all they find:
And parting leave a loathſom Stench behind.
Cloſe by a hollow Rock, again we ſit;
New dreſs the Dinner, and the Beds refit:
Secure from Sight, beneath a pleaſing Shade;
Where tufted Trees a Native Arbour made.
Again the Holy Fires on Altars burn:
And once again the rav'nous Birds return:
Or from the dark Receſſes where they ly,
Or from another Quarter of the Sky.
With filthy Claws their odious Meal repeat,
And mix their loathſom Ordures with their Meat.
I bid my Friends for Vengeance then prepare;
And with the Helliſh Nation wage the War.
They, as commanded, for the Fight provide,
And in the Graſs their glitt'ring Weapons hide:
Then, when along the crooked Shoar we hear
Their clatt'ring Wings, and ſaw the Foes appear;
Miſenus ſounds a charge: We take th' Alarm;
And our ſtrong hands with Swords and Bucklers arm.
In this new kind of Combat, all employ
Their utmoſt Force, the Monſters to deſtroy.
In vain; the fated Skin is proof to Wounds:
And from their Plumes the ſhining Sword rebounds.
At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled Prey,
And their ſtretch'd Pinions to the Skies diſplay.
Yet one remain'd, the Meſſenger of Fate;
High on a craggy Cliff *Celæno* ſate,
And thus her diſmal Errand did relate.

To the Right Reverend Dr. John Hartstonge Bp. of Ossory in Kilkenny Son of Sr. Standish Hartstonge Bart.



What, not contented with our Oxen ſlain,
Dare you with Heav'n an impious War maintain,
And drive the Harpies from their Native Reign?
Heed therefore what I ſay; and keep in mind
What *Jove* decrees, what *Phœbus* has deſign'd:
And I, the Fury's Queen, from both relate:
You ſeek th' *Italian* Shores, foredoom'd by Fate:
Th' *Italian* Shores are granted you to find:
And a ſafe Paſſage to the Port aſſign'd,
But know, that e're your promis'd Walls you build,
My Curſes ſhall ſeverely be fulfill'd.
Fierce Famine is your Lot, for this Miſdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the Plates on which you feed.
She ſaid; and to the neighb'ring Foreſt flew:
Our Courage fails us, and our Fears renew.
Hopeleſs to win by War, to Pray'rs we fall:
And on th' offended Harpies humbly call.
And whether Gods, or Birds obſcene they were,
Our Vows for Pardon, and for Peace prefer.
But old *Anchiſes*, off'ring Sacrifice,
And lifting up to Heav'n his Hands, and Eyes;
Ador'd the greater Gods: Avert, ſaid he,
Theſe Omens, render vain this Prophecy:
And from th' impending Curſe, a Pious People free.
Thus having ſaid, he bids us put to Sea;
We looſe from Shore our Haulſers, and obey:
And ſoon with ſwelling ſails, purſue the wat'ry Way.
Amidſt our courſe *Zacynthian* Woods appear;
And next by rocky *Neritos* we ſteer:
We fly from *Ithaca*'s deteſted Shore,
And curſe the Land which dire *Ulyſſes* bore.
At length *Leucates* cloudy top appears;
And the Sun's Temple, which the Sailor fears.

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd to breath a while from Labour paſt,
Our crooked Anchors from the Prow we caſt;
And joyful to the little City haſte.
Here ſafe beyond our Hopes, our Vows we pay
To *Jove*, the Guide and Patron of our way.
The Cuſtoms of our Country we purſue;
And *Trojan* Games on *Actian* Shores renew.
Our Youth, their naked Limbs beſmear with Oyl;
And exerciſe the Wraſtlers noble Toil.
Pleas'd to have ſail'd ſo long before the Wind;
And left ſo many *Grecian* Towns behind.
The Sun had now fulfill'd his Annual Courſe,
And *Boreas* on the Seas diſplay'd his Force:
I fix'd upon the Temples lofty Door,
The brazen Shield which vanquiſh'd *Abas* bore:
The Verſe beneath, my Name and Action ſpeaks,
Theſe Arms, *Æneas* took from Conqu'ring *Greeks*.
Then I command to weigh; the Seamen ply
Their ſweeping Oars, the ſmokeing Billows fly.
The ſight of high *Phæacia* ſoon we loſt:
And skim'd along *Epirus* rocky Coaſt.
Then to *Chaonia*'s Port our Courſe we bend,
And landed, to *Buthrotus* heights aſcend.
Here wond'rous things were loudly blaz'd by Fame;
How *Helenus* reviv'd the *Trojan* Name;
And raign'd in *Greece*: That *Priam*'s captive Son
Succeeded *Pyrrhus* in his Bed and Throne.
And fair *Andromache*, reſtor'd by Fate,
Once more was happy in a *Trojan* Mate.
I leave my Gallies riding in the Port;
And long to ſee the new *Dardanian* Court.
By chance, the mournful Queen, before the Gate,
Then ſolemniz'd her former Husband's Fate.

To The Hon.ble D.r Jo: Mountague Master of Trinity College in Cambridge

Green Altars rais'd of Turf, with Gifts ſhe Crown'd;
And ſacred Prieſts in order ſtand around;
And thrice the Name of hapleſs *Hector* ſound.
The Grove it ſelf reſembles *Ida*'s Wood;
And *Simois* ſeem'd the well diſſembl'd Flood.
But when, at nearer diſtance, ſhe beheld
My ſhining Armour, and my *Trojan* Shield;
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, the vital Heat
Forſakes her Limbs, her Veins no longer beat:
She faints, ſhe falls, and ſcarce recov'ring ſtrength,
Thus, with a falt'ring Tongue, ſhe ſpeaks at length.
Are you alive, O Goddeſs born! ſhe ſaid,
Or if a Ghoſt, then where is *Hector*'s Shade?
At this, ſhe caſt a loud and frightful Cry:
With broken words, I made this brief Reply.
All of me that remains, appears in ſight,
I live; if living be to loath the Light.
No Phantome; but I drag a wretched life;
My Fate reſembling that of *Hector*'s Wife.
What have you ſuffer'd ſince you loſt your Lord,
By what ſtrange bleſſing are you now reſtor'd!
Still are your *Hector*'s, or is *Hector* fled,
And his Remembrance loſt in *Pyrrhus* Bed?
With Eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modeſt pauſe, ſhe thus begun:
Oh only happy Maid of *Priam*'s Race,
Whom Death deliver'd from the Foes embrace!
Commanded on *Achilles* Tomb to die,
Not forc'd, like us, to hard Captivity:
Or in a haughty Maſter's Arms to lie.
In *Grecian* Ships unhappy we were born:
Endur'd the Victor's Luſt, ſuſtain'd the Scorn:
Thus I ſubmitted to the lawleſs pride
Of *Pyrrhus*, more a Handmaid than a Bride.

Cloy'd

Cloy'd with Poſſeſſion, He forſook my Bed,
And *Helen*'s lovely Daughter ſought to wed.
Then me, to *Trojan Helenus* reſign'd:
And his two Slaves in equal Marriage join'd.
Till young *Oreſtes*, pierc'd with deep deſpair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd Fair,
Before *Appollo*'s Altar ſlew the Raviſher.
By *Pyrrhus* death the Kingdom we regain'd:
At leaſt one half with *Helenus* remain'd;
Our part, from *Chaon*, He *Chaonia* calls:
And names, from *Pergamus*, his riſing Walls.
But you, what Fates have landed on our Coaſt,
What Gods have ſent you, or what Storms have toſt?
Does young *Aſcanius* life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the Ruins of unhappy *Troy*!
O tell me how his Mothers loſs he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of *Hector* in his Face appears?
She ſpoke: and mix'd her Speech with mournful Cries:
And fruitleſs Tears came trickling from her Eyes.
At length her Lord deſcends upon the Plain;
In Pomp, attended with a num'rous Train:
Receives his Friends, and to the City leads;
And Tears of Joy amidſt his Welcome ſheds.
Proceeding on, another *Troy* I ſee;
Or, in leſs compaſs, *Troy*'s Epitome.
A Riv'let by the name of *Xanthus* ran:
And I embrace the *Scæan* Gate again.
My Friends in Portico's were entertain'd;
And Feaſts and Pleaſures through the City reign'd.
The Tables fill'd the ſpacious Hall around:
And Golden Bowls with ſparkling Wine were crown'd.
Two days we paſs'd in mirth, till friendly Gales,
Blown from the South, ſupply'd our ſwelling Sails.

Then

Then to the Royal Seer I thus began:
O thou who know'ſt beyond the reach of Man,
The Laws of Heav'n, and what the Stars decree,
Whom *Phœbus* taught unerring Prophecy,
From his own Tripod, and his holy Tree:
Skill'd in the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
What Auſpices their notes, and flights declare:
O ſay; for all Religious Rites portend
A happy Voyage, and a proſp'rous End:
And ev'ry Pow'r and Omen of the Sky,
Direct my Courſe for deſtin'd *Italy*:
But only dire *Celæno*, from the Gods,
A diſmal Famine fatally fore-bodes:
O ſay what Dangers I am firſt to ſhun:
What Toils to Vanquiſh, and what Courſe to run.
The Prophet firſt with Sacrifice adores
The greater Gods; their Pardon then implores:
Unbinds the Fillet from his holy Head;
To *Phœbus* next, my trembling Steps he led:
Full of religious Doubts and awful dread.
Then with his God poſſeſs'd, before the Shrine,
Theſe words proceeded from his Mouth Divine.
O Goddeſs-born, (for Heav'n's appointed Will,
With greater Auſpices of good than ill,
Fore-ſhows thy Voyage, and thy courſe directs;)
Thy Fates conſpire, and *Jove* himſelf protects:)
Of many things, ſome few I ſhall explain,
Teach thee to ſhun the dangers of the Main,
And how at length the promis'd Shore to gain.
The reſt the Fates from *Helenus* conceal;
And *Juno*'s angry Pow'r forbids to tell.
Firſt then, that happy Shore, that ſeems ſo nigh,
Will far from your deluded Wiſhes fly:
Long tracts of Seas divide your hopes from *Italy*.

For you muſt cruiſe along *Sicilian* Shoars;
And ſtem the Currents with your ſtruggling Oars:
Then round th' *Italian* Coaſt your Navy ſteer;
And after this to *Circe*'s Iſland veer.
And laſt, before your new Foundations riſe,
Muſt paſs the *Stygian* Lake, and view the neather Skies.
Now mark the Signs of future Eaſe and Reſt;
And bear them ſafely treaſur'd in thy Breaſt.
When in the ſhady Shelter of a Wood,
And near the Margin of a gentle Flood,
Thou ſhalt behold a Sow upon the Ground,
With thirty ſucking young encompaſs'd round;
The Dam and Off-ſpring white as falling Snow:
Theſe on thy City ſhall their Name beſtow:
And there ſhall end thy Labours and thy Woe.
Nor let the threatned Famine fright thy Mind,
For *Phœbus* will aſſiſt; and Fate the way will find.
Let not thy Courſe to that ill Coaſt be bent,
Which fronts from far th' *Epirian* Continent;
Thoſe parts are all by Grecian Foes poſſeſs'd:
The ſalvage *Locrians* here the Shores infeſt:
There fierce *Idomeneus* his City builds,
And guards with Arms the *Salentinian* Fields.
And on the Mountains brow *Petilia* ſtands,
Which *Philoctetes* with his Troops commands.
Ev'n when thy Fleet is landed on the Shore,
And Prieſts with holy Vows the Gods adore;
Then with a Purple Veil involve your Eyes,
Leſt hoſtile Faces blaſt the Sacrifice.
Theſe Rites and Cuſtoms to the reſt commend;
That to your Pious Race they may deſcend.
When parted hence, the Wind that ready waits
For *Sicily*, ſhall bear you to the Streights:

Where

Where proud *Pelorus* opes a wider way,
Tack to the Larboord, and ſtand off to Sea:
Veer Star-board Sea and Land. Th' *Italian* Shore,
And fair *Sicilia*'s Coaſt were one, before
An Earthquake caus'd the Flaw, the roaring Tides
The Paſſage broke, that Land from Land divides:
And where the Lands retir'd, the ruſhing Ocean rides.
Diſtinguiſh'd by the Streights, on either hand,
Now riſing Cities in long order ſtand;
And fruitful Fields: (So much can Time invade
The mouldring Work, that beauteous Nature made.)
Far on the right, her Dogs foul *Scylla* hides:
Charibdis roaring on the left preſides;
And in her greedy Whirl-pool ſucks the Tides:
Then Spouts them from below; with Fury driv'n,
The Waves mount up, and waſh the face of Heav'n.
But *Scylla* from her Den, with open Jaws,
The ſinking Veſſel in her Eddy draws;
Then daſhes on the Rocks: A Human Face,
And Virgin Boſom, hides her Tails diſgrace.
Her Parts obſcene below the Waves deſcend,
With Dogs inclos'd; and in a Dolphin end.
Tis ſafer, then, to bear aloof to Sea,
And coaſt *Pachynus*, though with more delay;
Than once to view miſhappen *Scylla* near,
And the loud yell of watry Wolves to hear.
Beſides, if Faith to *Helenus* be due,
And if Prophetick *Phœbus* tell me true;
Do not this Precept of your Friend forget;
Which therefore more than once I muſt repeat.
Above the reſt, great *Juno*'s Name adore:
Pay Vows to *Juno*; *Juno*'s Aid implore.
Let Gifts be to the mighty Queen deſign'd;
And mollify with Pray'rs her haughty Mind.

Thus, at the length, your Paſſage ſhall be free,
And you ſhall ſafe deſcend on *Italy*.
Arriv'd at *Cumæ*, when you view the Flood
Of black *Avernus*, and the ſounding Wood,
The mad prophetick *Sibyl* you ſhall find,
Dark in a Cave, and on Rock reclin'd.
She ſings the Fates, and in her frantick Fitts,
The Notes and Names inſcrib'd, to Leafs commits.
What ſhe commits to Leafs, in order laid,
Before the Caverns Entrance are diſplay'd:
Unmov'd they lie, but if a blaſt of Wind
Without, or Vapours iſſue from behind,
The leafs are born aloft in liquid Air,
And ſhe reſumes no more her Muſeful Care:
Nor gathers from the Rocks her ſcatter'd Verſe;
Nor ſets in order what the Winds diſperſe.
Thus, many not ſucceeding, moſt upbraid
The Madneſs of the viſionary Maid;
And with loud Curſes leave the myſtick Shade,
Think it not loſs of time a while to ſtay;
Though thy Companions chide thy long delay:
Tho' ſummon'd to the Seas, tho' pleaſing Gales
Invite thy Courſe, and ſtretch thy ſwelling Sails.
But beg the ſacred Prieſteſs to relate
With willing Words, and not to write thy Fate.
The fierce *Italian* People ſhe will ſhow;
And all thy Wars, and all thy Future Woe;
And what thou may'ſt avoid, and what muſt undergo.
She ſhall direct thy Courſe, inſtruct thy Mind;
And teach thee how the happy Shores to find.
This is what Heav'n allows me to relate;
Now part in Peace, purſue thy better Fate,
And raiſe, by ſtrength of Arms, the *Trojan* State.

This,

To Edward Brovvne D.r in Physick.

This, when the Prieſt with friendly Voice declar'd,
He gave me Licence, and rich Gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of Treaſure, he ſupply'd my want
With heavy Gold, and poliſh'd Elephant.
Then *Dodonæan* Caldrons put on Board,
And ev'ry Ship with Sums of Silver ſtor'd.
A truſty Coat of Mail to me he ſent,
Thrice chain'd with Gold, for Uſe and Ornament:
The Helm of *Pyrrhus* added to the reſt,
That flouriſh'd with a Plume and waving Creſt.
Nor was my Sire forgotten, nor my Friends:
And large Recruits he to my Navy ſends;
Men, Horſes, Captains, Arms, and Warlike Stores:
Supplies new Pilots, and new ſweeping Oars.
Mean time, my Sire commands to hoiſt our Sails;
Leſt we ſhou'd loſe the firſt auſpicious Gales.
The Prophet bleſs'd the parting Crew: and laſt,
With Words like theſe, his ancient Friend embrac'd.
Old happy Man, the Care of Gods above,
Whom Heav'nly *Venus* honour'd with her Love,
And twice preſerv'd thy Life, when *Troy* was loſt;
Behold from far the wiſh'd *Auſonian* Coaſt:
There land; but take a larger Compaſs round;
For that before is all forbidden Ground.
The Shore that *Phœbus* has deſign'd for you,
At farther diſtance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and ſeek your new Abodes;
Bleſs'd in a Son, and favour'd by the Gods:
For I with uſeleſs words prolong your ſtay,
When Southern Gales have ſummon'd you away.
Nor leſs the Queen our parting thence deplor'd;
Nor was leſs bounteous than her *Trojan* Lord.
A noble Preſent to my Son ſhe brought,
A Robe with Flow'rs on Golden Tiſſue wrought;

A *Phrygian* Veſt; and loads, with Gifts beſide
Of precious Texture, and of *Aſian* Pride.
Accept, ſhe ſaid, theſe Monuments of Love;
Which in my Youth with happier Hands I wove:
Regard theſe Trifles for the Giver's ſake;
'Tis the laſt Preſent *Hector*'s Wife can make.
Thou call'ſt my loſt *Aſtyanax* to mind:
In thee his Features, and his Form I find.
His Eyes ſo ſparkled with a lively Flame;
Such were his Motions, ſuch was all his Frame;
And ah! had Heav'n ſo pleas'd, his Years had been the ſame.
With Tears I took my laſt adieu, and ſaid,
Your Fortune, happy pair, already made,
Leaves you no farther Wiſh: My diff'rent ſtate,
Avoiding one, incurs another Fate.
To you a quiet Seat the Gods allow,
You have no Shores to ſearch, no Seas to plow,
Nor Fields of flying *Italy* to chaſe:
(Deluding Viſions, and a vain Embrace!)
You ſee another *Simois*, and enjoy
The labour of your Hands, another *Troy*;
With better Auſpice than her ancient Tow'rs:
And leſs obnoxious to the *Grecian* Pow'rs.
If e're the Gods, whom I with Vows adore,
Conduct my Steps to *Tiber*'s happy Shore:
If ever I aſcend the *Latian* Throne,
And build a City I may call my own,
As both of us our Birth from *Troy* derive,
So let our Kindred Lines in Concord live:
And both in Acts of equal Friendſhip ſtrive.
Our Fortunes, good or bad, ſhall be the ſame,
The double *Troy* ſhall differ but in Name:
That what we now begin, may never end;
But long, to late Poſterity deſcend.

Near

Near the *Ceraunean* Rocks our Courſe we bore:
(The ſhorteſt paſſage to th' *Italian* ſhore:)
Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant Light,
And hills were hid in dusky Shades of Night:
We land; and on the boſom of the Ground
A ſafe Retreat, and a bare *Lodging* found;
Cloſe by the Shore we lay; the Sailors keep
Their watches, and the reſt ſecurely ſleep.
The Night proceeding on with ſilent pace,
Stood in her noon; and view'd with equal Face,
Her ſteepy riſe, and her declining Race.
Then wakeful *Palinurus* roſe, to ſpie
The face of Heav'n, and the Nocturnal Skie;
And liſten'd ev'ry breath of Air to try:
Obſerves the Stars, and notes their ſliding Courſe,
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and their wat'ry force;
And both the Bears is careful to behold;
And bright *Orion* arm'd with burniſh'd Gold.
Then when he ſaw no threat'ning Tempeſt Nigh,
But a ſure promiſe of a ſettled Skie;
He gave the Sign to weigh; we break our ſleep;
Forſake the pleaſing Shore, and plow the Deep.
And now the riſing Morn, with roſie light
Adorns the Skies, and puts the Stars to flight:
When we from far, like bluiſh Miſts, deſcry
The Hills, and then the Plains of *Italy*.
Achates firſt pronounc'd the Joyful Sound;
Then *Italy* the chearful Crew rebound.
My Sire *Anchiſes* crown'd a Cup with Wine:
And off'ring, thus implor'd the Pow'rs Divine.
Ye Gods, preſiding over Lands and Seas,
And you who raging Winds and Waves appeaſe,
Breath on our ſwelling Sails a proſp'rous Wind:
And ſmooth our Paſſage to the Port aſſign'd.

The

The gentle Gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy Harbour is in view.
Minerva's Temple then ſalutes our ſight;
Plac'd, as a Land-mark, on the Mountains height:
We furl our Sails, and turn the Prows to ſhore;
The curling Waters round the Galleys roar:
The Land lies open to the raging Eaſt,
Then, bending like a Bow, with Rocks compreſs'd,
Shuts out the Storms; the Winds and Waves complain,
And vent their malice on the Cliffs in vain.
The Port lies hid within; on either ſide
Two Tow'ring Rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The Temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To diſtance flies, and ſeems to ſhun the Shore.
Scarce landed, the firſt Omens I beheld
Were four white Steeds that crop'd the flow'ry Field.
War, War is threaten'd from this Forreign Ground,
(My Father cry'd) where warlike Steeds are found.
Yet, ſince reclaim'd to Chariots they ſubmit,
And bend to ſtubborn Yokes, and champ the Bitt,
Peace may ſucceed to War. Our way we bend
To *Pallas*, and the ſacred Hill aſcend.
There, proſtrate to the fierce *Virago* pray;
Whoſe Temple was the Land-Mark of our way.
Each with a *Phrygian* Mantle veil'd his Head;
And all Commands of *Helenus* obey'd;
And pious Rites to *Grecian Juno* paid.
Theſe dues perform'd, we ſtretch our Sails, and ſtand
To Sea, forſaking that ſuſpected Land.
From hence *Tarentum*'s Bay appears in view;
For *Hercules* renown'd, if Fame be true.
Juſt oppoſite, *Lacinian Jano* ſtands;
Caulonian Tow'rs and *Scylacæan* Strands.

For

For Shipwrecks fear'd: Mount *Ætna* thence we ſpy,
Known by the ſmoaky Flames which Clouds the Skie.
Far off we hear the Waves, with ſurly ſound
Invade the Rocks, the Rocks their groans rebound.
The Billows break upon the ſounding Strand;
And rowl the riſing Tide, impure with Sand.
Then thus *Anchiſes*, in Experience old,
'Tis that *Charibdis* which the Seer foretold:
And thoſe the promis'd Rocks; bear off to Sea:
With haſte the frighted Mariners obey.
Firſt *Palinurus* to the Larboor'd veer'd;
Then all the Fleet by his Example ſteer'd.
To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride;
Then down to Hell deſcend, when they divide.
And thrice our Gallies knock'd the ſtony ground,
And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the ſound,
And thrice we ſaw the Stars, that ſtood with dews around.
The flagging Winds forſook us, with the Sun;
And weary'd, on *Cyclopean* Shores we run.
The Port capacious, and ſecure from Wind,
Is to the foot of thundring *Etna* joyn'd.
By turns a pitchy Cloud ſhe rowls on high;
By turns hot Embers from her entrails fly;
And flakes of mounting Flames, that lick the Skie.
Oft from her Bowels maſſy Rocks are thrown,
And ſhiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid Lakes of burning Sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery Springs that boil below.
Enceladus they ſay, transfix'd by *Jove*,
With blaſted Limbs came tumbling from above:
And, where he fell, th' Avenging Father drew
This flaming Hill, and on his Body threw:
As often as he turns his weary ſides,
He ſhakes the ſolid Iſle, and ſmoke the Heavens hides.

In ſhady Woods we paſs the tedious Night,
Where bellowing Sounds and Groans our Souls affright.
Of which no Cauſe is offer'd to the ſight.
For not one Star was kindled in the Skie;
Nor cou'd the Moon her borrow'd Light ſupply:
For miſty Clouds invovl'd the Firmament;
The Stars wear muffled, and the Moon was pent.
Scarce had the riſing Sun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews diſpell'd;
When from the Woods there bolts, before our ſight,
Somewhat, betwixt a Mortal and a Spright.
So thin, ſo ghaſtly meager, and ſo wan,
So bare of fleſh, he ſcarce reſembled Man.
This thing, all tatter'd, ſeem'd from far t'implore,
Our pious aid, and pointed to the Shore.
We look behind; then view his ſhaggy Beard;
His Cloaths were tagg'd with Thorns, and Filth his Limbs beſmear'd:
The reſt, in Meen, in habit, and in Face,
Appear'd a *Greek*, and ſuch indeed he was.
He caſt on us, from far, a frightfull view,
Whom ſoon for *Trojans* and for Foes he knew:
Stood ſtill, and paus'd; then all at once began
To ſtretch his Limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his Knees he falls,
And thus with Tears and Sighs for pity calls.
Now by the Pow'rs above, and what we ſhare
From Nature's common Gift, this vital Air,
O *Trojans* take me hence: I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy Shore.
'Tis true I am a *Greek*, and farther own,
Among your Foes beſieg'd th' Imperial Town;
For ſuch Demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I ſue:

This

This only Favour let my Tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid Main:
Since nothing more than Death my Crime demands,
I die content, to die by human Hands.
He ſaid, and on his Knees my Knees embrac'd,
I bad him boldly tell his Fortune paſt;
His preſent State, his Lineage and his Name;
Th' occaſion of his Fears, and whence he came.
The good *Anchiſes* rais'd him with his Hand;
Who, thus encourag'd, anſwer'd our Demand:
From *Ithaca* my Native Soil I came
To *Troy*, and *Achæmenides* my Name.
Me, my poor Father, with *Ulyſſes* ſent;
(Oh had I ſtay'd, with Poverty content!)
But fearful for themſelves, my Country-men
Left me forſaken in the *Cyclop*'s Den.
The Cave, though large, was dark, the diſmal Flore
Was pav'd with mangled Limbs and putrid Gore.
Our monſtrous Hoſt, of more than Human Size,
Erects his Head, and ſtares within the Skies.
Bellowing his Voice, and horrid is his Hue.
Ye Gods, remove this Plague from Mortal View!
The Joynts of ſlaughter'd Wretches are his Food:
And for his Wine he quaffs the ſtreaming Blood.
Theſe Eyes beheld, when with his ſpacious Hand
He ſeiz'd two Captives of our *Grecian* Band;
Stretch'd on his Back, he daſh'd againſt the Stones
Their broken Bodies, and their crackling Bones:
With ſpouting Blood the Purple Pavement ſwims,
While the dire Glutton grinds the trembling Limbs.
Not unreveng'd, *Ulyſſes* bore their Fate,
Nor thoughtleſs of his own unhappy State:
For, gorg'd with Fleſh, and drunk with Human Wine,
While faſt aſleep the Giant lay ſupine;

Snoaring aloud, and belching from his Maw
His indigeſted Foam, and Morſels raw:
We pray, we caſt the Lots, and then ſurround
The monſtrous Body, ſtretch'd along the Ground:
Each, as he cou'd approach him, lends a hand
To bore his Eyeball with a flaming Brand
Beneath his frowning Forehead lay his Eye,
(For only one did the vaſt Frame ſupply;)
But that a Globe ſo large, his Front it fill'd,
Like the Sun's disk, or like a *Grecian* Shield.
The Stroke ſucceeds; and down the Pupil bends;
This Vengeance follow'd for our ſlaughter'd Friends.
But haſte, unhappy Wretches, haſte to fly;
Your Cables cut, and on your Oars rely.
Such, and ſo vaſt as *Polypheme* appears,
A hundred more this hated Iſland bears:
Like him in Caves they ſhut their woolly Sheep,
Like him, their Herds on tops of Mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty Strides, they ſtalk from Steep to Steep.
And now three Moons their ſharpen'd Horns renew,
Since thus in Woods and Wilds, obſcure from view,
I drag my loathſom Days with mortal Fright;
And in deſerted Caverns lodge by Night.
Oft from the Rocks a dreadful Proſpect ſee,
Of the huge *Cyclops*, like a walking Tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring Voice reſound;
And trampling Feet that ſhake the ſolid Ground.
Cornels, and ſalvage Berries of the Wood,
And Roots and Herbs have been my meagre Food.
While all around my longing Eyes I caſt,
I ſaw your happy Ships appear at laſt.
On thoſe I fix'd my hopes, to theſe I run,
'Tis all I ask this cruel Race to ſhun:

What

To Wm Gibbons D.r in Physick

What other Death you pleaſe your ſelves, beſtow.
Scarce had he ſaid, when on the Mountain's brow,
We ſaw the Giant-Shepherd ſtalk before
His following Flock, and leading to the Shore.
A monſtrous Bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of Sight,
His Staff a trunk of Pine, to guide his ſteps aright.
His pondrous Whiſtle from his Neck deſcends;
His woolly Care their penſive Lord attends:
This only Solace his hard Fortune ſends.
Soon as he reach'd the Shore, and touch'd the Waves,
From his bor'd Eye the gutt'ring Blood he laves:
He gnaſh'd his Teeth and groan'd; thro' Seas he ſtrides,
And ſcarce the topmoſt billows touch'd his ſides.
Seiz'd with a ſudden Fear, we run to Sea,
The Cables cut, and ſilent haſte away:
The well deſerving Stranger entertain;
Then, buckling to the Work, our Oars divide the Main.
The Giant harken'd to the daſhing ſound:
But when our Veſſels out of reach he found,
He ſtrided onward; and in vain eſſay'd
Th' *Ionian* Deep, and durſt no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud; the dreadful Cry
Shakes Earth, and Air, and Seas; the Billows fly
Before the bellowing Noiſe, to diſtant *Italy*.
The neighb'ring *Ætna* trembling all around;
The winding Caverns eccho to the ſound.
His brother *Cyclops* hear the yelling Roar;
And, ruſhing down the Mountains, crowd the Shoar:
We ſaw their ſtern diſtorted looks, from far,
And one ey'd Glance, that vainly threatned War.
A dreadful Council, with their heads on high;
The miſty Clouds about their Foreheads fly:
Not yielding to the tow'ring Tree of *Jove*;
Or talleſt Cypreſs of *Diana*'s Grove.

New

New Pangs of mortal Fear our Minds aſſail,
We tug at ev'ry Oar, and hoiſt up ev'ry Sail;
And take th' Advantage of the friendly Gale.
Forewarn'd by *Helenus*, we ſtrive to ſhun
Charibdis Gulph, nor dare to *Scylla* run.
An equal Fate on either ſide appears;
We, tacking to the left, are free from Fears.
For from *Pelorus* Point, the North aroſe,
And drove us back where ſwift *Pantagias* flows.
His Rocky Mouth we paſs; and make our Way
By *Thapſus*, and *Megara*'s winding Bay;
This Paſſage *Achæmenides* had ſhown,
Tracing the Courſe which he before had run.
Right o're-againſt *Plemmyrium*'s watry Strand,
There lies an Iſle once call'd th' *Ortygian* Land:
Alpheus, as Old Fame reports, has found
From *Greece* a ſecret Paſſage under-ground:
By Love to beauteous *Arethuſa* led,
And mingling here, they rowl in the ſame Sacred Bed.
As *Helenus* enjoyn'd, we next adore
Diana's Name, Protectreſs of the Shore.
With proſp'rous Gales we paſs the quiet Sounds
Of ſtill *Elorus* and his fruitful Bounds.
Then doubling Cape *Pachynus*, we ſurvey
The rocky Shore extended to the Sea.
The Town of *Camarine* from far we ſee;
And fenny Lake undrain'd by Fates decree.
In ſight of the *Geloan* Fields we paſs,
And the large Walls, where mighty *Gela* was:
Then *Agragas* with lofty Summets crown'd;
Long for the Race of warlike Steeds renown'd:
We paſs'd *Selinus*, and the Palmy Land,
And widely ſhun the *Lilybæan* Strand,
Unſafe, for ſecret Rocks, and moving Sand.

At length on Shore the weary Fleet arriv'd;
Which *Drepanum*'s unhappy Port receiv'd.
Here, after endleſs Labours, often toſt
By raging Storms, and driv'n on ev'ry Coaſt,
My dear, dear Father, ſpent with Age I loſt.
Eaſe of my Cares, and Solace of my Pain,
Sav'd through a thouſand Toils, but ſav'd in vain:
The Prophet, who my future Woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greateſt and the worſt, conceal'd.
And dire *Celæno*, whoſe foreboding Skill
Denounc'd all elſe, was ſilent of this Ill:
This my laſt Labour was. Some friendly God,
From thence convey'd us to your bleſt Abode.
Thus to the liſtning Queen, the Royal Gueſt
His wand'ring Courſe, and all his Toils expreſs'd;
And here concluding, he retir'd to reſt.

The Fourth Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

Dido *diſcovers to her Siſter her Paſſion for* Æneas, *and her thoughts of Marrying him. She prepares a Hunting-Match for his Entertainment.* Juno *by* Venus's *conſent raiſes a Storm, which ſeparates the Hunters, and drives* Æneas *and* Dido *into the ſame Cave, where their Marriage is ſuppos'd to be compleated.* Jupiter *diſpatches* Mercury *to* Æneas, *to warn him from* Carthage; Æneas *ſecretly prepares for his Voyage:* Dido *finds out his Deſign, and to put a ſtop to it, makes uſe of her own, and her Siſter's Entreaties, and diſcovers all the variety of Paſſions that are incident to a neglected Lover: When nothing wou'd prevail upon him, ſhe contrives her own Death, with which this Book concludes.*

BUT anxious Cares already ſeiz'd the Queen:
She fed within her Veins a Flame unſeen:
The Heroe's Valour, Acts, and Birth inſpire
Her Soul with Love, and fann the ſecret Fire.
His Words, his Looks imprinted in her Heart,
Improve the Paſſion, and increaſe the Smart.
Now, when the Purple Morn had chas'd away
The dewy Shadows, and reſtor'd the Day;
Her Siſter firſt, with early Care ſhe ſought,
And thus in mournful Accents eas'd her Thought.
My deareſt *Anna*, what new Dreams affright
My lab'ring Soul; what Viſions of the Night
Diſturb my Quiet, and diſtract my Breaſt,
With ſtrange Ideas of our *Trojan* Gueſt?
His Worth, his Actions, and Majeſtick Air,
A Man deſcended from the Gods declare:
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
His Birth is well aſſerted by his Mind.

Then

To y^e^ Right Hon^ble^ John Earle of
Exeter Baron Cæ- cill of Burleigh &^ct^

Then what he ſuffered, when by Fate betray'd,
What brave Attempts for falling *Troy* he made!
Such were his Looks, ſo graceſully he ſpoke,
That were I not reſolv'd againſt the Yoke
Of hapleſs Marriage; never to be curs'd
With ſecond Love, ſo fatal was my firſt;
To this one Error I might yield again:
For ſince *Sichæus* was untimely ſlain,
This onely Man, is able to ſubvert
The fix'd Foundations of my ſtubborn Heart.
And to confeſs my Frailty, to my ſhame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the ſame,
Too like the Sparkles of my former flame.
But firſt let yawning Earth a Paſſage rend;
And let me through the dark Abyſs deſcend;
Firſt let avenging *Jove*, with Flames from high,
Drive down this Body, to the neather Sky,
Condemn'd with Ghoſts in endleſs Night to lye;
Before I break the plighted Faith I gave;
No; he who had my Vows, ſhall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on Earth, I worſhip in the Grave.
She ſaid; the Tears ran guſhing from her Eyes,
And ſtop'd her Speech: her Siſter thus replies.
O dearer than the vital Air I breath,
Will you to Grief your blooming Years bequeath?
Condemn'd to waſt in Woes, your lonely Life,
Without the Joys of Mother, or of Wife.
Think you theſe Tears, this pompous Train of Woe,
Are known, or valu'd by the Ghoſts below?
I grant, that while your Sorrows yet were green,
It well became a Woman, and a Queen,
The Vows of *Tyrian* Princes to neglect,
To ſcorn *Hyarbas*, and his Love reject;

With all the *Lybian* Lords of mighty Name,
But will you fight againſt a pleaſing Flame!
This little Spot of Land, which Heav'n beſtows,
On ev'ry ſide is hemm'd with warlike Foes:
Getulian Cities here are ſpread around;
And fierce *Numidians* there your Frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren Waſt of thirſty Land,
And there the *Syrtes* raiſe the moving Sand:
Barcæan Troops beſiege the narrow Shore;
And from the Sea *Pigmalion* threatens more.
Propitious Heav'n, and gracious *Juno*, lead
This wand'ring Navy to your needful Aid:
How will your Empire ſpread, your City riſe
From ſuch an Union, and with ſuch Allies!
Implore the Favour of the Pow'rs above;
And leave the Conduct of the reſt to Love.
Continue ſtill your hoſpitable way,
And ſtill invent occaſions of their ſtay;
'Till Storms, and Winter Winds, ſhall ceaſe to threat,
And Plancks and Oars, repair their ſhatter'd Fleet.
These Words, which from a Friend, and Siſter came,
With eaſe reſolv'd the Scruples of her Fame;
And added Fury to the kindled Flame.
Inſpir'd with Hope, the Project they purſue;
On ev'ry Altar Sacrifice renew;
A choſen Ewe of two Years old they pay
To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the God of Day:
Preferring *Juno*'s Pow'r: For *Juno* ties
The Nuptial Knot, and makes the Marriage Joys.
The beauteous Queen before her Altar ſtands,
And holds the Golden Goblet in her Hands:
A milk-white Heifer ſhe with Flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns;

To the Lady Giffard

And while the Prieſts with Pray'r the Gods invoke,
She feeds their Altars with *Sabæan* Smoke.
With hourly Care the Sacrifice renews,
And anxiouſly the panting Entrals Views.
What Prieſtly Rites, alas! what Pious Art,
What Vows avail to cure a bleeding Heart!
A gentle Fire ſhe feeds within her Veins;
Where the ſoft God ſecure in ſilence reigns.
Sick with deſire, and ſeeking him ſhe loves,
From Street to Street, the raving *Dido* roves.
So when the watchful Shepherd, from the Blind,
Wounds with a random Shaft the careleſs Hind;
Diſtracted with her pain ſhe flies the Woods,
Bounds o're the Lawn, and ſeeks the ſilent Floods;
With fruitleſs Care; for ſtill the fatal Dart
Sticks in her ſide; and ranckles in her Heart.
And now ſhe leads the *Trojan* Chief, along
The lofty Walls, amidſt the buſie Throng;
Diſplays her *Tyrian* Wealth, and riſing Town,
Which Love, without his Labour, makes his own.
This Pomp ſhe ſhows to tempt her wand'ring Gueſt;
Her falt'ring Tongue forbids to ſpeak the reſt.
When Day declines. and Feaſts renew the Night,
Still on his Face ſhe feeds her famiſh'd ſight;
She longs again to hear the Prince relate
His own Adventures, and the *Trojan* Fate:
He tells it o're and o're; but ſtill in vain;
For ſtill ſhe begs to hear it, once again.
The Hearer on the Speaker's Mouth depends;
And thus the Tragick Story never ends.
Then, when they part, when *Phœbe*'s paler Light
Withdraws, and falling Stars to Sleep invite,
She laſt remains, when ev'ry Gueſt is gone,
Sits on the Bed he preſs'd, and ſighs alone;

Abſent, her abſent Heroe ſees and hears;
Or in her Boſom young *Aſcanius* bears:
And ſeeks the Father's Image in the Child,
If Love by Likeneſs might be ſo beguil'd.
Mean time the riſing Tow'rs are at a ſtand:
No Labours exerciſe the youthful Band:
Nor uſe of Arts, nor Toils of Arms they know;
The Mole is left unfiniſh'd to the Foe.
The Mounds, the Works, the Walls, neglected lye,
Short of their promis'd heigth that ſeem'd to threat the Sky.
But when Imperial *Juno*, from above,
Saw *Dido* fetter'd in the Chains of Love;
Hot with the Venom, which her Veins inflam'd,
And by no ſenſe of Shame to be reclaim'd:
With ſoothing Words to *Venus* ſhe begun.
High Praiſes, endleſs Honours you have won,
And mighty Trophees with your worthy Son:
Two Gods a ſilly Woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant, you both ſuſpect
This riſing City, which my Hands erect:
But ſhall Cœleſtial Diſcord never ceaſe?
'Tis better ended in a laſting Peace.
You ſtand poſſeſs'd of all your Soul deſir'd;
Poor *Dido* with conſuming Love is fir'd:
Your *Trojan* with my *Tyrian* let us join,
So *Dido* ſhall be yours, *Æneas* mine:
One common Kingdom, one united Line.
Eliſa ſhall a *Dardan* Lord obey,
And lofty *Carthage* for a Dow'r convey.
Then *Venus*, who her hidden Fraud deſcry'd,
(Which wou'd the Scepter of the World, miſguide
To *Lybian* Shores,) thus artfully reply'd,
Who but a Fool, wou'd Wars with *Juno* chuſe,
And ſuch Alliance, and ſuch Gifts refuſe?

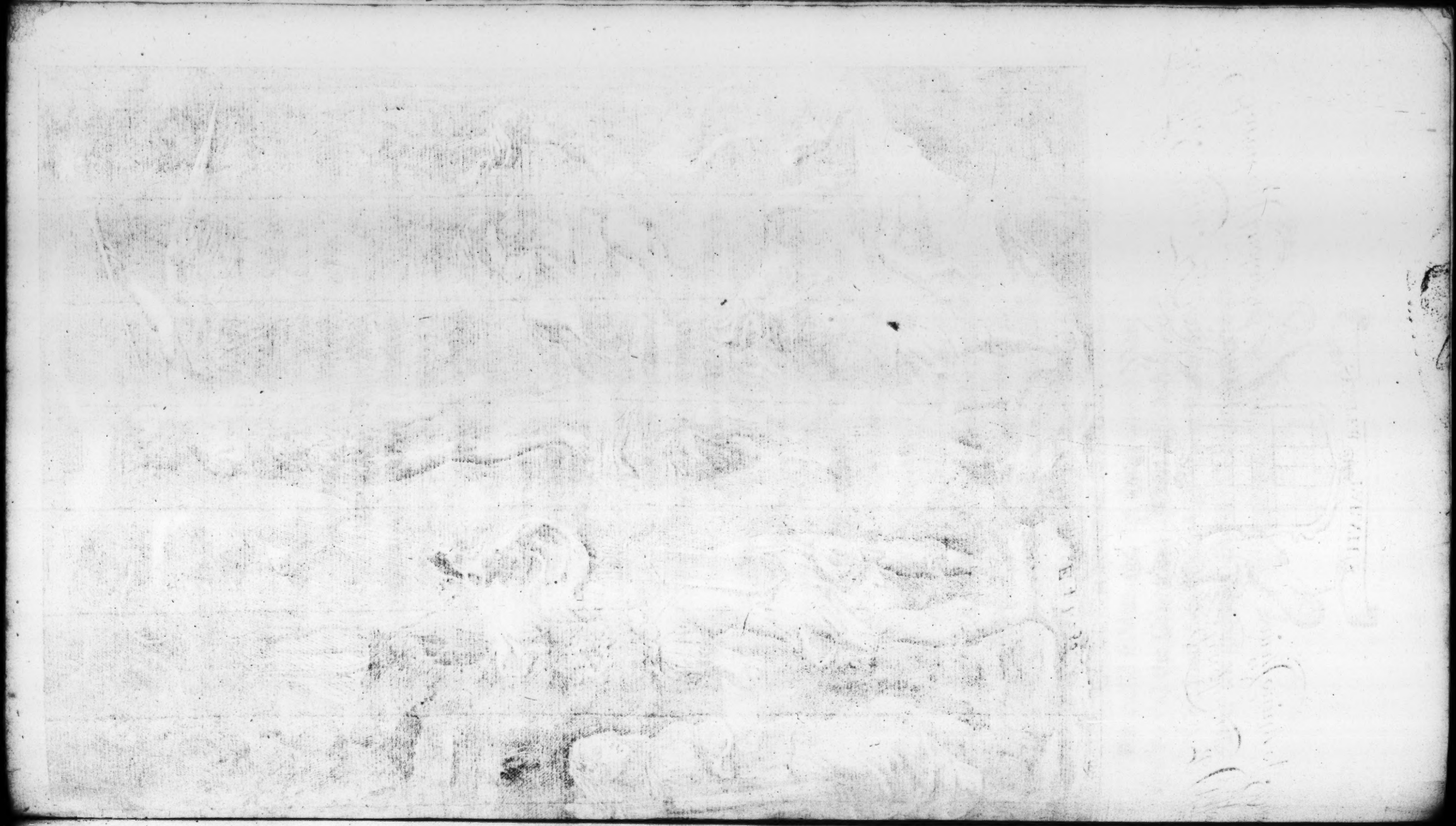
If

If Fortune with our joint Deſires comply:
The Doubt is all from *Jove*, and Deſtiny.
Leſt he forbid, with abſolute Command,
To mix the People in one common Land.
Or will the *Trojan*, and the *Tyrian* Line,
In laſting Leagues, and Sure Succeſſion join?
But you, the Partner of his Bed and Throne,
May move his Mind; my Wiſhes are your own.
Mine, ſaid Imperial *Juno*, be the Care;
Time urges, now, to perfect this Affair:
Attend my Counſel, and the Secret ſhare.
When next the Sun his riſing Light diſplays,
And guilds the World below, with Purple Rays;
The Queen, *Æneas*, and the *Tyrian* Court,
Shall to the ſhady Woods, for Silvan Game, reſort.
There, while the Huntſmen pitch their Toils around,
And cheerful Horns, from Side to Side, reſound;
A Pitchy Cloud ſhall cover all the Plain
With Hail, and Thunder, and tempeſtuous Rain:
The fearful Train ſhall take their ſpeedy Flight,
Diſpers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy Night:
One Cave a grateful Shelter ſhall afford
To the fair Princeſs and the *Trojan* Lord.
I will my ſelf, the bridal Bed prepare,
If you, to bleſs the Nuptials, will be there:
So ſhall their Loves be crown'd with due Delights,
And *Hymen* ſhall be preſent at the Rites.
The Queen of Love conſents, and cloſely ſmiles
At her vain Project, and diſcover'd Wiles.
The roſy Morn was riſen from the Main,
And Horns and Hounds awake the Princely Train:
They iſſue early through the City Gate,
Where the more wakeful Huntſmen ready wait,

With

With Nets, and Toils, and Darts, beſide the force
Of *Spartan* Dogs, and ſwift *Maſſylian* Horſe.
The *Tyrian* Peers, and Officers of State,
For the ſlow Queen, in Anti-Chambers wait:
Her lofty Courſer, in the Court below,
(Who his Majeſtick Rider ſeems to know,)
Proud of his Purple Trappings, paws the Ground;
And champs the Golden Bitt; and ſpreads the Foam around.
The Queen at length appears: On either Hand
The brawny Guards in Martial order ſtand.
A flow'rd Cymarr, with Golden Fringe ſhe wore;
And at her Back a Golden Quiver bore:
Her flowing Hair, a Golden Caul reſtrains;
A golden Claſp, the *Tyrian* Robe ſuſtains.
Then young *Aſcanius*, with a ſprightly Grace,
Leads on the *Trojan* Youth to view the Chace.
But far above the reſt in beauty ſhines
The great *Æneas*, when the Troop he joins:
Like fair *Apollo*, when he leaves the froſt
Of wintry *Xanthus*, and the *Lycian* Coaſt;
When to his Native *Delos* he reſorts,
Ordains the Dances, and renews the Sports:
Where painted *Scythians*, mix'd with *Cretin* Bands,
Before the joyful Altars join their Hands.
Himſelf, on *Cynthus* walking, ſees below
The merry Madneſs of the ſacred Show.
Green Wreaths of Bays his length of Hair incloſe,
A Golden Fillet binds his awful brows:
His Quiver ſounds: Not leſs the Prince is ſeen
In manly Preſence, or in lofty Meen.
Now had they reach'd the Hills, and ſtorm'd the Seat
Of ſalvage Beaſts, in Dens, their laſt Retreat;
The Cry purſues the Mountain-Goats; they bound
From Rock to Rock, and keep the craggy Ground:

Quite



To The Right Hon.ble Hugh L.d Clifford
Baron of Chudleigh & in my County of Devo

SEMPER PARATUS

Quite otherwiſe the Stags, a trembling Train,
In Herds unſingl'd, ſcour the duſty Plain;
And a long Chace, in open view, maintain.
The glad *Aſcanius*, as his Courſer guides,
Spurs through the Vale; and theſe and thoſe outrides.
His Horſes flanks and ſides are forc'd to feel
The clanking laſh, and goring of the Steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble Prey,
Wiſhing ſome Nobler Beaſt to croſs his way.
And rather wou'd the tusky Boar attend,
Or ſee the tawny Lyon downward bend.
Mean time, the gath'ring Clouds obſcure the Skies;
From Pole to Pole the forky Lightning flies;
The ratling Thunders rowl; and *Juno* pours
A wintry Deluge down; and ſounding Show'rs.
The Company diſpers'd, to Coverts ride,
And ſeek the homely Cotts, or Mountains hollow ſide.
The rapid Rains, deſcending from the Hills,
To rowling Torrents raiſe the creeping Rills.
The Queen and Prince, as Love or Fortune guides,
One common Cavern in her Boſom hides.
Then firſt the trembling Earth the ſignal gave;
And flaſhing Fires enlighten all the Cave:
Hell from below, and *Juno* from above,
And howling Nymphs, were conſcious to their Love.
From this ill Omen'd Hour, in Time aroſe
Debate and Death, and all ſucceeding Woes.
The Queen whom ſenſe of Honour cou'd not move
No longer made a Secret of her Love;
But call'd it Marriage, by that ſpecious Name,
To veil the Crime and ſanctifie the Shame.
The loud Report through *Lybian* Cities goes;
Fame, the great Ill, from ſmall beginnings grows.

Swift from the firſt; and ev'ry Moment brings
New Vigour to her flights, new Pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the Pygmee to Gygantic ſize;
Her Feet on Earth, her Forehead in the Skies:
Inrag'd againſt the Gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her laſt of the *Titanian* birth.
Swift is her walk, more ſwift her winged haſt:
A monſtrous Fantom, horrible and vaſt;
As many Plumes as raiſe her lofty flight,
So many piercing Eyes inlarge her ſight:
Millions of opening Mouths to Fame belong;
And ev'ry Mouth is furniſh'd with a Tongue:
And round with liſtning Ears the flying Plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful Univerſe with Cries;
No Slumbers ever cloſe her wakeful Eyes.
By Day from lofty Tow'rs her Head ſhe ſhews;
And ſpreads through trembling Crowds diſaſtrous News.
With Court Informers haunts, and Royal Spyes,
Things done relates, not done ſhe feigns; and mingles Truth with Lyes.
Talk is her buſineſs; and her chief delight
To tell of Prodigies, and cauſe affright.
She fills the Peoples Ears with *Dido's* Name;
Who, loſt to Honour, and the ſenſe of Shame,
Admits into her Throne and Nuptial Bed
A wandring Gueſt, who from his Country fled:
Whole days with him ſhe paſſes in delights;
And waſtes in Luxury long Winter Nights.
Forgetful of her Fame, and Royal Truſt;
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe, abandon'd to her Luſt.
The Goddeſs widely ſpreads the loud Report;
And flies at length to King *Hyarba's* Court.
When firſt poſſeſs'd with this unwelcome News,
Whom did he not of Men and Gods accuſe!

This

This Prince, from raviſh'd *Garamantis* born,
A hundred Temples did with Spoils adorn,
In *Ammon*'s Honour, his Coeleſtial Sire;
A hundred Altars fed, with wakeful Fire:
And through his vaſt Dominions, Prieſts ordain'd,
Whoſe watchful Care theſe holy Rites maintain'd.
The Gates and Columns were with Garlands crown'd,
And Blood of Victim Beaſts enrich the Ground.
He, when he heard a Fugitive cou'd move
The *Tyrian* Princeſs, who diſdain'd his Love,
His Breaſt with Fury burn'd, his Eyes with Fire;
Mad with Deſpair, impatient with Deſire.
Then on the Sacred Altars pouring Wine,
He thus with Pray'rs implor'd his Sire divine.
Great *Jove*, propitious to the *Mooriſh* Race,
Who feaſt on painted Beds, with Off'rings grace
Thy Temples, and adore thy Pow'r Divine
With Blood of Victims, and with ſparkling Wine:
Seeſt thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boaſted Thunder, and thy thoughtleſs Reign?
Do thy broad Hands the forky Lightnings lance,
Thine are the Bolts, or the blind work of Chance?
A wandring Woman builds, within our State,
A little Town, bought at an eaſie Rate;
She pays me Homage, and my Grants allow,
A narrow ſpace of *Lybian* Lands to plough.
Yet ſcorning me, by Paſſion blindly led,
Admits a baniſh'd *Trojan* to her Bed:
And now this other *Paris*, with his Train
Of conquer'd Cowards, muſt in *Affrick* reign!
(Whom, what they are, their Looks and Garb confeſs;
Their Locks with Oil perfum'd, their *Lydian* dreſs:)
He takes the Spoil, enjoys the Princely Dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty Name.

His Vows, in haughty Terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his Altar's Horns; the mighty Thund'rer heard,
Then caſt his Eyes on *Carthage*, where he found
The luſtful Pair, in lawleſs pleaſure drown'd.
Loſt in their Loves, inſenſible of Shame;
And both forgetful of their better Fame.
He calls *Cyllenius*; and the God attends;
By whom his menacing Command he ſends.
Go, mount the Weſtern Winds, and cleave the Skie;
Then, with a ſwift deſcent, to *Carthage* fly:
There find the *Trojan* Chief, who waſtes his Days
In ſloathful Riot, and inglorious Eaſe.
Nor minds the future City, giv'n by Fate;
To him this Meſſage from my Mouth relate.
Not ſo, fair *Venus* hop'd, when twice ſhe won
Thy Life with Pray'rs; nor promis'd ſuch a Son.
Hers was a Heroe, deſtin'd to command
A Martial Race; and rule the *Latian* Land.
Who ſhou'd his ancient Line from *Teucer* draw;
And, on the conquer'd World, impoſe the Law.
If Glory cannot move a Mind ſo mean,
Nor future Praiſe, from fading Pleaſure wean,
Yet why ſhou'd he defraud his Son of Fame;
And grudge the *Romans* their Immortal Name!
What are his vain Deſigns! what hopes he more,
From his long ling'ring on a hoſtile Shore?
Regardleſs to redeem his Honour loſt,
And for his Race to gain th' *Auſonian* Coaſt!
Bid him with ſpeed the *Tyrian* Court forſake;
With this Command the ſlumb'ring Warrior wake.
Hermes obeys; with Golden Pinions binds
His flying Feet, and mounts the Weſtern Winds:
And whether o're the Seas or Earth he flies,
With rapid Force, they bear him down the Skies.

But

To John Walkeden of ye Inner Temple Esq

NON EST MORTALE QUOD OPTO

But firſt he graſps within his awful Hand,
The mark of Sov'raign Pow'r, his Magick Wand:
With this, he draws the Ghoſts from hollow Graves,
With this he drives them down the *Stygian* Waves;
With this he ſeals in Sleep, the wakeful ſight;
And Eyes, though Clos'd in Death reſtores to Light.
Thus arm'd, the Gods begins his Airy Race;
And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space.
Now ſees the Tops of *Atlas*, as he flies;
Whoſe brawny Back ſupports the Starry Skies:
Atlas, whoſe Head with Piny Foreſts crown'd,
Is beaten by the Winds; with foggy Vapours bound.
Snows hide his Shoulders; from beneath his Chin
The Founts of Rolling Streams their Race begin:
A beard of Ice on his large Breaſt depends:
Here pois'd upon his Wings, the God deſcends:
Then, reſted thus, he from the tow'ring height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated Flight:
Lights on the Seas, and skims along the Flood:
As Water-fowl, who ſeeks their fiſhy Food,
Leſs, and yet leſs, to diſtant Proſpect ſhow,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like theſe, the ſteerage of his Wings he plies;
And near the ſurface of the Water flies.
'Till having paſs'd the Seas, and croſs'd the Sands,
He clos'd his Wings, and ſtoop'd on *Lybian* Lands:
Where Shepherds once were hous'd in homely ſheds,
Now Tow'rs within the Clouds, advance their Heads.
Arriving there, he found the *Trojan* Prince,
New Ramparts raiſing for the Town's defence:
A Purple Scarf, with Gold Imbroider'd o're,
(Queen *Dido*'s Gift) about his Waſte he wore;
A Sword with glitt'ring Gems diverſify'd,
For Ornament, not uſe, hung idly by his ſide.

Then thus, with winged Words, the God began;
(Reſuming his own Shape) degenerate Man,
Thou Woman's Property, what mak'ſt thou here,
Theſe foreign Walls, and *Tyrian* Tow'rs to rear?
Forgetful of thy own? All pow'rful *Jove*,
Who ſways the World below, and Heav'n above,
Has ſent me down, with this ſevere Command:
What means thy ling'ring in the *Lybian* Land?
If Glory cannot move a Mind ſo mean,
Nor future Praiſe, from flitting Pleaſure wean,
Regard the Fortunes of thy riſing Heir;
The promis'd Crown let young *Aſcanius* wear.
To whom th' *Auſonian* Scepter, and the State
Of *Rome*'s Imperial Name, is ow'd by Fate.
So ſpoke the God; and ſpeaking took his flight,
Involv'd in Clouds; and vaniſh'd out of ſight.
The Pious Prince was ſeiz'd with ſudden Fear;
Mute was his Tongue, and upright ſtood his Hair:
Revolving in his Mind the ſtern Command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming Land.
What ſhou'd he ſay, or how ſhou'd he begin,
What Courſe, alas! remains, to ſteer between
Th' offended Lover, and the Pow'rful Queen!
This way, and that, he turns his anxious Mind,
And all Expedients tries, and none can find:
Fix'd on the Deed, but doubtful of the Means;
After long thought to this Advice he leans.
Three Chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The Fleet, and ſhip their Men with ſilent Care:
Some plauſible Pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in ſecret he deſign'd.
Himſelf, mean time, the ſofteſt Hours wou'd chuſe,
Before the Love-ſick Lady heard the News.

And move her tender Mind, by ſlow degrees,
To ſuffer what the Sov'raign Pow'r decrees:
Jove will inſpire him, when, and what to ſay:
They hear with Pleaſure, and with haſte obey.
But ſoon the Queen perceives the thin Diſguiſe;
(What Arts can blind a jealous Woman's Eyes!)
She was the firſt to find the ſecret Fraud,
Before the fatal News was blaz'd abroad.
Love, the firſt Motions of the Lover hears,
Quick to preſage, and ev'n in Safety fears.
Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
The Ships repair'd; the *Trojans* thick Reſort,
And purpoſe to forſake the *Tyrian* Court.
Frantick with Fear, impatient of the Wound,
And impotent of Mind, ſhe roves the City round.
Leſs wild the *Bacchanalian* Dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly God they hear,
And houl about the Hills, and ſhake the wreathy Spear.
At length ſhe finds the dear perfidious Man;
Prevents his form'd Excuſe, and thus began.
Baſe and ungrateful, cou'd you hope to fly,
And undiſcover'd ſcape a Lover's Eye!
Nor cou'd my Kindneſs your Compaſſion move,
Nor plighted Vows, nor dearer bands of Love!
Or is the Death of a deſpairing Queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreſeen?
Ev'n when the Wint'ry Winds command your ſtay,
You dare the Tempeſts, and defie the Sea.
Falſe, as you are, ſuppoſe you were not bound
To Lands unknown, and foreign Coaſts to ſound;
Were *Troy* reſtor'd, and *Priam*'s happy Reign,
Now durſt you tempt for *Troy*, the raging Main?
See, whom you fly; am I the Foe you ſhun;
Now by thoſe holy Vows, ſo late begun,

By this right Hand, (ſince I have nothing more
To challenge, but the Faith you gave before;)
I beg you by theſe Tears too truly ſhed,
By the new Pleaſures of our Nuptial Bed;
If ever *Dido*, when you moſt were kind,
Were pleaſing in your Eyes, or touch'd your Mind;
By theſe my Pray'rs, if Pray'rs may yet have Place,
Pity the Fortunes of a falling Race.
For you I have provok'd a Tyrant's Hate,
Incens'd the *Lybian*, and the *Tyrian* State;
For you alone I ſuffer in my Fame;
Bereft of Honour, and expos'd to Shame:
Whom have I now to truſt, (ungrateful Gueſt,)
That only Name remains of all the reſt!
What have I left, or whither can I fly;
Muſt I attend *Pygmalion*'s Cruelty!
Or till *Hyarba* ſhall in Triumph lead
A Queen, that proudly ſcorn'd his proffer'd Bed!
Had you deferr'd, at leaſt, your haſty Flight,
And left behind ſome Pledge of our delight,
Some Babe to bleſs the Mother's mournful ſight;
Some young *Æneas*, to ſupply your place;
Whoſe Features might expreſs his Father's Face;
I ſhould not then complain to live bereft
Of all my Husband, or be wholly left.
Here paus'd the Queen; unmov'd he holds his Eyes,
By *Jove*'s Command; nor ſuffer'd Love to riſe,
Tho' heaving in his Heart; and thus at length, replies.
Fair Queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundleſs Favours, or I own my Debt;
Nor can my Mind forget *Eliza*'s Name,
While vital Breath inſpires this Mortal Frame.
This, only let me ſpeak in my Defence,
I never hop'd a ſecret Flight from hence:

Much

Much leſs pretended to the Lawful Claim
Of Sacred Nuptials, or, a Husband's Name.
For if indulgent Heav'n would leave me free,
And not ſubmit my Life to Fate's Decree,
My Choice would lead me to the *Trojan* Shore,
Thoſe Reliques to review, their Duſt adore;
And *Priam*'s ruin'd Palace to reſtore.
But now the *Delphian Oracle* Commands,
And Fate invites me to the *Latian* Lands.
That is the promis'd Place to which I ſteer,
And all my Vows are terminated there.
If you, a *Tyrian*, and a Stranger born,
With Walls and Tow'rs a *Lybian* Town adorn;
Why may not we, like you, a Foreign Race,
Like you ſeek ſhelter in a Foreign Place?
As often as the Night obſcures the Skies
With humid Shades, or twinkling Stars ariſe,
Anchiſes angry Ghoſt in Dreams appears;
Chides my delay, and fills my Soul with fears:
And young *Aſcanius* juſtly may complain,
Of his defrauded Fate, and deſtin'd Reign.
Ev'n now the Herald of the Gods appear'd,
Waking I ſaw him, and his Meſſage heard.
From *Jove* he came commiſſion'd, Heav'nly bright
With Radiant Beams, and manifeſt to Sight.
The Sender and the Sent, I both atteſt,
Theſe Walls he enter'd, and thoſe Words Expreſs'd.
Fair Queen, oppoſe not what the Gods command;
Forc'd by my Fate, I leave your happy Land.
Thus, while he ſpoke, already She began,
With ſparkling Eyes, to view the guilty Man:
From Head to Foot ſurvey'd his Perſon o're,
Nor longer theſe outrageous Threats forbore.

False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
Not sprung from Noble Blood, nor Goddess-born,
But hewn from hardned Entrails of a Rock;
And rough *Hyrcanian* Tygers gave thee suck.
Why shou'd I fawn, what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a list'ning Ear;
Sigh'd when I sob'd, or shed one kindly Tear?
All Symptoms of a base Ungrateful Mind,
So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of Man's Injustice, why shou'd I complain?
The Gods, and *Jove* himself behold in vain
Triumphant Treason, yet no Thunder flies:
Nor *Juno* views my Wrongs with equal Eyes;
Faithless is Earth, and faithless are the Skies!
Justice is fled, and Truth is now no more;
I sav'd the Shipwrack'd Exile on my Shore:
With needful Food his hungry *Trojans* fed;
I took the Traytor to my Throne and Bed:
Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat
The rest, I stor'd and Rigg'd his ruin'd Fleet.
I rave, I rave: A God's Command he pleads,
And makes Heav'n accessary to his Deeds.
Now *Lycian* Lotts, and now the *Delian* God;
Now *Hermes* is employ'd from *Jove*'s abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful State
Of Heav'nly Pow'rs were touch'd with Humane Fate!
But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
Go seek thy promis'd Kingdom through the Main:
Yet if the Heav'ns will hear my Pious Vow,
The faithless Waves, not half so false as thou;
Or secret Sands, shall Sepulchers afford
To thy proud Vessels, and their perjur'd Lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd *Dido*'s Name;
Dido shall come, in a black Sulph'ry flame;
When Death has once dissolv'd here Mortal frame.

Shall ſmile to ſee the Traitor vainly weep,
Her angry Ghoſt ariſing from the Deep,
Shall haunt thee wakeing, and diſturb thy Sleep.
At leaſt my Shade thy Puniſhment ſhall know;
And Fame ſhall ſpread the pleaſing News below.
Abruptly here ſhe ſtops: Then turns away
Her loathing Eyes, and ſhuns the ſight of Day.
Amaz'd he ſtood, revolving in his Mind
What Speech to frame, and what Excuſe to find.
Her fearfull Maids their fainting Miſtreſs led;
And ſoftly laid her on her Iv'ry Bed.
But good *Æneas*, tho' he much deſir'd
To give that Pity, which her Grief requir'd,
Tho' much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his Love,
Reſolv'd at length, obeys the Will of *Jove*:
Reviews his Forces; they with early Care
Unmoor their Veſſels, and for Sea prepare.
The Fleet is ſoon afloat, in all its Pride:
And well calk'd Gallies in the Harbour ride.
Then Oaks for Oars they fell'd; or as they ſtood,
Of its green Arms deſpoil'd the growing Wood.
Studious of Flight: The Beach is cover'd o're
With *Trojan* Bands that blacken all the Shore:
On ev'ry ſide are ſeen, deſcending down,
Thick ſwarms of Souldiers loaden from the Town.
Thus, in Battalia, march embody'd Ants,
Fearefull of Winter, and of future Wants,
T' invade the Corn, and to their Cells convey
The plunder'd Forrage of their yellow Prey,
The ſable Troops, along the narrow Tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty Burthen on their Backs:
Some ſet their Shoulders to the pond'rous Grain;
Some guard the Spoil, ſome laſh the lagging Train;
All ply their ſev'ral Tasks, and equal Toil ſuſtain.

What Pangs the tender Breaſt of *Dido* tore,
When, from the Tow'r, ſhe ſaw the cover'd Shore,
And heard the Shouts of Sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the Murmurs of the wat'ry War?
All pow'rful Love, what Changes canſt thou cauſe
In Human Hearts, ſubjected to thy Laws!
Once more her haughty Soul the Tyrant bends;
To Pray'rs and mean Submiſſions ſhe deſcends.
No female Arts or Aids ſhe left untry'd,
Nor Counſels unexplor'd, before ſhe dy'd.
Look, *Anna*, look; the *Trojans* crowd to Sea,
They ſpread their Canvaſs, and their Anchors weigh.
The ſhouting Crew, their Ships with Garlands bind;
Invoke the Sea-Gods, and invite the Wind.
Cou'd I have thought this threatning Blow ſo near,
My tender Soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my laſt Requeſt deny,
With yon perfidious Man your Int'reſt try;
And bring me News, if I muſt live or die.
You are his Fav'rite, you alone can find
The dark receſſes of his inmoſt Mind:
In all his truſted Secrets you have part,
And know the ſoft Approaches to his Heart.
Haſte then, and humbly ſeek my haughty Foe;
Tell him, I did not with the *Grecians* go;
Nor did my Fleet againſt his Friends employ,
Nor ſwore the Ruin of unhappy *Troy*.
Nor mov'd with Hands prophane his Father's Duſt;
Why ſhould he then reject a ſuit ſo juſt!
Whom does he ſhun, and whither would he fly;
Can he this laſt, this only Pray'r deny!
Let him at leaſt his dang'rous Flight delay,
Wait better Winds, and hope a calmer Sea.

The Nuptials he diſclaims I urge no more;
Let him purſue the promis'd *Latian* Shore.
A ſhort delay is all I ask him now,
A pauſe of Grief; an interval from Woe:
'Till my ſoft Soul be temper'd to ſuſtain
Accuſtom'd Sorrows, and inur'd to Pain.
If you in Pity grant this one Requeſt,
My Death ſhall glut the Hatred of his Breſt.
This mournful meſſage, Pious *Anna* bears,
And ſeconds, with her own, her Siſter's Tears:
But all her Arts are ſtill employ'd in vain;
Again ſhe comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd Heart nor Pray'rs nor Threatnings move;
Fate, and the God, had ſtop'd his Ears to Love.
As when the Winds their airy Quarrel try;
Juſtling from ev'ry quarter of the Sky;
This way and that, the Mountain Oak they bend,
His Boughs they ſhatter, and his Branches rend;
With Leaves, and falling Maſt, they ſpread the Ground,
The hollow Vallies eccho to the Sound:
Unmov'd, the Royal Plant their Fury mocks;
Or ſhaken, clings more cloſely to the Rocks:
Far as he ſhoots his tow'ring Head on high,
So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lie.
No leſs a Storm the *Trojan* Heroe bears;
Thick Meſſages and loud Complaints he hears;
And bandy'd Words, ſtill beating on his Ears.
Sighs, Groans and Tears, proclaim his inward Pains,
But the firm purpoſe of his Heart remains.
The wretched Queen, purſu'd by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the light of Heav'n to hate:
And loaths to live: Then dire Portents ſhe ſees,
To haſten on the Death her Soul decrees.

Strange to relate: For when before the Shrine
She pours, in Sacrifice, the Purple Wine,
The Purple Wine is turn'd to putrid Blood:
And the white offer'd Milk, converts to Mud.
This dire Preſage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her Siſter, ſhe conceal'd.
A Marble Temple ſtood within the Grove,
Sacred to Death, and to her murther'd Love;
That honour'd Chappel ſhe had hung around
With ſnowy Fleeces, and with Garlands crown'd:
Oft, when ſhe viſited this lonely Dome,
Strange Voices iſſu'd from her Husband's Tomb:
She thought ſhe heard him ſummon her away;
Invite her to his Grave; and chide her ſtay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a bodeing Note
The ſolitary Screech-Owl ſtrains her Throat:
And on a Chimney's top, or Turret's height,
With Songs obſcene, diſturbs the Silence of the Night.
Beſides, old Prophecies augment her Fears;
And ſtern *Æneas* in her Dreams appears,
Diſdainful as by Day: She ſeems alone,
To wander in her Sleep, thro' ways unknown,
Guidleſs and dark: or, in a Deſart Plain,
To ſeek her Subjects, and to ſeek in vain.
Like *Pentheus*, when diſtracted with his Fear,
He ſaw two Suns, and double *Thebes* appear:
Or mad *Oreſtes*, when his Mother's Ghoſt
Full in his Face, infernal Torches toſt;
And ſhook her ſnaky locks: He ſhuns the ſight,
Flies o're the Stage, ſurpris'd with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the Door; and intercept his flight.
Now, ſinking underneath a load of Grief,
From Death alone, ſhe ſeeks her laſt Relief:

The Time and Means, reſolv'd within her Breaſt,
She to her mournful Siſter, thus addreſs'd.
(Diſſembling hope, her cloudy front ſhe clears,
And a falſe Vigour in her Eyes appears.)
Rejoyce ſhe ſaid, inſtructed from above,
My Lover I ſhall gain, or loſe my Love.
Nigh riſing *Atlas*, next the falling Sun,
Long tracts of *Æthiopian* Climates run:
There, a *Maſſylian* Prieſteſs I have found,
Honour'd for Age; for Magick Arts renown'd:
Th' *Heſperian* Temple was her truſted Care;
'Twas ſhe ſupply'd the wakeful Dragons Fare.
She Poppy-Seeds in Honey taught to ſteep;
Reclaim'd his Rage; and ſooth'd him into ſleep.
She watch'd the Golden Fruit; her Charms unbind
The Chains of Love; or fix them on the Mind.
She ſtops the Torrents, leaves the Channel dry;
Repels the Stars; and backward bears the Sky.
The yawning Earth rebellows to her Call;
Pale Ghoſts aſcend; and Mountain Aſhes fall.
Witneſs, ye Gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious Art!
Within the ſecret Court, with ſilent Care,
Erect a lofty Pile, expos'd in Air:
Hang on the topmoſt part, the *Trojan* Veſt;
Spoils, Arms, and Preſents of my faithleſs Gueſt.
Next, under theſe, the Bridal Bed be plac'd,
Where I my Ruin in his Arms embrac'd:
All Relicks of the Wretch are doom'd to Fire;
For ſo the Prieſteſs, and her Charms require.
Thus far ſhe ſaid, and farther Speech forbears:
A Mortal Paleneſs in her Face appears:
Yet, the miſtruſtleſs *Anna*, could not find
The ſecret Fun'ral, in theſe Rites deſign'd;
Nor thought ſo dire a Rage poſſeſs'd her Mind.

Unknowing of a Train conceal'd ſo well,
She fear'd no worſe than when *Sichæus* fell:
Therefore obeys. The fatal Pile they rear,
Within the ſecret Court, expos'd in Air.
The cloven Holms and Pines are heap'd on high;
And Garlands on the hollow Spaces lye.
Sad Cy preſs, Vervain, Eugh, compoſe the Wreath;
And ev'ry baleful green denoting Death,
The Queen, determin'd to the fatal Deed,
The Spoils and Sword he left, in order ſpread:
And the Man's Image on the Nuptial Bed.
And now (the ſacred Altars plac'd around)
The Prieſteſs enters, with her Hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the Pow'rs below the Ground.
Night, *Erebus* and *Chaos* ſhe proclaims,
And threefold *Hecat*, with her hundred Names,
And three *Diana*'s: next ſhe ſprinkles round,
With feign'd *Avernian* Drops, the hallow'd ground;
Culls hoary Simples, found by *Phœbe's* Light,
With brazen Sickles reap'd at Noon of Night.
Then mixes baleful Juices in the Bowl:
And cuts the Forehead of a new-born Foal;
Robbing the Mother's love. The deſtin'd Queen
Obſerves, aſſiſting at the Rites obſcene:
A leaven'd Cake in her devoted Hands
She holds, and next the higheſt Altar ſtands:
One tender Foot was ſhod, her other bare;
Girt was her gather'd Gown, and looſe her Hair.
Thus dreſs'd, ſhe ſummon'd with her dying Breath,
The Heav'ns and Planets conſcious of her Death:
And ev'ry Pow'r, if any rules above,
Who minds, or who revenges injur'd Love.
'Twas dead of Night, when weary Bodies cloſe
Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and ſoft Repoſe:

The

To Henry Tasburgh Esqr of Bodney in ye County of Norfolk.

The Winds no longer whiſper through the Woods,
Nor murm'ring Tides diſturb the gentle Floods.
The Stars in ſilent order mov'd around,
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.
The Flocks and Herds, and parti-colour'd Fowl,
Which haunt the Woods, or ſwim the weedy Pool;
Stretch'd on the quiet Earth ſecurely lay,
Forgetting the paſt Labours of the day.
All elſe of Nature's common Gift partake;
Unhappy *Dido* was alone awake.
Nor Sleep nor Eaſe the Furious Queen can find,
Sleep fled her Eyes, as Quiet fled her mind.
Deſpair, and Rage, and Love, divide her heart;
Deſpair, and Rage had ſome, but Love the greater part.
Then thus ſhe ſaid within her ſecret Mind:
What ſhall I do, what Succour can I find!
Become a Supplyant to *Hyarba's* Pride,
And take my turn, to Court and be deny'd!
Shall I with this ungrateful *Trojan* go,
Forſake an Empire, and attend a Foe?
Himſelf I refug'd, and his Train reliev'd;
Tis true? but am I ſure to be receiv'd?
Can Gratitude in *Trojan* Souls have place!
Laomedon ſtill lives in all his Race!
Then, ſhall I ſeek alone the Churliſh Crew,
Or with my Fleet their flying Sails purſue?
What force have I but thoſe, whom ſcarce before
I drew reluctant from their Native Shore?
Will they again Embark at my deſire,
Once more ſuſtain the Seas, and quit their ſecond *Tyre*?
Rather with Steel thy guilty Breaſt invade,
And take the Fortune thou thy ſelf haſt made.

Your

Your pity, firſt ſeduc'd my Mind;
Or ſeconded too well, what I deſign'd.
Theſe dear-bought Pleaſures had I never known,
Had I continu'd free, and ſtill my own;
Avoiding Love; I had not found Deſpair:
But ſhar'd with Salvage Beaſts the Common Air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the Living, nor diſturb'd the Dead.
Theſe Thoughts ſhe brooded in her anxious Breaſt;
On board, the *Trojan* found more eaſie reſt.
Reſolv'd to ſail, in Sleep he paſs'd the Night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged God appears;
His former Youthfull Meen and Shape he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his Ears.
Sleep'ſt thou, O Goddeſs born! and can'ſt thou drown
Thy needful Cares, ſo near a Hoſtile Town?
Beſet with Foes; nor hear'ſt the Weſtern Gales
Invite thy paſſage, and Inſpire thy ſails?
She harbours in her Heart a furious hate;
And thou ſhalt find the dire Effects too late;
Fix'd on Revenge, and Obſtinate to die:
Haſte ſwiftly hence, while thou haſt pow'r to fly.
The Sea with Ships will ſoon be cover'd o're,
And blazing Firebrands kindle all the Shore.
Prevent her rage, while Night obſcures the Skies;
And ſail before the purple Morn ariſe.
Who knows what Hazards thy Delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful Thing.
Thus *Hermes* in the Dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in Air unſeen; and mix'd with Night.
Twice warn'd by the Coeleſtial Meſſenger,
The Pious Prince aroſe with haſty fear:

Then

Then rowz'd his drowſie Train without delay,
Haſte to your banks; your crooked Anchors weigh;
And ſpread your flying Sails, and ſtand to Sea.
A God commands; he ſtood before my ſight;
And urg'd us once again to ſpeedy flight.
O ſacred Pow'r, what Pow'r ſo e're thou art,
To thy bleſs'd Orders I reſign my heart:
Lead thou the way; protect thy *Trojan* Bands;
And proſper the Deſign thy Will Commands.
He ſaid, and drawing forth his flaming Sword,
His thund'ring Arm divides the many twiſted Cord:
An emulating Zeal inſpires his Train;
They run, they ſnatch; they ruſh into the main.
With headlong haſte they leave the deſert Shores,
And bruſh the liquid Seas with lab'ring Oars.
Aurora now had left her Saffron Bed,
And beams of early Light the Heav'ns o'reſpread,
When from a Tow'r the Queen, with wakeful Eyes,
Saw Day point upward from the roſie Skies:
She look'd to Seaward, but the Sea was void,
And ſcarce in ken the ſailing Ships deſcry'd:
Stung with deſpight, and furious with deſpair,
She ſtruck her trembling Breaſt, and tore her Hair.
And ſhall th' ungrateful Traytor go, ſhe ſaid,
My Land forſaken, and my Love betray'd?
Shall we not Arm, not ruſh from ev'ry Street,
To follow, ſink, and burn his perjur'd Fleet?
Haſte, haul my Gallies out, purſue the Foe:
Bring flaming Brands, ſet ſail, and ſwiftly row.
What have I ſaid? where am I? Fury turns
My Brain; and my diſtemper'd Boſom burns.
Then, when I gave my Perſon and my Throne,
This Hate, this Rage, had been more timely ſhown.

See now the promis'd Faith, the vaunted Name,
The Pious Man, who, ruſhing through the Flame,
Preſerv'd his Gods; and to the *Phrygian* Shore
The Burthen of his feeble Father bore!
I ſhou'd have torn him piece-meal; ſtrow'd in Floods
His ſcatter'd Limbs, or left expos'd in Woods:
Deſtroy'd his Friends and Son; and from the Fire
Have ſet the reeking Boy before the Sire.
Events are doubtful, which on Battels wait;
Yet where's the doubt, to Souls ſecure of Fate!
My *Tyrians*, at their injur'd Queen's Command,
Had toſs'd their Fires amid the *Trojan* Band;
At once extinguiſh'd all the faithleſs Name;
And I my ſelf, in vengeance of my Shame,
Had fall'n upon the Pile to mend the Fun'ral Flame.
Thou Sun, who view'ſt at once the World below,
Thou *Juno*, Guardian of the Nuptial Vow,
Thou *Hecat*, hearken from thy dark abodes;
Ye Furies, Fiends, and violated Gods,
All Pow'rs invok'd with *Dido*'s dying breath,
Attend her Curſes, and avenge her death.
If ſo the Fates ordain, and *Jove* commands,
Th' ungrateful Wretch ſhould find the *Latian* Lands,
Yet let a Race untam'd, and haughty Foes,
His peaceful Entrance with dire Arms oppoſe;
Oppreſs'd with Numbers in th' unequal Field,
His Men diſcourag'd, and himſelf expell'd,
Let him for Succour ſue from place to place,
Torn from his Subjects, and his Son's embrace:
Firſt let him ſee his Friends in Battel ſlain;
And their untimely Fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel War ſhall ceaſe;
On hard Conditions may he buy his Peace.

Nor let him then enjoy ſupreme Command;
But fall untimely, by ſome hoſtile Hand:
And lie unbury'd on the barren Sand.
Theſe are my Pray'rs, and this my dying Will:
And you my *Tyrians* ev'ry Curſe fulfill.
Perpetual Hate, and mortal Wars proclaim,
Againſt the Prince, the People, and the Name.
Theſe grateful Off'rings on my Grave beſtow;
Nor League, nor Love, the Hoſtile Nations know:
Now, and from hence in ev'ry future Age,
When Rage excites your Arms, and Strength ſupplies the Rage:
Riſe ſome Avenger of our *Lybian* Blood,
With Fire and Sword purſue the perjur'd Brood:
Our Arms, our Seas, our Shores, oppos'd to theirs,
And the ſame hate deſcend on all our Heirs.
This ſaid, within her anxious Mind ſhe weighs
The Means of cutting ſhort her odious Days.
Then to *Sicheus*'s Nurſe, ſhe briefly ſaid,
(For when ſhe left her Country, hers was dead)
Go *Barce*, call my Siſter; let her Care
The ſolemn Rites of Sacrifice prepare:
The Sheep, and all th' attoneing Off'rings bring;
Sprinkling her Body from the Cryſtal Spring
With living Drops: then let her come, and thou
With ſacred Fillets, bind thy hoary Brow.
Thus will I pay my Vows, to *Stygian Jove*;
And end the Cares of my diſaſtrous Love.
Then caſt the *Trojan* Image on the Fire;
And as that burns, my Paſſion ſhall expire.
The Nurſe moves onward, with officious Care,
And all the ſpeed her aged Limbs can bear.
But furious *Dido*, with dark Thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty Miſchief ſhe reſolv'd.

With livid Spots diſtinguiſh'd was her Face,
Red were her rowling Eyes, and diſcompos'd her Pace:
Ghaſtly ſhe gaz'd, with Pain ſhe drew her Breath,
And Nature ſhiver'd at approaching Death.
Then ſwiftly to the fatal place ſhe paſs'd;
And mounts the Fun'ral Pile, with furious haſte.
Unſheaths the Sword the *Trojan* left behind,
(Not for ſo dire an Enterpriſe deſign'd,)
But when ſhe view'd the Garments looſely ſpred,
Which once he wore, and ſaw the conſcious Bed,
She paus'd, and, with a Sigh, the Robes embrac'd;
Then on the Couch her trembling Body caſt,
Repreſs'd the ready Tears, and ſpoke her laſt.
Dear Pledges of my Love, while Heav'n ſo pleas'd,
Receive a Soul, of Mortal Anguiſh eas'd:
My fatal Courſe is finiſh'd; and I go
A glorious Name, among the Ghoſts below.
A lofty City by my Hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion puniſh'd, and my Lord appeas'd.
What cou'd my Fortune have afforded more,
Had the falſe *Trojan* never touch'd my Shore!
Then kiſs'd the Couch; and muſt I die, ſhe ſaid;
And unreveng'd; 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this Death with Pleaſure I receive;
On any Terms, 'tis better than to live.
Theſe Flames, from far, may the falſe *Trojan* view;
Theſe boding Omens his baſe flight purſue.
She ſaid, and ſtruck: Deep enter'd in her ſide
The piercing Steel, with reeking Purple dy'd:
Clog'd in the Wound the cruel Weapon ſtands;
The ſpouting Blood came ſtreaming on her Hands.
Her ſad Attendants ſaw the deadly Stroke,
And with loud Cries the founding Palace ſhook.

Diſtracted

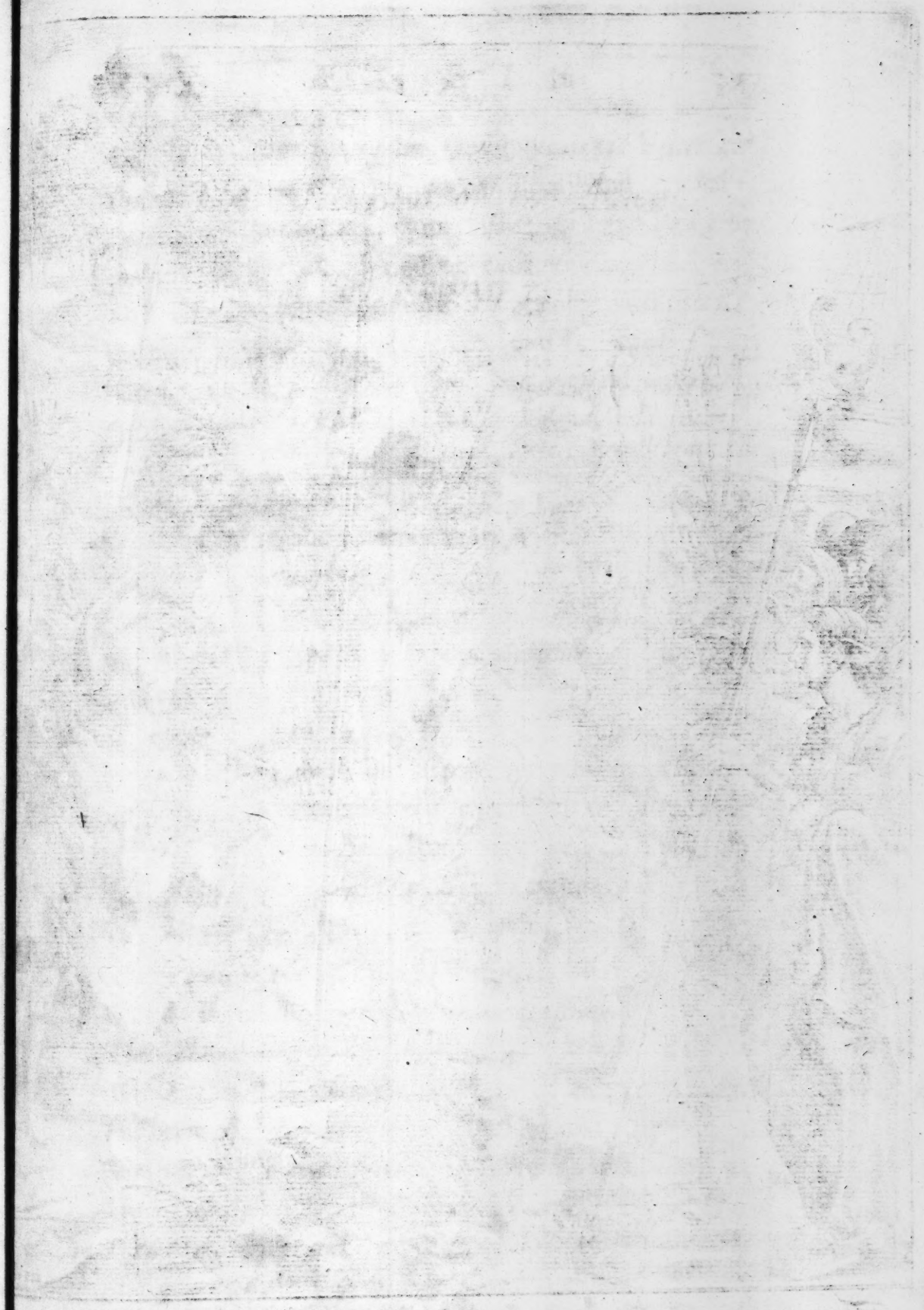
To the Lady Brownlove Daughter & Coheires of S.r Richard Mas
K.t Clerk Comtroler of the Greencloth to K. Charles the 2.d & K. James
Wife to S.r Will: Brownlove 2.d Son to S.r Richard Brownlove
Bar.t of Humby in the County of Lincolne

Diſtracted from the fatal ſight they fled;
And thro' the Town the diſmal Rumour ſpread.
Firſt from the frighted Court, the Yell began,
Redoubled thence from Houſe to Houſe it ran:
The groans of Men, with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries
Of mixing Women, mount the vaulted Skies.
Not leſs the Clamour, than if ancient *Tyre*,
Or the new *Carthage*, ſet by Foes on Fire,
The rowling Ruin, with their lov'd Abodes,
Involv'd the blazing Temples of their Gods.
Her Siſter hears, and, furious with Deſpair,
She beats her Breaſt, and rends her yellow Hair:
And calling on *Eliza*'s Name aloud,
Runs breathleſs to the Place, and breaks the Crowd.
Was all that Pomp of Woe for this prepar'd,
Theſe Fires, this Fun'ral Pile, theſe Altars rear'd;
Was all this Train of Plots contriv'd, ſaid ſhe,
All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worſt, didſt thou in Death pretend
To ſcorn thy Siſter, or delude thy Friend!
Thy ſummon'd Siſter, and thy Friend had come:
One Sword had ſerv'd us both, one common Tomb.
Was I to raiſe the Pile, the Pow'rs invoke,
Not to be preſent at the fatal Stroke?
At once thou haſt deſtroy'd thy ſelf and me;
Thy Town, thy Senate, and thy Colony!
Bring Water, bathe the Wound; while I in death
Lay cloſe my Lips to hers; and catch the flying Breath.
This ſaid, ſhe mounts the Pile with eager haſte;
And in her Arms the gaſping Queen embrac'd:
Her Temples chaf'd; and her own Garments tore
To ſtanch the ſtreaming Blood, and cleanſe the Gore.
Thrice *Dido* try'd to raiſe her drooping Head,
And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the Bed.

Thrice

Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and ſought the Light,
But having found it, ſicken'd at the ſight;
And clos'd her Lids at laſt, in endleſs Night.
Then *Juno*, grieving that ſhe ſhou'd ſuſtain
A Death ſo ling'ring, and ſo full of Pain;
Sent *Iris* down, to free her from the Strife
Of lab'ring Nature, and diſſolve her Life.
For ſince ſhe dy'd, not doom'd by Heav'ns Decree,
Or her own Crime; but Human Caſualty;
And rage of Love, that plung'd her in Deſpair,
The Siſters had not cut the topmoſt Hair;
Which *Proſerpine*, and they can only know;
Nor made her ſacred to the Shades below.
Downward the various Goddeſs took her flight;
And drew a thouſand Colours from the Light:
Then ſtood above the dying Lover's Head,
And ſaid, I thus devote thee to the dead.
This Off'ring to th' Internal Gods I bear:
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, ſhe cut the fatal Hair;
The ſtrugling Soul was loos'd; and Life diſſolv'd in Air.

The



To the most Illustrious Prince Charles Duke of
S^t Albans Master Falconer to His Ma^{ty} an
Captaine of y^e Hon^{ble} Band of Gen^{tl} Pensioners

The Fifth Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

Æneas *ſetting ſail from* Africk, *is driven by a Storm on the Coaſts of* Sicily: *Where he is Hoſpitably receiv'd by his Friend* Aceſtes, *King of part of the Iſland, and Born of* Trojan *Parentage. He applies himſelf to celebrate the Memory of his Father with Divine Honours: And accordingly inſtitutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for thoſe who ſhou'd Conquer in them. While the Ceremonies were performing,* Juno *ſends* Iris *to perſwade the* Trojan *Women to burn the Ships, who upon her Inſtigation, ſet fire to them, which burnt four, and would have conſum'd the reſt, had not* Jupiter, *by a miraculous Shower extinguiſh'd it. Upon this* Æneas *by the Advice of one of his Generals, and a Viſion of his Father, builds a City for the Women, Old Men, and others, who were either unfit for War, or weary of the Voyage, and ſails for* Italy: Venus *procures of* Neptune *a ſafe Voyage for him and all his Men, excepting only his Pilot* Palinurus, *who is unfortunately loſt.*

MEan time the *Trojan* cuts his wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his Voyage, thro' the curling Sea:
Then, caſting back his Eyes, with dire Amaze,
Sees on the *Punic* Shore the mounting Blaze.
The Cauſe unknown; yet his preſaging Mind,
The Fate of *Dido* from the Fire divin'd:
He knew the ſtormy Souls of Woman-kind:
What ſecret Springs their eager Paſſions move,
How capable of Death for injur'd Love.
Dire Auguries from hence the *Trojans* draw;
'Till neither Fires, nor ſhining Shores they ſaw.
Now Seas and Skies, their Proſpect only bound;
An empty ſpace above, a floating Field around.
But ſoon the Heav'ns with ſhadows were o'reſpread;
A ſwelling Cloud hung hov'ring o're their Head:

Livid

Livid it look'd, (the threatning of a Storm;)
Then Night and Horror Ocean's Face deform.
The Pilot, *Palinurus*, cry'd aloud,
What Guſts of Weather from that gath'ring Cloud
My Thoughts preſage; e're yet the Tempeſt roars,
Stand to your Tackle, Mates, and ſtretch your Oars;
Contract your ſwelling Sails, and luff to Wind:
The frighted Crew perform the Task aſſign'd.
Then, to his fearleſs Chief, not Heav'n, ſaid he,
Tho' *Jove* himſelf ſhou'd promiſe *Italy*,
Can ſtem the Torrent of this raging Sea.
Mark how the ſhifting Winds from Weſt ariſe,
And what collected Night involves the Skies!
Nor can our ſhaken Veſſels live at Sea,
Much leſs againſt the Tempeſt force their way;
'Tis Fate diverts our Courſe; and Fate we muſt obey.
Not far from hence, if I obſerv'd aright
The ſouthing of the Stars, and Polar Light,
Sicilia lies; whoſe hoſpitable Shores
In ſafety we may reach with ſtrugling Oars.
Æneas then reply'd, too ſure I find,
We ſtrive in vain againſt the Seas, and Wind:
Now ſhift your Sails: What place can pleaſe me more
Than what you promiſe, the *Sicilian* Shore;
Whoſe hallow'd Earth *Anchiſes* Bones contains,
And where a Prince of *Trojan* Lineage reigns?
The Courſe reſolv'd, before the Weſtern Wind
They ſcud amain; and make the Port aſſign'd.
Mean time *Aceſtes*, from a lofty Stand,
Beheld the Fleet deſcending on the Land;
And not unmindful of his ancient Race,
Down from the Cliff he ran with eager Pace;
And held the Heroe in a ſtrict Embrace.

Of

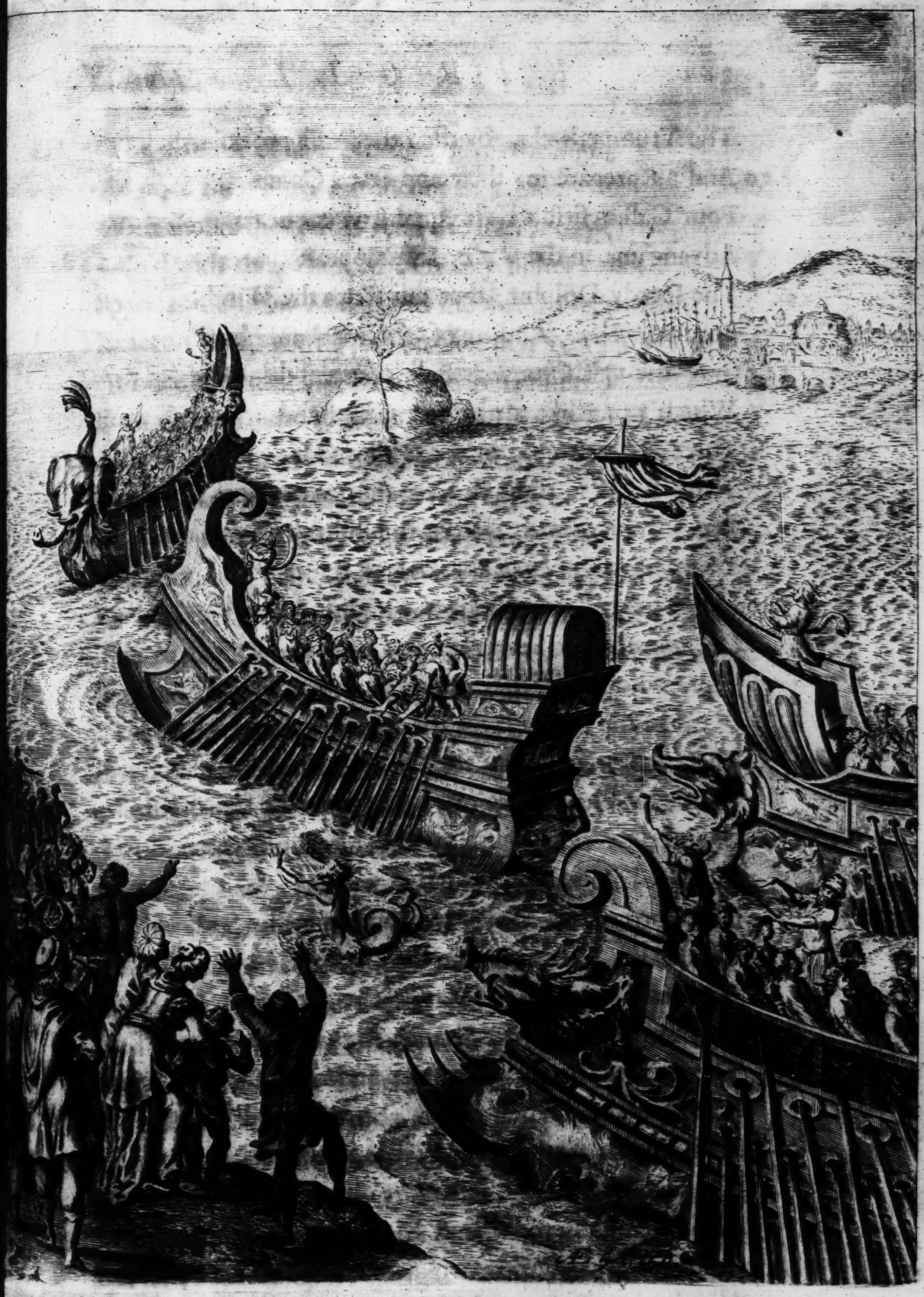
Of a rough *Lybian* Bear the Spoils he wore;
And either Hand a pointed Jav'lin bore.
His Mother was a Dame of *Dardan* Blood;
His Sire *Criniſus*, a *Sicilian* Flood;
He welcomes his returning Friends aſhore
With plenteous Country Cates; and homely Store.
Now, when the following Morn had chas'd away
The flying Stars, and light reſtor'd the Day,
Æneas call'd the *Trojan* Troops around;
And thus beſpoke them from a riſing Ground.
Off-ſpring of Heav'n, Divine *Dardanian* Race,
The Sun revolving thro' th' Etherial Space,
The ſhining Circle of the Year has fill'd,
Since firſt this Iſle my Father's Aſhes held:
And now the riſing Day renews the Year,
(A Day for ever ſad, for ever dear,)
This wou'd I celebrate with Annual Games,
With Gifts on Altars pil'd, and holy Flames,
Tho baniſh'd to *Getulia*'s barren Sands,
Caught on the *Grecian* Seas, or hoſtile Lands:
But ſince this happy Storm our Fleet has driv'n
(Not, as I deem, without the Will of Heav'n,)
Upon theſe friendly Shores, and flow'ry Plains,
Which hide *Anchiſes*, and his bleſt Remains;
Let us with Joy perform his Honours due;
And pray for proſp'rous Winds, our Voyage to renew.
Pray, that in Towns, and Temples of our own,
The Name of great *Anchiſes* may be known;
And yearly Games may ſpread the Gods renown.
Our Sports, *Aceſtes* of the *Trojan* Race,
With Royal Gifts, ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two Steers on ev'ry Ship the King beſtows;
His Gods and ours, ſhall ſhare your equal Vows.

Beſides, if nine days hence, the roſy Morn
Shall with unclouded Light the Skies adorn,
That Day with ſolemn Sports I mean to grace;
Light Gallies on the Seas, ſhall run a wat'ry Race.
Some ſhall in Swiftneſs for the Goal contend,
And others try the twanging Bow to bend:
The ſtrong with Iron Gauntlets arm'd ſhall ſtand,
Oppos'd in Combat on the yellow Sand.
Let all be preſent at the Games prepar'd;
And joyful Victors wait the Juſt Reward.
But now aſſiſt the Rites, with Garlands crown'd;
He ſaid, and firſt his Brows with Myrtle bound.
Then *Helymus*, by his Example led,
And old *Aceſtes*, each adorn'd his Head;
Thus, young *Aſcanius*, with a ſprightly Grace,
His Temples ty'd, and all the *Trojan* Race.
Æneas then advanc'd amidſt the Train,
By thouſands follow'd thro' the flowry Plain,
To great *Anchiſes* Tomb: Which when he found,
He pour'd to *Bacchus*, on the hallow'd Ground,
Two Bowls of ſparkling Wine, of Milk two more,
And two from offer'd Bulls of Purple Gore.
With Roſes then the Sepulchre he ſtrow'd;
And thus, his Father's Ghoſt beſpoke aloud.
Hail, O ye Holy Manes; hail again
Paternal Aſhes, now review'd in vain!
The Gods permitted not, that you, with me,
Shou'd reach the promis'd Shores of *Italy*;
Or *Tiber*'s Flood, what Flood ſo e're it be.
Scarce had he finiſh'd, when, with ſpeckled Pride,
A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide;
His hugy Bulk on ſev'n high Volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of Back, but ſtreak'd with ſcaly Gold:

Thus

Thus riding on his Curls, he ſeem'd to paſs
A rowling Fire along; and ſinge the Graſs.
More various Colours thro' his Body run,
Than *Iris* when her Bow imbibes the Sun;
Betwixt the riſing Altars, and around,
The ſacred Monſter ſhot along the Ground;
With harmleſs play amidſt the Bowls he paſs'd;
And with his lolling Tongue aſſay'd the Taſte:
Thus fed with Holy Food, the wond'rous Gueſt
Within the hollow Tomb retir'd to reſt.
The Pious Prince, ſurpris'd at what he view'd,
The Fun'ral Honours with more Zeal renew'd:
Doubtful if this the Place's Genius were,
Or Guardian of his Father's Sepulchre.
Five Sheep, according to the Rites, he ſlew;
As many Swine, and Steers of Sable Hue;
New gen'rous Wine he from the Goblets pour'd,
And call'd his Fathers Ghoſt, from Hell reſtor'd.
The glad Attendants in long Order come,
Off'ring their Gifts at great *Anchiſes* Tomb:
Some add more Oxen, ſome divide the Spoil,
Some place the Chargers on the graſſy Soil;
Some blow the Fires and offer'd Entrails broil.
Now came the Day deſir'd; the Skies were bright
With roſy Luſtre of the riſing Light:
The bord'ring People, rowz'd by ſounding Fame
Of *Trojan* Feaſts, and great *Aceſtes* Name;
The crowded Shore with Acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their Skill.
And firſt the Gifts in Publick view they place,
Green Lawrel Wreaths, and Palm, (the Victors grace:)
Within the Circle, Arms and Tripods lye;
Ingotts of Gold, and Silver, heap'd on high;
And Veſts embroider'd of the *Tyrian* dye.

The Trumpet's clangor then the Feaſt proclaims;
And all prepare for their appointed Games.
Four Gallies firſt which equal Rowers bear,
Advanc'ing, in the wat'ry Liſts appear.
The ſpeedy Dolphin, that out-ſtrips the Wind,
Bore *Mneſtheus*, Author of the *Memmian* kind:
Gyas, the vaſt *Chymæra*'s Bulk commands,
Which riſing like a tow'ring City ſtands:
Three *Trojans* tug at ev'ry lab'ring Oar;
Three Banks in three degrees the Sailors bore;
Beneath their Sturdy Stroaks the Billows roar.
Sergeſtus, who began the *Sergian* Race,
In the great *Centaur* took the leading Place:
Cloanthus on the Sea-green *Scylla* ſtood;
From whom *Cluentius* draws his *Trojan* Blood.
Far in the Sea, againſt the foaming Shoar,
There ſtands a Rock; the raging Billows roar
Above his Head in Storms; but when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his Foot appear.
In Peace below the gentle Waters run;
The Cormorants above, lye Basking in the Sun.
On this the Heroe fix'd an Oak in ſight,
The mark to guide the Mariners aright.
To bear with this, the Seamen ſtretch their Oars;
Then round the rock they ſteer, and ſeek the former Shoars.
The Lots decide their place; above the reſt,
Each Leader ſhining in his *Tyrian* Veſt:
The common Crew, with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs,
Their Temples crown, and ſhade their ſweaty Brows.
Beſmear'd with Oil, their naked Shoulders ſhine;
All take their Seats, and wait the ſounding ſign.
They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breaſt
Is rais'd by turns with Hope, by turns with Fear depreſs'd



To the Right Honble
Earle of Torrington &

Arthur Herbert
Baron of Torbay

The clangor of the Trumpet gives the Sign;
At once they ſtart, advancing in a Line:
With ſhouts the Sailors rend the ſtarry Skys,
Laſh'd with their Oars, the ſmoaky Billows riſe;
Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal Stroaks they row;
At once the bruſhing Oars, and brazen prow
Daſh up the ſandy Waves, and ope the Depths below.
Not fiery Courſers, in a Chariot Race,
Invade the Field with half ſo ſwift a Pace.
Not the fierce Driver with more Fury lends
The ſounding Laſh; and, e're the Stroke deſcends,
Low to the Wheels his pliant Body bends.
The partial Crowd their Hopes and Fears divide;
And aid, with eager ſhouts the favour'd Side.
Cries, Murmurs, Clamours, with a mixing Sound,
From Woods to Woods, from Hills to Hills rebound.
Amidſt the loud Applauſes of the Shore,
Gyas out-ſtrip'd the reſt, and ſprung before;
Cloanthus, better mann'd, purſu'd him faſt;
But his o're-maſted Gally check'd his Haſte.
The *Centaur*, and the Dolphin, bruſh the brine
With equal Oars, advancing in a Line:
And now the mighty *Centaur* ſeems to lead,
And now the ſpeedy Dolphin gets a head:
Now Board to Board the rival Veſſels row;
The Billows lave the Skies, and Ocean groans below.
They reach'd the Mark; proud *Gyas* and his Train,
In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main:
But ſteering round, he charg'd his Pilot ſtand
More cloſe to Shore and skim along the Sand.
Let others bear to Sea. *Menætes* heard,
But ſecret ſhelves too cautiouſly he fear'd:
And fearing, ſought the Deep; and ſtill aloof he ſteer'd.

With

With louder Cries the Captain call'd again;
Bear to the rocky Shore, and ſhun the Main.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking at his ſtern he ſaw
The bold *Cloanthus* near the Shelvings draw;
Betwixt the mark and him the *Scylla* ſtood,
and in a cloſer Compaſs plow'd the Flood,
He paſs'd the Mark; and wheeling got before;
Gyas blaſphem'd the Gods, devoutly ſwore,
Cry'd out for Anger, and his Hair he tore.
Mindleſs of others Lives, (ſo high was grown
His riſing Rage,) and careleſs of his own:
The trembling Dotard to the Deck he drew,
Then hoiſted up, and over-board he threw,
This done he ſeiz'd the Helm; his Fellows cheer'd;
Turn'd ſhort upon the Shelfs, and madly ſteer'd.
Hardly his Head, the plunging Pilot rears,
Clog'd with his Cloaths, and cumber'd with his Years:
Now dropping wet, he climbs the Cliff with Pain;
The Crowd that ſaw him fall, and float again,
Shout from the diſtant Shore; and loudly laught,
To ſee his heaving Breaſt diſgorge the briny Draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's Crew,
Their vaniſh'd hopes of Victory renew:
While *Gyas* lags, they kindle in the Race,
To reach the Mark; *Sergeſthus* takes the place:
Mneſtheus purſues; and while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his Gally's length behind.
Then, on the Deck amidſt his Mates appear'd,
And thus their drooping Courages he cheer'd.
My Friends, and *Hector*'s Followers heretofore;
Exert your Vigour, tug the lab'ring Oar;
Stretch to your Stroaks, my ſtill unconquer'd Crew,
Whom from the flaming Walls of *Troy* I drew.

In

In this, our common Int'reſt, let me find
That ſtrength of Hand, that courage of the Mind,
As when you ſtem'd the ſtrong *Malæan* Flood,
And o're the *Syrtes* broken Billows row'd.
I ſeek not now the foremoſt Palm to gain;
Tho yet—But ah, that haughty Wiſh is vain!
Let thoſe enjoy it whom the Gods ordain.
But to be laſt, the Lags of all the Race,
Redeem your ſelves and me from that Diſgrace.
Now one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full ſtretch, and ſhake the Brazen Prow.
The Sea beneath 'em ſinks; their lab'ring ſides
Are ſwell'd, and Sweat runs gutt'ring down in Tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd Succeſs;
Sergeſthus, eager with his Beak, to preſs
Betwixt the Rival Gally and the Rock;
Shuts up th' unwieldy Centaur in the Lock.
The Veſſel ſtruck, and with the dreadful ſhock
Her Oars ſhe ſhiver'd, and her Head ſhe broke.
The trembling Rowers from their Banks ariſe,
And anxious for themſelves renounce the Prize.
With Iron Poles they heave her off the Shores;
And gather, from the Sea, their floating Oars.
The Crew of *Mneſtheus*, with elated Minds,
Urge their Succeſs, and call the willing Winds:
Then ply their Oars, and cut their liquid way;
In larger Compaſs on the roomy Sea.
As when the Dove her Rocky Hold forſakes,
Rowz'd in a Fright, her ſounding Wings ſhe ſhakes
The Cavern rings with clatt'ring; out ſhe flies,
And leaves her Callow Care, and cleaves the Skies;
At firſt ſhe flutters; but at length ſhe ſprings,
To ſmoother flight, and ſhoots upon her Wings:

So *Mneſtheus* in the *Dolphin* cuts the Sea,
And flying with a force, that force aſſiſts his Way.
Sergeſthus in the *Centaur* ſoon he paſs'd,
Wedg'd in the Rocky Sholes, and ſticking faſt.
In vain the Victor he with Cries implores,
And practices to row with ſhatter'd Oars.
Then *Mneſtheus* bears with *Gyas*, and out-flies:
The Ship without a Pilot yields the Prize.
Unvanquiſh'd *Scylla* now alone remains;
Her he purſues; and all his vigour ſtrains.
Shouts from the fav'ring Multitude ariſe,
Applauding Eccho to the Shouts replies;
Shouts, Wiſhes, and Applauſe run ratling through the Skies.
Theſe Clamours with diſdain the *Scylla* heard;
Much grudg'd the Praiſe, but more the rob'd Reward:
Reſolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;
All obſtinate to dye, or gain the Race.
Rais'd with Succeſs, the *Dolphin* ſwiftly ran,
(For they can Conquer who believe they can:)
Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both ſupplies;
And both, perhaps had ſhar'd an equal Prize;
When to the Seas *Cloanthus* holds his Hands,
And Succour from the Watry Pow'rs Demands:
Gods of the liquid Realms, on which I row,
If giv'n by you, the Lawrel bind my Brow,
Aſſiſt to make me guilty of my Vow.
A Snow-white Bull ſhall on your Shore be ſlain,
His offer'd Entrails caſt into the Main;
And ruddy Wine from Golden Goblets thrown,
Your grateful Gift and my Return ſhall own.
The Quire of Nymphs, and *Phorcus* from below,
With Virgin *Panopea*, heard his Vow;
And old *Portunus*, with his breadth of Hand,
Puſh'd on, and ſped the Gally to the Land.

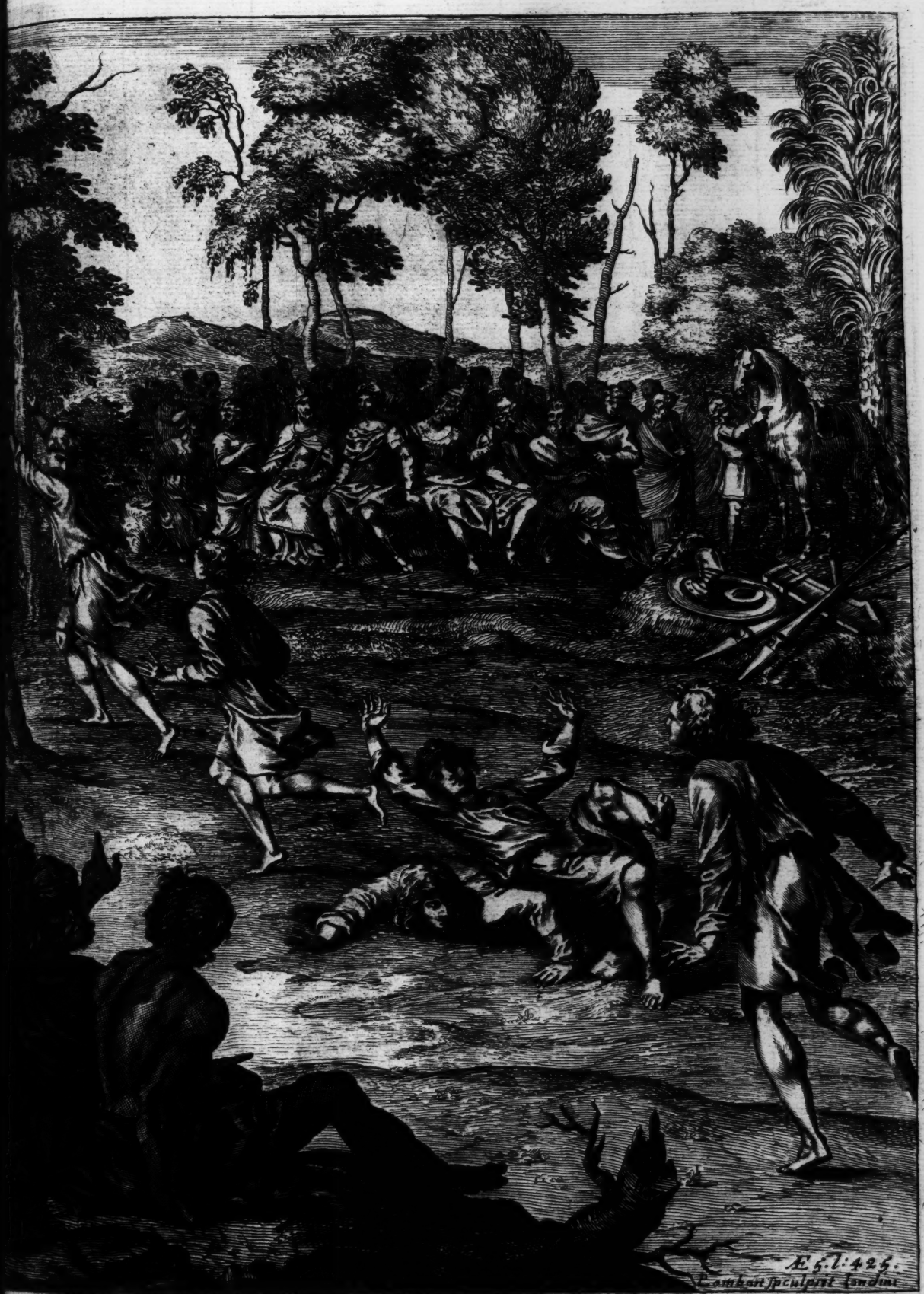
Swift as a Shaft, or winged Wind, ſhe flies;
And darting to the Port, obtains the Prize.
The Herald ſummons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus Conqu'ror of the Naval Games.
The Prince with Lawrel crowns the Victor's Head,
And three fat Steers are to his Veſſel led;
The Ships Reward: with gen'rous Wine beſide;
And Sums of Silver, which the Crew divide.
The Leaders are diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
The Victor honour'd with a nobler Veſt:
Where Gold and Purple ſtrive in equal Rows;
And Needle-work its happy Coſt beſtows.
There, *Ganymede* is wrought with living Art,
Chaſing thro' *Ida*'s Groves the trembling Hart:
Breathleſs he ſeems, yet eager to purſue;
When from aloft, deſcends in open view,
The Bird of *Jove*; and ſowſing on his Prey,
With crooked Tallons bears the Boy away.
In vain, with lifted Hands, and gazing Eyes,
His Guards behold him ſoaring thro' the Skies;
And Dogs purſue his Flight, with imitated Cries.
Mneſtheus the ſecond Victor was declar'd;
And ſummon'd there, the ſecond Prize he ſhar'd.
A Coat of Mail, which brave *Demoleus* bore;
More brave *Æneas* from his Shoulders tore;
In ſingle Combat on the *Trojan* Shore.
This was ordain'd for *Mneſtheus* to poſſeſs;
In War for his Defence; for Ornament in Peace.
Rich was the Gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet ſo pond'rous with its Plates of Gold,
That ſcarce two Servants cou'd the Weight ſuſtain;
Yet, loaded thus, *Demoleus* o're the Plain
Purſu'd, and lightly ſeiz'd the *Trojan* Train.

The Third ſucceeding to the laſt Reward,
Two goodly Bowls of Maſſy Silver ſhar'd;
With Figures prominent, and richly wrought:
And two Braſs Caldrons from *Dodona* brought.
Thus, all rewarded by the Heroe's hands,
Their conqu'ring Temples bound with Purple Bands.
And now *Sergeſthus*, clearing from the Rock,
Brought back his Gally ſhatter'd with the ſhock.
Forlorn ſhe look'd, without an aiding Oar;
And howted, by the Vulgar, made to Shoar.
As when a Snake, ſurpris'd upon the Road,
Is cruſh'd athwart her Body by the load
Of heavy Wheels; or with a Mortal Wound
Her Belly bruis'd, and trodden to the Ground:
In vain, with looſen'd curls, ſhe crawls along,
Yet fierce above, ſhe brandiſhes her Tongue:
Glares with her Eyes, and briſtles with her Scales,
But groveling in the Duſt, her parts unſound ſhe trails.
So ſlowly to the Port the *Centaur* tends,
But what ſhe wants in Oars, with Sails amends:
Yet, for his Gally ſav'd, the grateful Prince,
Is pleas'd th' unhappy Chief to recompence.
Pholoe, the *Cretan* Slave, rewards his Care,
Beauteous her ſelf, with lovely Twins, as fair.
From thence his way the *Trojan* Heroe bent,
Into the neighb'ring Plain, with Mountains pent;
Whoſe ſides were ſhaded with ſurrounding Wood:
Full in the midſt of this fair Vally ſtood
A Native Theatre, which riſing ſlow,
By juſt degrees, o're-look'd the Ground below.
High on a Sylvan Throne the Leader ſate;
A num'rous Train attend in Solemn State;
Here thoſe, that in the rapid Courſe delight,
Deſire of Honour, and Prize invite.

The Rival Runners, without Order ſtand,
The *Trojans*, mix'd with the *Sicilian* Band.
First *Niſus*, with *Euryalus*, appears,
Euryalus a Boy of blooming Years;
With ſprightly Grace, and equal Beauty crown'd:
Niſus, for Friendſhip to the Youth, renown'd.
Diores, next, of *Priam*'s Royal Race,
Then *Salius*, join'd with *Patron* took their Place:
But *Patron* in *Arcadia* had his Birth,
And *Salius* his, from *Acarnanian* Earth.
Then two *Sicilian* Youths, the Names of theſe
Swift *Helymus*, and lovely *Panopes*:
Both jolly Huntſmen, both in Foreſts bred,
And owning old *Aceſtes* for their Head.
With ſev'ral others of Ignobler Name;
Whom Time has not deliver'd o're to Fame.
To theſe the Heroe thus his Thoughts explain'd,
In Words, which gen'ral Approbation gain'd.
One common Largeſs is for all deſign'd:
The Vanquiſh'd and the Victor ſhall be join'd.
Two Darts of poliſh'd Steel, and *Gnoſian* Wood,
A Silver'd ſtudded Ax alike beſtow'd.
The foremoſt three have Olive Wreaths decreed;
The firſt of theſe obtains a ſtately Steed
Adorn'd with Trappings; and the next in Fame,
The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame;
With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well ſupply'd,
A Golden Belt ſhall gird his Manly ſide;
Which with a ſparkling Diamond ſhall be ty'd:
The third this *Grecian* Helmet ſhall content.
He ſaid; to their appointed Baſe they went:
With beating Hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And ſtarting all at once, the Barrier leave.

Spread out, as on the winged Winds, they flew,
And ſeiz'd the diſtant Goal with greedy view.
Shot from the Crowd, ſwift *Niſus* all o'er-paſs'd;
Nor Storms, nor Thunder, equal half his haſte.
The next, but tho' the next, yet far diſ-join'd,
Came *Salius*, and *Euryalus* behind;
Then *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
Step after Step, and almoſt Side by Side:
His Shoulders preſſing, and in longer Space,
Had won, or left at leaſt a dubious Race.
Now ſpent, the Goal they almoſt reach at laſt;
When eager *Niſus*, hapleſs in his haſt,
Slip'd firſt, and ſlipping, fell upon the Plain,
Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen, newly ſlain:
The careleſs Victor had not mark'd his way;
But treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,
His Heels flew up; and on the graſſy Floor,
He fell, beſmear'd with Filth, and Holy Gore.
Not mindleſs then, *Euryalus*, of thee,
Nor of the Sacred Bonds of Amity;
He ſtrove th' immediate Rival's hope to croſs;
And caught the Foot of *Salius* as he roſe:
So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain;
Euryalus ſprings out, the Prize to gain;
And leaves the Crowd; applauding Peals attend
The Victor to the Goal, who vanquiſh'd by his Friend.
Next *Helymus*, and then *Diores* came;
By two Misfortunes made the third in Fame.
But *Salius* enters; and, exclaiming loud
For juſtice, deafens, and diſturbs the Crowd:
Urges his Cauſe may in the Court be heard;
And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But Favour for *Euryalus* appears;
His blooming Beauty, with his tender Tears,

Had



To Anthony Ham-mond of Somersham
in the County of Huntingdon Esqr.

Had brib'd the Judges for the promis'd Prize;
Beſides *Diores* fills the Court with Cry's,
Who vainly reaches at the laſt Reward,
If the firſt Palm on *Salius* be confer'd.
Then thus the Prince; let no Diſputes ariſe:
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.
But Fortune's Errors give me leave to mend,
At leaſt to pity my deſerving Friend.
He ſaid, and from among the Spoils, he draws,
(Pond'rous with ſhaggy Main, and Golden Paws)
A Lyon's Hide; to *Salius* this he gives:
Niſus, with Envy ſees the Gift, and grieves.
If ſuch Rewards to vanquiſh'd Men are due,
He ſaid, and Falling is to riſe by you,
What Prize my *Niſus* from your Bounty claim,
Who merited the firſt Rewards and Fame?
In falling, both an equal Fortune try'd;
Wou'd Fortune for my Fall ſo well provide!
With this he pointed to his Face, and ſhow'd
His Hands, and all his Habit ſmear'd with Blood.
Th' indulgent Father of the People ſmil'd;
And caus'd to be produc'd an ample Shield;
Of wond'rous Art by *Didymaon* wrought,
Long ſince from *Neptune*'s Bars in Triumph brought.
This giv'n to *Niſus*; he divides the reſt;
And equal Juſtice, in his Gifts, expreſs'd.
The Race thus ended, and Rewards beſtow'd;
Once more the Prince beſpeaks th' attentive Crowd.
If there be here, whoſe dauntleſs Courage dare,
In Gauntlet fight, with Limbs and Body bare,
His Oppoſite ſuſtain in open view,
Stand forth the Champion; and the Games renew.
Two Prizes I propoſe, and thus divide,
A Bull with gilded Horns, and Fillets ty'd,

Shall

Shall be the Portion of the conqu'ring Chief:
A Sword and Helm ſhall chear the Loſer's Grief.
Then haughty *Dares* in the Liſts appears;
Stalking he ſtrides, his Head erected bears:
His nervous Arms the weighty Gauntlet weild;
And loud Applauſes echo thro' the Field.
Dares alone, in Combat us'd to ſtand
the match of mighty *Paris* hand to hand;
The ſame, at *Hector*'s Fun'rals undertook
Gygantick *Butes*, of th' *Amician* Stock;
And by the Stroak of his reſiſtleſs Hand,
Stretch'd the vaſt Bulk upon the yellow Sand.
Such *Dares* was; and ſuch he ſtrod along,
And drew the Wonder of the gazing Throng.
His brawny Back, and ample Breaſt he ſhows;
His lifted Arms around his Head he throws;
And deals, in whiſtling Air, his empty Blows.
His Match is ſought; but thro' the trembling Band,
Not one dares anſwer to the proud Demand.
Preſuming of his Force, with ſparkling Eyes,
Already he devours the promis'd Prize.
He claims the Bull with awleſs Inſolence;
And having ſeiz'd his Horns, accoſts the Prince.
If none my matchleſs Valour dares oppoſe,
How long ſhall *Dares* wait his daſtard Foes?
Permit me, Chief, permit without Delay,
To lead this uncontended Gift away.
The Crowd aſſents; and, with redoubled Cries,
For the proud Challenger demands the Prize.
Aceſtes, fir'd with juſt Diſdain, to ſee
The Palm uſurp'd without a Victory;
Reproach'd *Entellus* thus, who ſate beſide,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the *Trojan*'s Pride:

Once

Once, but in vain, a Champion of Renown,
So tamely can you bear the raviſh'd Crown?
A Prize in triumph born before your ſight,
And ſhun for fear the danger of the Fight?
Where is our *Eryx* now, the boaſted Name,
The God who taught your thundring Arm the Game;
Where now your baffled Honour, where the Spoil
That fill'd your Houſe, and Fame that fill'd our Iſle?
Entellus, thus: My Soul is ſtill the ſame;
Unmov'd with Fear, and mov'd with Martial Fame:
But my chill Blood is curdled in my Veins;
And ſcarce the Shadow of a Man remains.
Oh, cou'd I turn to that fair Prime again,
That Prime, of which this Boaſter is ſo vain,
The Brave who this decrepid Age defies,
Shou'd feel my force, without the promis'd Prize.
He ſaid, and riſing at the Word, he threw
Two pond'rous Gauntlets down, in open view:
Gauntlets, which *Eryx* wont in Fight to wield,
And ſheath his Hands with in the liſted Field.
With Fear and Wonder ſeiz'd, the Crowd beholds
The Gloves of Death, with ſev'n diſtinguiſh'd folds,
Of tough Bull Hides; the ſpace within is ſpread
With Iron, or with loads of heavy Lead.
Dares himſelf was daunted at the ſight,
Renounc'd his Challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Aſtoniſh'd at their weight the Heroe ſtands,
And poiz'd the pond'rous Engins in his hands.
What had your wonder, ſaid *Entellus*, been,
Had you the Gauntlets of *Alcides* ſeen,
Or view'd the ſtern debate on this unhappy Green!
Theſe which I bear, your Brother *Eryx* bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd Brains, and mingled Gore.

With

With theſe he long ſuſtain'd th' *Herculean* Arm;
And theſe I weilded while my Blood was warm:
This languiſh'd Frame, while better Spirits fed,
E're Age unſtrung my Nerves, or Time o'reſnow'd my Head.
But if the Challenger theſe Arms refuſe,
And cannot weild their weight, or dare not uſe;
If great *Æneas*, and *Aceſtes* joyn
In his Requeſt, theſe Gauntlets I reſign:
Let us with equal Arms perform the Fight,
And let him leave to Fear, ſince I reſign my Right.
This ſaid, *Entellus* for the Strife prepares;
Strip'd of his quilted Coat, his Body bares:
Compos'd of mighty Bones and Brawn, he ſtands,
A goodly tow'ring Object on the Sands.
Then juſt *Æneas* equal Arms ſupply'd,
Which round their Shoulders to their Wriſts they ty'd.
Both on the tiptoe ſtand, at full extent,
Their Arms aloft, their Bodies inly bent;
Their Heads from aiming Blows they bear a far;
With claſhing Gauntlets then provoke the War.
One on his Youth and pliant Limbs relies;
One on his Sinews, and his Gyant ſize.
The laſt is ſtiff with Age, his Motion ſlow,
He heaves for Breath, he ſtaggers to and fro;
And Clouds of iſſuing Smoak his Noſtrils loudly blow.
Yet equal in Succeſs, they ward, they ſtrike;
Their ways are diff'rent, but their Art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow ſides the ratling Thumps reſound.
A Storm of Strokes, well meant, with fury flies,
And errs about their Temples, Ears, and Eyes.
Nor always errs; for oft the Gauntlet draws
A ſweeping ſtroke, along the crackling Jaws.

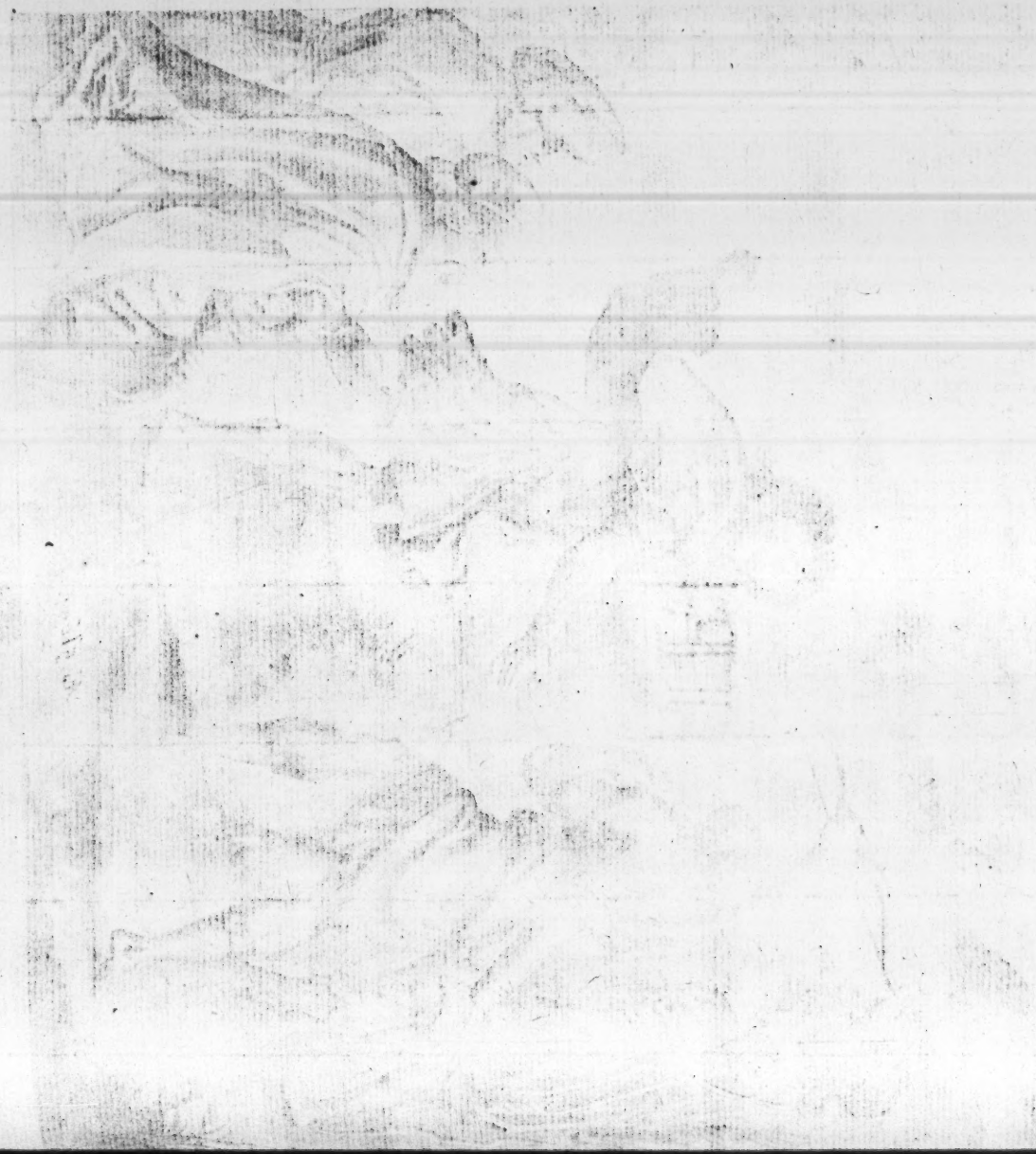
To Henry St. John of Lydiard Tregoz

Heavy with Age, *Entellus* ſtands his Ground,
But with his warping Body wards the Wound.
His Hand, and watchful Eye keep even pace;
While *Dares* traverſes, and ſhifts his place.
And like a Captain, who beleaguers round,
Some ſtrong built Caſtle, on a riſing Ground,
Views all th' approaches with obſerving Eyes,
This, and that other part, in vain he tries;
And more on Induſtry, than Force relies.
With Hands on high, *Entellus* threats the Foe;
But *Dares* watch'd the Motion from below,
And ſlip'd aſide, and ſhun'd the long deſcending Blow.
Entellus waſts his Forces on the Wind;
And thus deluded of the Stroke deſign'd,
Headlong, and heavy fell: his ample Breaſt,
And weighty Limbs, his ancient Mother preſs'd.
So falls a hollow Pine, that long had ſtood
On *Ida*'s height, or *Erymanthus* Wood,
Torn from the Roots: the diff'ring Nations riſe,
And Shouts, and mingl'd Murmurs, rend the Skies.
Aceſtes runs, with eager haſte, to raiſe
The fall'n Companion of his youthful Days:
Dauntleſs he roſe, and to the Fight return'd:
With ſhame his glowing Cheeks, his Eyes with fury burn'd.
Diſdain, and conſcious Virtue fir'd his Breaſt;
And with redoubled Force his Foe he preſs'd.
He lays on load with either Hand, amain,
And headlong drives the *Trojan* o'er the Plain.
Nor ſtops, nor ſtays; nor reſt, nor Breath allows,
But Storms of Strokes deſcend about his Brows;
A ratling Tempeſt, and a Hail of Blows.
But now the Prince, who ſaw the wild increaſe
Of Wounds, commands the Combatants to ceaſe:
And bounds *Entellus* Wrath, and bids the Peace.

First to the *Trojan* ſpent with Toil he came.
And ſooth'd his Sorrow for the ſuffer'd Shame.
What Fury ſeiz'd my Friend, the Gods, ſaid he,
To him propitious, and averſe to thee,
Have giv'n his Arm ſuperior Force to thine;
'Tis Madneſs to contend with Strength Divine.
The Gauntlet Fight thus ended, from the Shore,
His faithful Friends unhappy *Dares* bore:
His Mouth and Noſtrils, pour'd a Purple Flood;
And pounded Teeth, came ruſhing with his Blood.
Faintly he ſtagger'd thro the hiſſing Throng;
And hung his Head, and trail'd his Legs along.
The Sword and Caſque, are carry'd by his Train;
But with his Foe the Palm and Ox remain.
The Champion, then, before *Æneas* came,
Proud of his Prize; but prouder of his Fame;
O Goddeſs-born, and you *Dardanian* Hoſt,
Mark with Attention, and forgive my Boaſt:
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know
From what impending Fate, you ſav'd my Foe.
Sternly he ſpoke; and then confronts the Bull;
And, on his ample Forehead, aiming full,
The deadly Stroke deſcending, pierc'd the Skull.
Down drops the Beaſt; nor needs a ſecond Wound:
But ſprawls in pangs of Death; and ſpurns the Ground.
Then, thus: In *Dares* ſtead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler Sacrifice:
Take the laſt Gift my wither'd Arms can yield,
Thy Gauntlets I reſign; and here renounce the Field.
This done, *Æneas* orders, for the cloſe,
The ſtrife of Archers, with contending Bows.
The Maſt, *Sergeſthus* ſhatter'd Gally bore,
With his own Hands, he raiſes on the Shore.

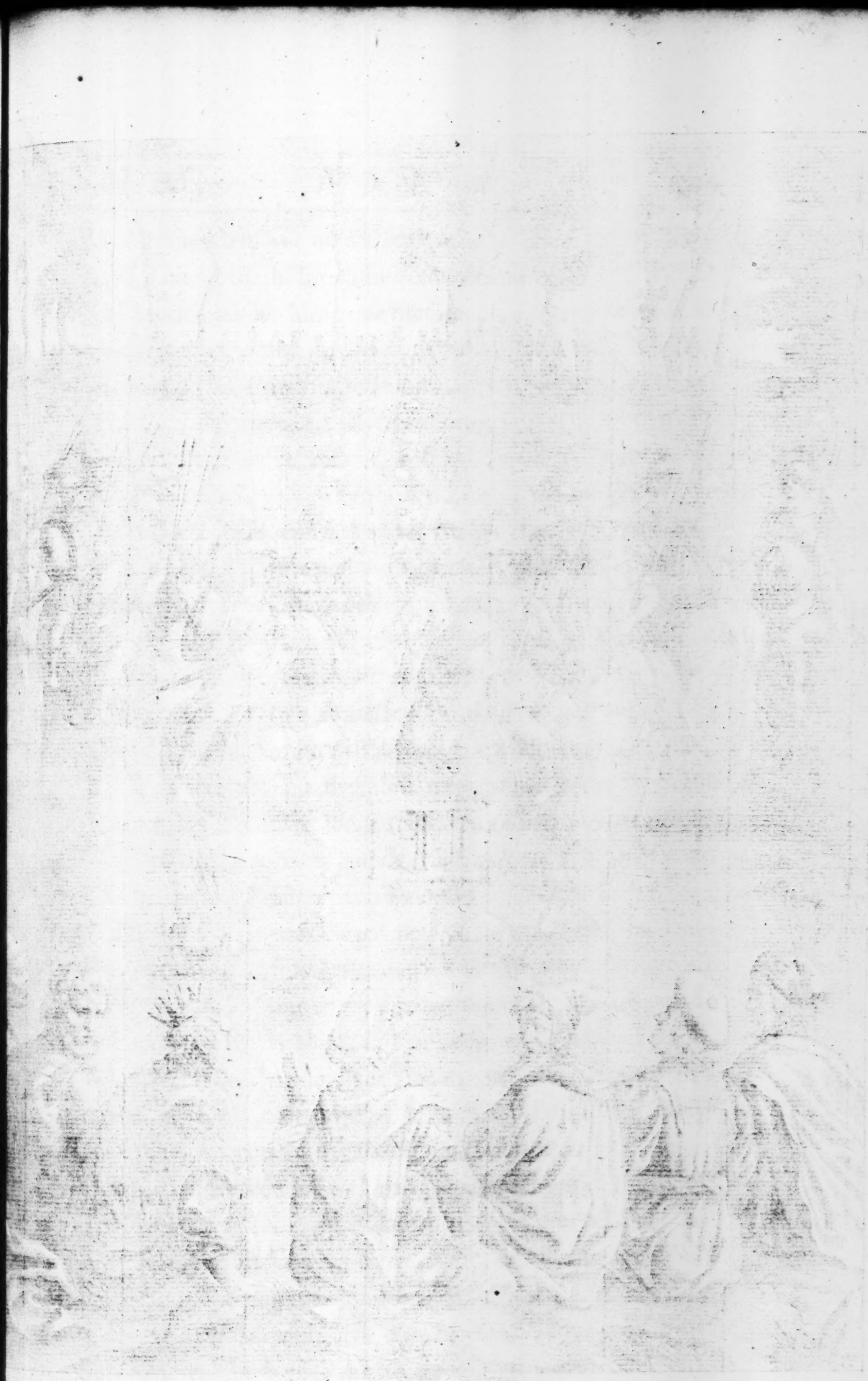
To Stephen Waller

D.r of Laws



A fluttʼring Dove upon the Top they tye,
The living Mark, at which their Arrows fly.
The rival Arches in a Line advance;
Their turn of Shooting to receive from Chance.
A Helmet holds their Names: The Lots are drawn,
On the firſt Scroll was read *Hippocoon*:
The People ſhout; upon the next was found
Young *Mneſtheus*, late with Naval Honours crownd.
The third contain'd *Eurytion*'s Noble Name,
Thy Brother, *Pandarus*, and next in Fame:
Whom *Pallas* urg'd the Treaty to confound,
And ſend among the *Greeks* a feather'd Wound.
Aceſtes in the bottom, laſt remain'd;
Whom not his Age from Youthful Sports reſtrain'd.
Soon, all with Vigour bend their truſty Bows,
And from the Quiver each his Arrow choſe,
Hippocoon's was the firſt: with forceful ſway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way:
Fix'd in the Maſt the feather'd Weapon ſtands,
The fearful Pidgeon flutters in her Bands;
And the Tree trembled: and the ſhouting Cries
Of the pleas'd People, rend the vaulted Skies.
Then *Mneſtheus* to the head his Arrow drove,
With lifted Eyes; and took his Aim above;
But made a glancing Shot, and miſs'd the Dove.
Yet miſs'd ſo narrow, that he cut the Cord
Which faſten'd, by the Foot, the flitting Bird.
The Captive thus releas'd, away ſhe flies,
And beats with clapping Wings, the yielding Skies.
His Bow already bent, *Eurytion* ſtood,
And having firſt invok'd his Brother God,
His winged Shaft with eager haſte he ſped;
The fatal Meſſage reach'd her as ſhe fled:

She leaves her Life aloft, ſhe ſtrikes the Ground;
And renders back the Weapon in the Wound.
Aceſtes grudging at his Lot, remains,
Without a Prize to gratifie his Pains.
Yet ſhooting upward, ſends his Shaft, to ſhow
An Archer's Art, and boaſt his twanging Bow.
The featherd Arrow gave a dire Portent;
And latter Augures judge from this Event.
Chaf'd by the ſpeed, ir fir'd; and as it flew,
A Trail of following Flames, aſcending drew:
Kindling they mount; and mark the ſhiny Way:
Acroſs the Skies as falling Meteors play,
And vaniſh into Wind; or in a Blaze decay.
The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* wildly ſtare:
And trembling, turn their Wonder into Pray'r.
The *Dardan* Prince put on a ſmiling Face,
And ſtrain'd *Aceſtes* with a cloſe Embrace:
Then hon'ring him with Gifts above the reſt,
Turn'd the bad Omen, nor his Fears confeſs'd.
The Gods, ſaid he, this Miracle have wrought;
And order'd you the Prize without the Lot.
Accept this Goblet rough with figur'd Gold,
Which *Thracian Ciſſeus* gave my Sire of old:
This Pledge of ancient Amity receive,
Which to my ſecond Sire I juſtly gave.
He ſaid, and with the Trumpets chearful ſound,
Proclaim'd him Victor, and with Lawrel crown'd.
Nor good *Eurytion* envy'd him the Prize;
Tho' he transfix'd the Pidgeon in the Skies.
Who cut the Line, with ſecond Gifts was grac'd;
The third was his, whoſe Arrow pierc'd the Maſt.
The Chief, before the Games were wholly done,
Call'd *Periphantes*, Tutor to his Son;



To ye most Illustrious Prince William
Duke of Glocester &ct

And whiſper'd thus; with ſpeed *Aſcanius* find,
And if his Childiſh Troop be ready join'd;
On Horſe-back let him grace his Grandſire's Day,
And lead his Equals arm'd, in juſt Array.
He ſaid, and calling out, the Cirque he clears;
The Crowd withdrawn, an open Plain appears.
And now the Noble Youths, of Form Divine,
Advance before their Fathers, in a Line:
The Riders grace the Steeds; the Steeds with Glory ſhine.
Thus marching on, in Military Pride,
Shouts of Applauſe reſound from ſide to ſide.
Their Caſques, adorn'd with Lawrel Wreaths, they wear.
Each brandiſhing aloft a Cornel Spear.
Some at their Backs their gilded Quivers bore;
Their Chains of burniſh'd Gold hung down before.
Three graceful Troops they form'd upon the Green;
Three graceful Leaders at their Head were ſeen;
Twelve follow'd ev'ry Chief, and left a Space between,
The firſt young *Priam* led, a lovely Boy,
Whoſe Grandſire was th' unhappy King of *Troy:*
His Race in after times was known to Fame,
New Honours adding to the *Latian* Name;
And well the Royal Boy his *Thracian* Steed became.
White were the Fetlocks of his Feet before;
And on his Front a ſnowy Star he bore:
Then beauteous *Atys*, with *Iulus* bred,
Of equal Age, the ſecond Squadron led.
The laſt in order, but the firſt in place,
Firſt in the lovely Features of his Face;
Rode fair *Aſcanius* on a fiery Steed,
Queen *Dido*'s Gift, and of the *Tyrian* breed.
Sure Courſers for the reſt the King ordains;
With Golden Bitts adorn'd, and Purple Reins.

The

The pleas'd Spectators peals of Shouts renew;
And all the Parents in the Children view:
Their Make, their Motions, and their ſprightly Grace;
And Hopes and Fears alternate in their Face.
Th' unfledg'd Commanders, and their Martial Train,
Firſt make the Circuit of the ſandy Plain,
Around their Sires: And at th' appointed Sign,
Drawn up in beauteous Order form a Line:
The ſecond Signal founds; the Troop divides,
In three diſtinguiſh'd parts, with three diſtinguſh'd Guides.
Again they cloſe, and once again diſ-join,
In Troop to Troop oppos'd, and Line to Line:
They meet, they wheel, they throw their Darts afar
With harmleſs Rage, and well diſſembled War.
Then in a round the mingl'd Bodies run;
Flying they follow, and purſuing ſhun.
Broken they break, and rallying, they renew
In other Forms the Military ſhew.
At laſt, in order, undiſcern'd they join;
And march together, in a friendly Line.
And, as the *Cretan* Labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring Wave, and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary Feet, without redreſs,
In a round Error, which deny'd receſs;
So fought the *Trojan* Boys in warlike Play,
Turn'd, and return'd, and ſtill a diff'rent way.
Thus Dolphins, in the Deeep, each other chaſe,
In Circles, when they ſwim around the wat'ry Race.
This Game, theſe Carouſels *Aſcanius* taught;
And, building *Alba*, to the *Latins* brought.
Shew'd what he learn'd: The *Latin* Sires impart,
To their ſucceeding Sons, the graceful Art:
From theſe Imperial *Rome* receiv'd the Game;
Which *Troy*, the Youths the *Trojan* Troop, they name.

Thus

Thus far the ſacred Sports they celebrate:
But Fortune ſoon reſum'd her ancient hate.
For while they pay the dead his Annual dues,
Thoſe envy'd Rites *Saturnian Juno* views.
And ſends the Goddeſs of the various bow,
To try new Methods of Revenge below:
Supplies the Winds to wing her Airy way;
Where in the Port ſecure the Navy lay.
Swiftly fair *Iris* down her Arch deſcends;
And undiſcern'd her fatal Voyage ends.
She ſaw the gath'ring Crowd; and gliding thence,
The deſart Shore, and Fleet without defence.
The *Trojan* Matrons on the Sands alone,
With Sighs and Tears, *Anciſes* death bemoan.
Then, turning to the Sea their weeping Eyes,
Their pity to themſelves, renews their Cries.
Alas! ſaid one, what Oceans yet remain
For us to ſail; what Labours to ſuſtain!
All take the Word; and with a gen'ral groan,
Implore the Gods for Peace; and Places of their own.
The Goddeſs, great in Miſchief, views their pains;
And in a Woman's Form her heav'nly Limbs reſtrains.
In Face and Shape, old *Beroe* ſhe became,
Doriclus Wife, a venerable Dame;
Once bleſs'd with Riches, and a Mother's Name.
Thus chang'd, amidſt the crying Crowd ſhe ran,
Mix'd with the Matrons, and theſe words began.
O wretched we, whom not the *Grecian* Pow'r,
Nor Flames deſtroy'd, in *Troy*'s unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reſerv'd by Cruel Fate,
Beyond the Ruins of the ſinking State!
Now ſev'n revolving Years are wholly run,
Since this improſp'rous Voyage we begun:

Since toſs'd from Shores to Shores, from Lands to Lands,
Inhoſpitable Rocks and barren Sands;
Wand'ring in Exile, through the ſtormy Sea,
We ſearch in vain for flying *Italy*.
Now Caſt by Fortune on this kindred Land,
What ſhou'd our Reſt, and riſing Walls withſtand,
Or hinder here to fix our baniſh'd Band?
O, Country loſt, and Gods redeem'd in vain,
If ſtill in endleſs Exile we remain!
Shall we no more the *Trojan* Walls renew,
Or Streams of ſome diſſembl'd *Simois* view!
Haſte, joyn with me, th' unhappy Fleet conſume:
Caſſandra bids, and I declare her doom.
In ſleep I ſaw her; ſhe ſupply'd my hands,
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming Brands:
With theſe, ſaid ſhe, theſe wand'ring Ships deſtroy;
Theſe are your fatal Seats, and this your *Troy*.
Time calls you now, the precious Hour employ.
Slack not the good Preſage, while Heav'n inſpires
Our Minds to dare, and gives the ready Fires.
See *Neptune*'s Altars miniſter their Brands;
The God is pleas'd; the God ſupplies our hands.
Then, from the Pile, a flaming Fire ſhe drew,
And, toſs'd in Air, amidſt the Gallies threw.
Wrap'd in a maze, the Matrons wildly ſtare:
Then *Pyrgo*, reverend for her hoary Hair,
Pyrgo, the Nurſe of *Priam*'s num'rous Race,
No *Beroe* this, tho ſhe belies her Face:
What Terrours from her frowning Front ariſe;
Behold a Goddeſs in her ardent Eyes!
What Rays around her heav'nly Face are ſeen,
Mark her Majeſtick Voice, and more than mortal Meen!
Beroe but now I left, whom pin'd with pain,
Her Age and Anguiſh from theſe Rites detain.

She

She ſaid; the Matrons, ſeiz'd with new Amaze,
Rowl their malignant Eyes, and on the Navy gaze.
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated Land, but fear the fatal Way.
The Goddeſs, having done her Task below,
Mounts up on equal Wings, and bends her painted Bow.
Struck with the ſight, and ſeiz'd with Rage Divine;
The Matrons proſecute their mad Deſign:
They ſhriek aloud, they ſnatch, with Impious Hands,
The food of Altars, Fires, and flaming Brands.
Green Boughs, and Saplings, mingled in their haſte;
And ſmoaking Torches on the Ships they caſt.
The Flame, unſtop'd at firſt, more Fury gains;
And *Vulcan* rides at large with looſen'd Reins:
Triumphant to the painted Sterns he ſoars,
And ſeizes in his way, the Banks, and crackling Oars.
Eumelus was the firſt, the News to bear,
While yet they crowd the Rural Theatre.
Then what they hear, is witneſs'd by their Eyes;
A ſtorm of Sparkles, and of Flames ariſe.
Aſcanius took th' Alarm, while yet he led
His early Warriors on his prancing Steed.
And ſpurring on, his Equals ſoon o'repaſs'd,
Nor cou'd his frighted Friends reclaim his haſte.
Soon as the Royal Youth appear'd in view,
He ſent his Voice before him as he flew;
What Madneſs moves you, Matrons, to deſtroy
The laſt Remainders of unhappy *Troy!*
Not hoſtile Fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
And on your Friends, your fatal Fury turn.
Behold your own *Aſcanius*: while he ſaid,
He drew his glitt'ring Helmet from his Head;
In which the Youths to ſportful Arms he led.

By this, *Æneas* and his Train appear;
And now the Women, ſeiz'd with Shame and Fear,
Diſpers'd, to Woods and Caverns take their Flight;
Abhor their Actions, and avoid the Light:
Their Friends acknowledge, and their Error find;
And ſhake the Goddeſs from their alter'd Mind.
Not ſo the raging Fires their Fury ceaſe;
But lurking in the Seams, with ſeeming Peace,
Work on their way, amid the ſmouldring Tow,
Sure in Deſtruction, but in Motion ſlow.
The ſilent Plague, thro' the green Timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy Flame, by fits.
Down to the Keels, and upward to the Sails,
The Fire deſcends, or mounts; but ſtill prevails:
Nor Buckets pour'd, nor ſtrength of Human Hand,
Can the victorious Element withſtand.
The Pious Heroe rends his Robe, and throws
To Heav'n his Hands, and with his Hands his Vows.
O *Jove*, he cry'd, if Pray'rs can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'ſt not all the *Dardan* Race;
If any ſpark of Pity ſtill remain;
If Gods are Gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet ſpare the Relicks of the *Trojan* Train.
Yet from the Flames our burning Veſſels free:
Or let thy Fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted Head thy Thunder throw,
And ſend the willing Sacrifice below.
Scarce had he ſaid, when Southern Storms ariſe,
From Pole to Pole, the forky Lightning flies;
Loud ratling ſhakes the Mountains, and the Plain:
Heav'n bellies downward, and deſcends in Rain.
Whole Sheets of Water from the Clouds are ſent,
Which hiſſing thro' the Planks, the Flames prevent:

And ſtop the fiery Peſt: Four Ships alone
Burn to the waſt; and for the Fleet attone.
But doubtful thoughts the Hero's Heart divide;
If he ſhould ſtill in *Sicily* reſide,
Forgetful of his Fates; or tempt the Main,
In hope the promis'd *Italy* to gain.
Then *Nautes*, old, and wiſe, to whom alone
The Will of Heav'n, by *Pallas* was fore-ſhown;
Vers'd in Portents, experienc'd and inſpir'd,
To tell Events, and what the Fates requir'd:
Thus while he ſtood, to neither part inclin'd,
With chearful Words reliev'd his lab'ring Mind.
O Goddeſs-born, reſign'd in ev'ry ſtate,
With Patience bear, with Prudence puſh your Fate.
By ſuff'ring well, our Fortune we ſubdue;
Fly when ſhe frowns, and when ſhe calls purſue.
Your Friend *Aceſtes* is of *Trojan* Kind,
To him diſcloſe the Secrets of your Mind:
Truſt in his Hands your old and uſeleſs Train,
Too num'rous for the Ships which yet remain:
The feeble, old, indulgent of their Eaſe,
The Dames who dread the Dangers of the Seas,
With all the daſtard Crew, who dare not ſtand
The ſhock of Battle with your Foes by Land;
Here you may build a common Town for all;
And from *Aceſtes* name, *Aceſta* call.
The Reaſons, with his Friend's Experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more diſturb'd his Mind.
'Twas dead of Night; when to his ſlumb'ring Eyes,
His Father's Shade deſcended from the Skies;
And thus he ſpoke; O more than vital Breath
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after Death;
O Son, in various Toils and Troubles toſt,
The King of Heav'n employs my careful Ghoſt

On his Commands; the God who ſav'd from Fire
Your flaming Fleet, and heard your juſt deſire:
The wholſom Counſel of your Friend receive;
And here, the Coward Train, and Women leave:
The choſen Youth, and thoſe who nobly dare,
Tranſport; to tempt the Dangers of the War.
The ſtern *Italians* will their Courage try;
Rough are their Manners, and their Minds are high.
But firſt to *Pluto*'s Palace you ſhall go,
And ſeek my Shade among the bleſt below.
For not with impious Ghoſts my Soul remains,
Nor ſuffers, with the Damn'd, perpetual Pains;
But breaths the living Air of ſoft *Elyſian* Plains.
The chaſt *Sybilla* ſhall your ſteps convey;
And Blood of offer'd Victims free the way.
There ſhall you know what Realms the Gods aſſign;
And learn the Fates and Fortunes of your Line.
But now, farewel; I vaniſh with the Night;
And feel the blaſt of Heav'ns approaching Light:
He ſaid, and mix'd with Shades, and took his airy flight.
Whither ſo faſt, the filial Duty cry'd,
And why, ah why, the wiſh'd Embrace deny'd!
He ſaid, and roſe: as holy Zeal inſpires
He rakes hot Embers, and renews the Fires.
His Country Gods and *Veſta*, then adores
With Cakes and Incenſe; and their Aid implores.
Next, for his Friends, and Royal Hoſt he ſent,
Reveal'd his Viſion and the Gods intent,
With his own Purpoſe: All, without delay,
The Will of *Jove*, and his Deſires obey.
They liſt with Women each degenerate Name,
Who dares not hazard Life, for future Fame.
Theſe they caſhier; the brave remaining few,
Oars, Banks, and Cables half conſum'd renew.

The Prince deſigns a City with the Plough;
The Lots their ſev'ral Tenements allow.
This part is nam'd from *Ilium*, that from *Troy*;
And the new King aſcends the Throne with Joy.
A choſen Senate from the People draws;
Appoints the Judges, and ordains the Laws.
Then on the top of *Eryx*, they begin
A riſing Temple to the *Paphian* Queen:
Anchiſes, laſt, is honour'd as a God,
A Prieſt is added, annual Gifts beſtow'd;
And Groves are planted round his bleſt Abode.
Nine days they paſs in Feaſts, their Temples crown'd;
And fumes of Incenſe in the Fanes abound.
Then, from the South aroſe a gentle Breeze,
That curl'd the ſmoothneſs of the glaſſy Seas:
The riſing Winds, a ruffling Gale afford,
And call the merry Marriners aboard.

Now loud Laments along the Shores reſound,
Of parting Friends in cloſe Embraces bound.
The trembling Women, the degenerate Train,
Who ſhun'd the frightful Dangers of the Main;
Ev'n thoſe deſire to ſail, and take their ſhare
Of the rough Paſſage, and the promis'd War.
Whom Good *Æneas* cheers; and recommends
To their new Maſter's Care, his fearful Friends.
On *Eryx* Altars three fat Calves he lays;
A Lamb new fall'n to the ſtormy Seas;
Then ſlips his Haulſers, and his Anchors weighs.
High on the Deck, the Godlike Heroe ſtands;
With Olive crown'd; a Chargerin his Hands;
Then caſt the reeking Entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the Sacrifice of Purple Wine.
Freſh Gales ariſe, with equal Strokes they vye,
And bruſh the buxom Seas, and o're the Billows fly.

Mean

Mean time the Mother-Goddeſs, full of Fears,
To *Neptune* thus addreſs'd, with tender Tears.
The Pride of *Jove*'s Imperious Queen, the Rage,
The malice which no Suff'rings can aſſwage,
Compel me to theſe Pray'rs: Since neither Fate,
Nor Time, nor Pity, can remove her hate.
Ev'n *Jove* is thwarted by his haughty Wife;
Still vanquiſh'd, yet ſhe ſtill renews the Strife.
As if 'twere little to conſume the Town
Which aw'd the World; and wore th' Imperial Crown:
She proſecutes the Ghoſt of *Troy* with Pains;
And gnaws, ev'n to the Bones, the laſt Remains.
Let her the Cauſes of her Hatred tell;
But you can witneſs its Effects too well.
You ſaw the Storm ſhe rais'd on *Lybian* Floods,
That mix'd the mounting Billows with the Clouds.
When, bribing *Eolus*, ſhe ſhook the Main;
And mov'd Rebellion in your wat'ry Reign.
With Fury ſhe poſſeſs'd the *Dardan* Dames;
To burn their Fleet with execrable Flames.
And forc'd *Æneas*, when his Ships were loſt,
To leave his Foll'wers on a Foreign Coaſt.
For what remains, your Godhead I implore;
And truſt my Son to your protecting Pow'r.
If neither *Jove*'s, nor Fate's decree withſtand,
Secure his Paſſage to the *Latian* Land.
Then thus the mighty Ruler of the Main,
What may not *Venus* hope, from *Neptune*'s Reign?
My Kingdom claims your Birth: My late Defence
Of your indanger'd Fleet, may claim your Confidence.
Nor leſs by Land than Sea, my Deeds declare,
How much your lov'd *Æneas* is my Care.
Thee *Xanthus*, and thee *Simois* I atteſt:
Your *Trojan* Troops, when prounds *Achilles* preſs'd,

And

E. 5. 1. 2075

To Edmond Waller of Beaconsfield in the County of Bucks Esqȝ

And drove before him headlong on the Plain,
And dash'd against the Walls the trembling Train,
When Floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain:
When Crimson *Xanthus*, doubtful of his way,
Stood up on ridges to behold the Sea;
New heaps came tumbling in, and choak'd his way:
When your *Æneas* fought, but fought with odds
Of Force unequal, and unequal Gods;
I spread a Cloud before the Victor's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight.
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful *Troy*.
My Will's the same: Fair Goddess fear no more,
Your Fleet shall safely gain the *Latian* Shore:
Their lives are giv'n; one destin'd Head alone
Shall perish, and for Multitudes attone.
Thus having arm'd with Hopes her anxious Mind,
His finny Team *Saturnian Neptune* join'd.
Then, adds the foamy Bridle to their Jaws;
And to the loosen'd Reins permits the Laws.
High on the Waves his Azure Car he guides,
Its Axles thunder, and the Sea subsides;
And the smooth Ocean rowls her silent Tides.
The Tempests fly before their Father's face,
Trains of inferiour Gods his Triumph grace;
And Monster Whales before their Master play,
And Quires of Tritons crowd the wat'ry way.
The Martial'd Pow'rs, in equal Troops divide,
To right and left: the Gods his better side
Inclose, and on the worse the Nymphs and Nereids ride.
Now smiling Hope, with sweet Vicissitude,
Within the Hero's Mind, his Joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the Masts, the Sheats display;
The Chearful Crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the Wind, and sail in open Sea.

A Head of all the Maſter Pilot ſteers,
And as he leads, the following Navy veers.
The Steeds of Night had travell'd half the Sky,
The drowzy Rowers on their Benches lay;
When the ſoft God of Sleep, with eaſie flight,
Deſcends, and draws behind a trail of Light.
Thou *Palinurus* art his deſtin'd Prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire Dreams to thee, and Iron Sleep he bears;
And lighting on thy Prow, the Form of *Phorbas* wears.
Then thus the Traytor God began his Tale:
The Winds, my Friend, inſpire a pleaſing gale;
The Ships, without thy Care, ſecurely ſail.
Now ſteal an hour of ſweet Repoſe; and I
Will take the Rudder, and thy room ſupply.
To whom the yauning Pilot, half aſleep.
Me doſt thou bid to truſt the treach'rous Deep!
The Harlot-ſmiles of her diſſembling Face,
And to her Faith commit the *Trojan* Race?
Shall I believe the *Syren* South again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the Monſter Main?
He ſaid, his faſten'd hands the Rudder keep,
And fix'd on Heav'n, his Eyes repel invading Sleep.
The God was wroth, and at his Temples threw
A Branch in *Lethe* dip'd, and drunk with *Stygian* Dew:
The Pilot, vanquiſh'd by the Pow'r Divine,
Soon clos'd his ſwimming Eyes, and lay ſupine.
Scarce were his Limbs extended at their length,
The God, inſulting with ſuperiour Strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the Sea,
And, with the Stern, the Rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and ſtrugling in the Main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:

The Victor Dæmon mounts obſcure in Air;
While the Ship ſails without the Pilot's care.
On *Neptune*'s Faith the floating Fleet relies;
But what the Man forſook, the God ſupplies;
And o're the dang'rous Deep ſecure the Navy flies.
Glides by the Syren's Cliffs, a ſhelfy Coaſt,
Long in famous for Ships, and Sailors loſt;
And white with Bones: Th' impetuous Ocean roars;
And Rocks rebellow from the ſounding Shores.
The watchful Heroe felt the knocks; and found
The toſſing Veſſel ſail'd on ſhoaly Ground.
Sure of his Pilot's loſs, he takes himſelf
The Helm, and ſteers aloof, and ſhuns the Shelf.
Inly he griev'd; and groaning from the Breaſt,
Deplor'd his Death; and thus his Pain expreſs'd:
For Faith repos'd on Seas, and on the flatt'ring Sky,
Thy naked Corps is doom'd, on Shores unknown to lye.

The Sixth Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas *the Adventures he ſhould meet with in* Italy. *She attends him to Hell; deſcribing to him the various Scenes of that Place, and conducting him to his Father* Anchiſes. *Who inſtructs him in thoſe ſublime Myſteries of the Soul of the World, and the Tranſmigration: And ſhews him that glorious Race of Heroes, which was to deſcend from him, and his Poſterity.*

HE ſaid, and wept: Then ſpread his Sails before
The Winds, and reach'd at length the *Cuman* Shore:
Their Anchors drop'd, his Crew the Veſſels moor.
They turn their Heads to Sea; their Sterns to Land;
And greet with greedy Joy th' *Italian* Strand.
Some ſtrike from claſhing Flints their fiery Seed;
Some gather Sticks, the kindled Flames to feed:
Or ſearch for hollow Trees, and fell the Woods,
Or trace thro Valleys the diſcover'd Floods.
Thus, while their ſev'ral Charges they fulfil,
The Pious Prince aſcends the ſacred Hill
Where *Phœbus* is ador'd; and ſeeks the Shade,
Which hides from ſight, his venerable Maid.
Deep in a Cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of Fate returns, and of the God.
Thro *Trivia*'s Grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now, the Temple roof'd with Gold.
When *Dedalus*, to fly the *Cretan* Shore,
His heavy Limbs on jointed Pinions bore.
(The firſt who ſail'd in Air,) 'tis ſung by Fame,
To the *Cumæan* Coaſt at length he came;
And, here alighting, built this coſtly Frame.

Inſcrib'd

To the Right Honble Basil Earle of Denbigh Vis-
count Fielding Baron Nevenham Padox & St Lis

HONOR VIRTUTIS PRÆMIUM

Inſcrib'd to *Phœbus*, here he hung on high
The ſteerage of his Wings, that cut the Sky:
Then o're the lofty Gate his Art emboſs'd
Androgeos Death, and Offrings to his Ghoſt.
Sev'n Youths from *Athens* yearly ſent, to meet
The Fate appointed by revengeful *Creet*.
And next to thoſe the dreadful Urn was plac'd,
In which the deſtin'd Names, by Lots were caſt:
The mournful Parents ſtand around in Tears;
And riſing *Creet* againſt their Shore appears.
There too, in living Sculpture, might be ſeen
The mad Affection of the *Cretan* Queen:
Then how ſhe cheats her bellowing Lover's Eye:
The ruſhing leap, the doubtful Progeny,
The lower part a Beaſt, a Man above,
The Monument of their polluted Love.
Nor far from thence he grav'd the wond'rous Maze;
A thouſand Doors, a thouſand winding Ways;
Here dwells the Monſter, hid from Human View,
Not to be found, but by the faithful Clue:
'Till the kind Artiſt, mov'd with Pious Grief,
Lent to the loving Maid this laſt Relief.
And all thoſe erring Paths deſcrib'd ſo well,
That *Theſeus* conquer'd, and the Monſter fell.
Here hapleſs *Icarus* had found his part;
Had not the Father's Grief reſtrain'd his Art.
He twice aſſay'd to caſt his Son in Gold;
Twice from his Hands he drop'd the forming Mould.
All this with wond'ring Eyes *Æneas* view'd:
Each varying Object his Delight renew'd.
Eager to read the reſt, *Achates* came,
And by his ſide the mad divining Dame;
The Prieſteſs of the God, *Deiphobe* her Name.

Time ſuffers not, ſhe ſaid, to feed your Eyes
With empty Pleaſures: haſte the Sacrifice.
Sev'n Bullocks yet unyok'd, for *Phœbus* chuſe,
And for *Diana* ſev'n unſpotted Ewes.
This ſaid, the Servants urge the Sacred Rites;
While to the Temple ſhe the Prince invites.
A ſpacious Cave, within its farmoſt part,
Was hew'd and faſhion'd by laborious Art.
Thro' the Hills hollow ſides: before the place,
A hundred Doors a hundred Entries grace:
As many Voices iſſue; and the ſound
Of Sibyl's Words as many times rebound.
Now to the Mouth they come: Aloud ſhe cries,
This is the time, enquire your Deſtinies.
He comes, behold the God! Thus while ſhe ſaid,
(And ſhiv'ring at the ſacred Entry ſtaid)
Her Colour chang'd, her Face was not the ſame,
And hollow Groans from her deep Spirit came.
Her Hair ſtood up; convulſive Rage poſſeſs'd
Her trembling Limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring Breaſt.
Greater than Human Kind ſhe ſeem'd to look:
And with an Accent, more than Mortal, ſpoke.
Her ſtaring Eyes with ſparkling Fury rowl;
When all the God came ruſhing on her Soul.
Swiftly ſhe turn'd, and foaming as ſhe ſpoke,
Why this Delay, ſhe cry'd; the Pow'rs invoke.
Thy Pray'rs alone can open this abode,
Elſe vain are my Demands, and dumb the God.
She ſaid no more: The trembling *Trojans* hear;
O're-ſpread with a damp Sweat, and holy Fear.
The Prince himſelf, with awful Dread poſſeſs'd,
His Vows to great *Apollo* thus addreſs'd.
Indulgent God, propitious Pow'r to *Troy*,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to deſtroy;

Directed

Directed by whoſe Hand, the *Dardan* Dart
Pierc'd the proud *Grecian*'s only Mortal part:
Thus far, by Fates Decrees, and thy Commands,
Through ambient Seas, and thro' devouring Sands,
Our exil'd Crew has ſought th' *Auſonian* Ground:
And now, at length, the flying Coaſt is found.
Thus far the Fate of *Troy*, from place to place,
With Fury has purſu'd her wand'ring Race:
Here ceaſe ye Pow'rs, and let your Vengeance end,
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O ſacred Maid, inſpir'd to ſee
Th' Event of things in dark Futurity;
Give me, what Heav'n has promis'd to my Fate,
To conquer and command the *Latian* State:
To fix my wand'ring Gods; and find a place
For the long Exiles of the *Trojan* Race.
Then ſhall my grateful Hands a Temple rear
To the twin Gods, with Vows and ſolemn Pray'r;
And Annual Rites, and Feſtivals, and Games,
Shall be perform'd to their auſpicious Names.
Nor ſhalt thou want thy Honours in my Land,
For there thy faithful Oracles ſhall ſtand,
Preſerv'd in Shrines: and ev'ry Sacred Lay,
Which, by thy Mouth, *Apollo* ſhall convey.
All ſhall be treaſur'd, by a choſen Train
Of holy Prieſts, and ever ſhall remain.
But, oh! commit not thy prophetick Mind
To flitting Leaves, the ſport of ev'ry Wind:
Leſt they diſperſe in Air our empty Fate:
Write not, but, what the Pow'rs ordain, relate.
Strugling in vain, impatient of her Load,
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous God,
The more ſhe ſtrove to ſhake him from her Breaſt,
With more, and far ſuperior Force he preſs'd:

Commands

Commands his Entrance, and without Controul,
Uſurps her Organs, and inſpires her Soul.
Now, with a furious Blaſt, the hundred Doors
Ope of themſelves; a ruſhing Wirlwind roars
Within the Cave; and Sibyl's Voice reſtores.
Eſcap'd the Dangers of the wat'ry Reign,
Yet more, and greater Ills, by Land remain.
The Coaſt ſo long deſir'd, (nor doubt th' Event)
Thy Troops ſhall reach, but having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid Wars I view; a field of Blood;
And *Tyber* rolling with a Purple Flood.
Simois nor *Xanthus* ſhall be wanting there;
A new *Achilles* ſhall in Arms appear:
And he, too, Goddeſs-born: fierce *Juno*'s Hate,
Added to hoſtile Force, ſhall urge thy Fate.
To what ſtrange Nations ſhalt not thou reſort,
Drav'n to ſollicite Aid at ev'ry Court!
The Cauſe the ſame which *Ilium* once oppreſs'd,
A foreign Miſtreſs, and a foreign Gueſt.
But thou, ſecure of Soul, unbent with Woes,
The more thy Fortune frowns, the more oppoſe.
The dawnings of thy Safety, ſhall be ſhown,
From whence thou leaſt ſhalt hope, a *Grecian* Town.
Thus, from the dark Receſs, the Sibyl ſpoke,
And the reſiſting Air the Thunder broke;
The Cave rebellow'd; and the Temple ſhook.
Th' ambiguous God who rul'd her lab'ring Breaſt,
In theſe myſterious Words his Mind expreſt:
Some Truths reveal'd, in Terms involv'd the reſt.
At length her Fury fell; her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her Soul, the God decreas'd.
Then thus the Chief: no Terror to my view,
No frightful Face of Danger can be new.

Inur'd

Inur'd to ſuffer, and reſolv'd to dare,
The Fates, without my Pow'r, ſhall be without my Care.
This let me crave, ſince near your Grove the Road
To Hell lies open, and the dark Abode,
Which *Acheron* ſurrounds, th' innavigable Flood:
Conduct me thro' the Regions void of Light,
And lead me longing to my Father's ſight.
For him, a thouſand Dangers I have ſought;
And, ruſhing where the thickeſt *Grecians* fought,
Safe on my Back the ſacred Burthen brought.
He, for my ſake, the raging Ocean try'd,
And Wrath of Heav'n; my ſtill auſpicious Guide,
And bore beyond the ſtrength decrepid Age ſupply'd.
Oft ſince he breath'd his laſt, in dead of Night,
His reverend Image ſtood before my ſight;
Enjoin'd to ſeek below, his holy Shade;
Conducted there, by your unerring aid.
But you, if pious Minds by Pray'rs are won,
Oblige the Father, and protect the Son.
Yours is the Pow'r; nor *Proſerpine* in vain
Has made you Prieſteſs of her nightly Reign.
If *Orpheus*, arm'd with his enchanting Lyre,
The ruthleſs King with Pity could inſpire;
And from the Shades below redeem his Wife:
If *Pollux*, off'ring his alternate Life,
Cou'd free his Brother; and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns deſcend below:
Why name I *Theſeus*, or his greater Friend,
Who trod the downward Path, and upward cou'd aſcend!
Not leſs than theirs, from *Jove* my Lineage came:
My Mother greater, my Deſcent the ſame.
So pray'd the *Trojan* Prince; and while he pray'd,
His Hand upon the holy Altar laid.

Then

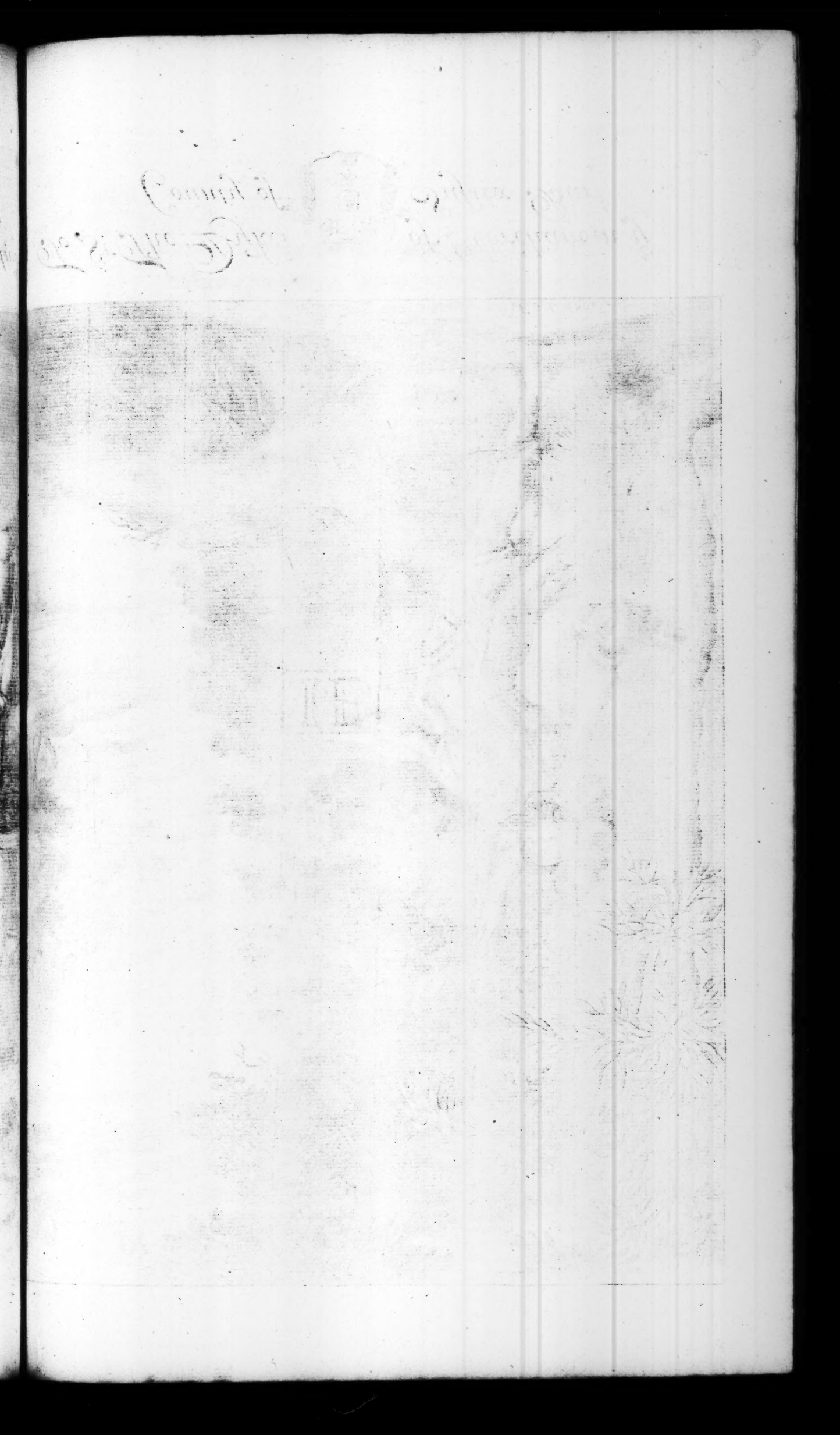
Then thus reply'd the Propheteſs Divine:
O Goddeſs-born! of Great *Anchiſes* Line;
The Gates of Hell are open Night and Day;
Smooth the Deſcent, and eaſie is the Way:
But, to return, and view the chearful Skies;
In this the Task, and mighty Labour lies.
To few great *Jupiter* imparts this Grace:
And thoſe of ſhining Worth, and Heav'nly Race.
Betwixt thoſe Regions, and our upper Light,
Deep Forreſts, and impenetrable Night
Poſſeſs the middle ſpace: Th' Infernal Bounds
Cocytus, with his ſable Waves, ſurrounds.
But if ſo dire a Love your Soul invades;
As twice below to view the trembling Shades;
If you ſo hard a Toil will undertake,
As twice to paſs th' innavigable Lake;
Receive my Counſel. In the Neighb'ring Grove
There ſtands a Tree; the Queen of *Stygian Jove*
Claims it her own; thick Woods, and gloomy Night,
Conceal the happy Plant from Humane ſight.
One Bough it bears; but, wond'rous to behold;
The ductile Rind, and Leaves, of Radiant Gold:
This, from the vulgar Branches muſt be torn,
And to fair *Proſerpine*, the Preſent born:
E're leave be given to tempt the neather Skies:
The firſt thus rent, a ſecond will ariſe;
And the ſame Metal the ſame room ſupplies.
Look round the Wood, with lifted Eyes, to ſee
The lurking Gold upon the fatal Tree:
Then rend it off, as holy Rites command:
The willing Metal will obey thy Hand,
Following with eaſe, if, favour'd by thy Fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the *Stygian* State:

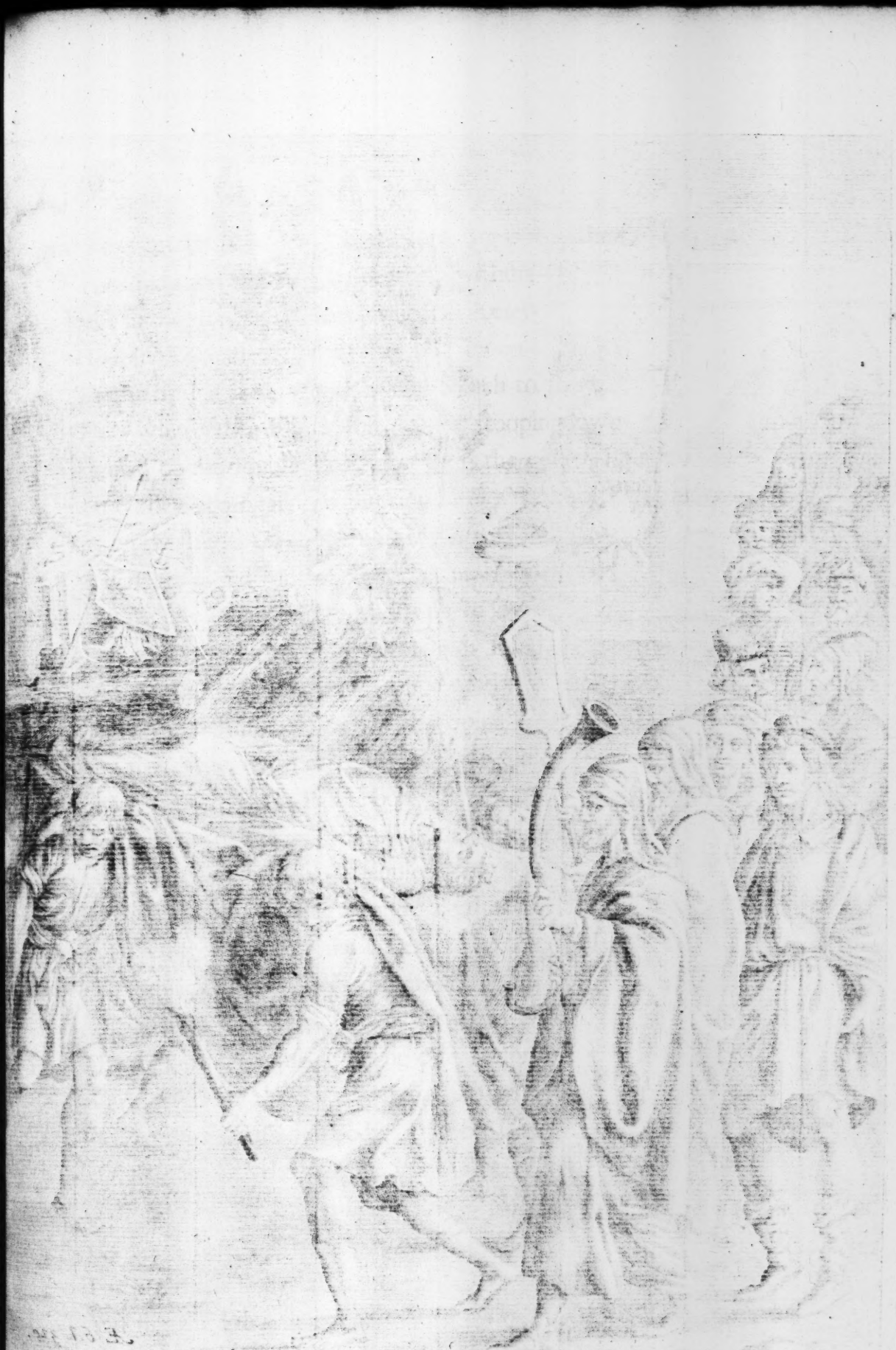
If not, no labour can the Tree conſtrain:
And ſtrength of ſtubborn Arms, and Steel are vain.
Beſides, you know not, while you here attend
Th' unworthy Fate of your unhappy Friend:
Breathleſs he lies: And his unbury'd Ghoſt,
Depriv'd of Fun'ral Rites, pollutes your Hoſt.
Pay firſt his Pious Dues: And for the dead,
Two ſable Sheep around his Herſe be led.
Then, living Turfs upon his Body lay;
This done, ſecurely take the deſtin'd Way,
To find the Regions deſtitute of Day.
She ſaid: and held her Peace. *Æneas* went
Sad from the Cave, and full of Diſcontent;
Unknowing whom the ſacred Sibyl meant.
Achates, the Companion of his Breaſt,
Goes grieving by his ſide; with equal Cares oppreſs'd.
Walking, they talk'd, and fruitleſly divin'd
What Friend, the Prieſteſs by thoſe Words deſign'd.
But ſoon they found an Object to deplore:
Miſenus lay extended on the Shore.
Son of the God of Winds; none ſo renown'd,
The Warrior Trumpet in the Field to ſound:
With breathing Braſs to kindle fierce Alarms;
And rouze to dare their Fate, in honourable Arms.
He ſerv'd great *Hector*; and was ever near;
Not with his Trumpet only, but his Spear.
But, by *Pelides* Arms, when *Hector* fell,
He choſe *Æneas*, and he choſe as well.
Swoln with Applauſe, and aiming ſtill at more,
He now provokes the Sea Gods from the Shore;
With Envy *Triton* heard the Martial ſound,
And the bold Champion, for his Challenge, drown'd.
Then caſt his mangled Carcaſs on the Strand:
The gazing Crowd around the Body ſtand.

All weep, but moſt *Æneas* mourns his Fate;
And haſtens to perform the Funeral ſtate.
In Altar-wiſe, a ſtately Pile they rear;
The Baſis broad below, and top advanc'd in Air.
An ancient Wood, fit for the Work deſign'd,
(The ſhady Covert of the Salvage Kind)
The *Trojans* found: The ſounding Ax is ply'd:
Firs, Pines, and Pitch-Trees, and the tow'ring Pride
Of Foreſt Aſhes, feel the fatal Stroke:
And piercing Wedges cleave the ſtubborn Oak.
Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the ſteepy Crown
Of the bare Mountains, rowl with Ruin down.
Arm'd like the reſt the *Trojan* Prince appears:
And, by his pious Labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his Mind,
The ways to compaſs what his Wiſh deſign'd,
He caſt his Eyes upon the gloomy Grove;
And then with Vows implor'd the Queen of Love.
O may thy Pow'r, propitious ſtill to me,
Conduct my ſteps to find the fatal Tree,
In this deep Foreſt; ſince the Sibyl's Breath
Foretold, alas! too true, *Miſenus* Death.
Scarce had he ſaid, when full before his ſight
Two Doves, deſcending from their Airy Flight,
Secure upon the graſſy Plain alight.
He knew his Mother's Birds: And thus he pray'd:
Be you my Guides, with your auſpicious Aid:
And lead my Footſteps, till the Branch be found,
Whoſe glitt'ring Shadow guilds the ſacred Ground:
And thou, great Parent! With Cœleſtial Care,
In this Diſtreſs, be preſent to my Pray'r.
Thus having ſaid, he ſtop'd: With watchful ſight,
Obſerving ſtill the motions of their Flight.

What

To S^r Tho: Dyke of Horeham in y^e County of Sussex Bar:^t





To Mrs. Anne Baynard Daughter of Dr. Edwd. Baynard of the Family of Leckham in y County of Wilts

VIVE ET VIVAS

What courſe they took, what happy Signs they ſhew.
They fed, and flutt'ring by degrees, withdrew
Still farther from the Place; but ſtill in view.
Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
To the ſlow Lake; whoſe baleful Stench to ſhun,
They wing'd their Flight aloft; then, ſtooping low,
Perch'd on the double Tree, that bears the golden Bough.
Thro' the green Leafs the glitt'ring Shadows glow;
As on the ſacred Oak, the wintry Miſſleto:
Where the proud Mother views her precious Brood;
And happier Branches, which ſhe never ſow'd.
Such was the glitt'ring; ſuch the ruddy Rind,
And dancing Leaves, that wanton'd in the Wind.
He ſeiz'd the ſhining Bough with griping hold;
And rent away, with eaſe, the ling'ring Gold.
Then; to the Sibyl's Palace bore the Prize.
Mean time, the *Trojan* Troops, with weeping Eyes,
To dead *Miſenus* pay his Obſequies.
Firſt, from the Ground, a lofty Pile they rear,
Of Pitch-trees, Oaks, and Pines, and unctuous Firr:
The Fabrick's Front with Cypreſs Twigs they ſtrew;
And ſtick the ſides with Boughs of baleful Yough.
The topmoſt part, his glitt'ring Arms adorn;
Warm Waters, then, in brazen Caldrons born,
Are pour'd to waſh his Body, Joint by Joint:
And fragrant Oils the ſtiffen'd Limbs anoint.
With Groans and Cries *Miſenus* they deplore:
Then on a Bier, with Purple cover'd o're,
The breathleſs Body, thus bewail'd, they lay:
And fire the Pile, their Faces turn'd away:
(Such reverend Rites their Fathers us'd to pay.)
Pure Oyl, and Incenſe, on the Fire they throw:
And Fat of Victims, which his Friends beſtow.

Theſe Gifts, the greedy Flames to Duſt devour;
Then, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour:
And laſt, the Relicks by themſelves diſpoſe;
Which in a brazen Urn the Prieſts incloſe.
Old *Chorineus* compaſs'd thrice the Crew;
And dip'd an Olive Branch in holy dew;
Which thrice he ſprinkl'd round; and thrice alound
Invok'd the dead, and then diſmiſs'd the Crowd.
But good *Æneas* order'd on the Shore
A ſtately Tomb; whoſe top a Trumpet bore:
A Souldier's Fauchion, and a Sea-man's Oar.
Thus was his Friend interr'd: And deathleſs Fame
Still to the lofty Cape conſigns his Nanme.
Theſe Rites perform'd, the Prince, without delay,
Haſtes to the neather World, his deſtin'd Way.
Deep was the Cave; and downward as it went
From the wide Mouth, a rocky rough Deſcent;
And here th' acceſs a gloomy Grove defends;
And there th' unnavigable Lake extends.
O're whoſe unhappy Waters, void of Light,
No Bird preſumes to ſteer his Airy Flight;
Such deadly Stenches from the depth ariſe,
And ſteaming Sulphur, that infects the Skies.
From hence the *Grecian* Bards their Legends make,
And give the name *Avernus* to the Lake.
Four ſable Bullocks, in the Yoke untaught,
For Sacrifice the pious Heroe brought.
The Prieſteſs pours the Wine betwixt their Horns:
Then cuts the curling Hair; that firſt Oblation burns.
Invoking *Hecate* hither to repair;
(A pow'rful Name in Hell, and upper Air.)
The ſacred Prieſts with ready Knives bereave
The Beaſts of Life; and in full Bowls receive

The ſtreaming Blood: A Lamb to Hell and Night,
(The ſable Wool without a ſtreak of white)
Æneas offers: And, by Fates decree,
A barren Heifar, *Proſerpine* to thee.
With Holocauſts he *Pluto*'s Altar fills:
Sev'n brawny Bulls with his own Hand he kills:
Then on the broiling Entrails Oyl he pours;
Which, ointed thus, the raging Flame devours.
Late, the Nocturnal Sacrifice begun;
Nor ended, 'till the next returning Sun.
Then Earth began to bellow, Trees to dance;
And howling Dogs in glimm'ring Light advance;
E're *Hecate* came: Far hence be Souls prophane,
The Sibyl cry'd, and from the Grove abſtain.
Now, *Trojan*, take the way, thy Fates afford:
Aſſume thy Courage, and unſheath thy Sword.
She ſaid, and paſs'd along the gloomy Space:
The Prince purſu'd her Steps with equal pace.
Ye Realms, yet unreveal'd to Human ſight,
Ye Gods, who rule the Regions of the Night,
Ye gliding Ghoſts, permit me to relate
The myſtick Wonders of your ſilent State.
Obſcure they went thro dreery Shades, that led
Along the waſte Dominions of the dead:
Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night,
By the Moon's doubtful, and malignant Light:
When *Jove* in dusky Clouds involves the Skies;
And the faint Creſcent ſhoots by fits before their Eyes.
Juſt in the Gate, and in the Jaws of Hell,
Revengeful Cares, and ſullen Sorrows dwell;
And pale Diſeaſes, and repining Age;
Want, Fear, and Famine's unreſiſted rage.
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their Centry keep:

With

With anxious Pleaſures of a guilty Mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind:
The Furies Iron Beds, and Strife that ſhakes
Her hiſſing Treſſes, and unfolds her Snakes.
Full in the midſt of this infernal Road,
An Elm diſplays her dusky Arms abroad;
The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head:
And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are ſpread.
Of various Forms unnumber'd Spectres more;
Centaurs, and double Shapes, beſiege the Door:
Before the Paſſage horrid *Hydra* ſtands,
And *Briareus* with all his hundred Hands:
Gorgons, *Geryon* with his triple Frame;
And vain *Chimæra* vomits empty Flame.
The Chief unſheath'd his ſhining Steel, prepar'd,
Tho ſeiz'd with ſudden Fear, to force the Guard.
Offring his brandiſh'd Weapon at their Face;
Had not the Sibyl ſtop'd his eager Pace,
And told him what thoſe empty Fantomes were;
Forms without Bodies, and impaſſive Air.
Hence to deep *Acheron* they take their way;
Whoſe troubled Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in *Cocytus* loſt:
There *Charon* ſtands, who rules the dreary Coaſt:
A ſordid God; down from his hoary Chin
A length of Beard deſcends; uncomb'd, unclean:
His Eyes, like hollow Furnaces on Fire:
A Girdle, foul with greaſe, binds his obſcene Attire.
He ſpreads his Canvas, with his Pole he ſteers;
The Frights of flitting Ghoſts in his thin Bottom bears.
He look'd in Years; yet in his Years were ſeen
A youthful Vigour; and Autumnal green.
An Airy Crowd came ruſhing where he ſtood;
Which fill'd the Margin of the fatal Flood.

Husbands

E.b.l.390

To John Lenknor Esq.r of West Deane in the County of Sussex

Husbands and Wives, Boys and unmarry'd Maids;
And mighty Heroes more Majeſtick Shades.
And Youths, intomb'd before their Fathers Eyes,
With hollow Groans, and Shrieks, and feeble Cries:
Thick as the Leaves in Autumn ſtrow the Woods:
Or Fowls, by Winter forc'd, forſake the Floods,
And wing their haſty flight to happier Lands:
Such, and ſo thick, the ſhiv'ring Army ſtands:
And preſs for paſſage with extended hands.
Now theſe, now thoſe, the ſurly Boatman bore:
The reſt he drove to diſtance from the Shore.
The Heroe, who beheld with wand'ring Eyes,
The Tumult mix'd with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries;
Ask'd of his Guide, what the rude Concourſe meant?
Why to the Shore the thronging People bent?
What Forms of Law, among the Ghoſts were us'd?
Why ſome were ferry'd o're, and ſome refus'd?
Son of *Anchiſes*, Offspring of the Gods,
The Sibyl ſaid; you ſee the *Stygian* Floods,
The Sacred Stream, with Heav'n's Imperial State
Atteſts in Oaths, and fears to violate.
The Ghoſts rejected, are th' unhappy Crew
Depriv'd of Sepulchers, and Fun'ral due.
The Boatman *Charon*; thoſe, the bury'd hoſt,
He Ferries over to the Farther Coaſt.
Nor dares his Tranſport Veſſel croſs the Waves,
With ſuch whoſe Bones are not compos'd in Graves.
A hundred years they wander on the Shore,
At length, their Pennance done, are wafted o're.
The *Trojan* Chief his forward pace repreſs'd;
Revolving anxious Thoughts within his Breaſt.
He ſaw his Friends, who whelm'd beneath the Waves,
Their Fun'ral Honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet Graves.

The loſt *Leucaſpis* in the Crowd he knew;
And the brave Leader of the *Lycian* Crew:
Whom, on the *Tyrrhene* Seas, the Tempeſts met;
The Sailors maſter'd, and the Ship o'reſet.
Amidſt the Spirits *Palinurus* preſs'd;
Yet freſh from life; a new admitted Gueſt.
Who, while he ſteering view'd the Stars, and bore
His Courſe from *Affrick*, to the *Latian* Shore,
Fell headlong down. The *Trojan* fix'd his view;
And ſcarcely through the gloom the ſullen Shadow knew.
Then thus the Prince. What envious Pow'r, O Friend,
Brought your lov'd Life to this diſaſtrous end?
For *Phœbus*, ever true in all he ſaid,
Has, in your fate alone, my Faith betray'd?
The God foretold you ſhou'd not die, before
You reach'd, ſecure from Seas, th' *Italian* Shore?
Is this th' unerring Pow'r? The Ghoſt reply'd,
Nor *Phœbus* flatter'd, nor his Anſwers ly'd;
Nor envious Gods have ſent me to the Deep:
But while the Stars, and courſe of Heav'n I keep,
My weary'd Eyes were ſeiz'd with fatal ſleep.
I fell; and with my weight, the Helm conſtrain'd,
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the Winds, and raging Waves, I ſwear,
Your Safety, more than mine, was then my Care:
Leſt, of the Guide bereft, the Rudder loſt,
Your Ship ſhou'd run againſt the rocky Coaſt.
Three bluſt'ring Nights, born by the Southern blaſt,
I floated; and diſcover'd Land at laſt:
High on a Mounting Wave, my head I bore:
Forcing my Strength, and gath'ring to the Shore:
Panting, but paſt the danger, now I ſeiz'd
The Craggy Cliffs, and my tyr'd Members eas'd:

While, cumber'd with my dropping Cloaths, I lay,
The cruel Nation, covetous of Prey,
Stain'd with my Blood th' unhoſpitable Coaſt:
And now, by Winds and Waves, my lifeleſs Limbs are toſt.
Which O avert, by yon Etherial Light
Which I have loſt, for this eternal Night:
Or if by dearer tyes you may be won,
By your dead Sire, and by your living Son,
Redeem from this Reproach, my wand'ring Ghoſt;
Or with your Navy ſeek the *Velin* Coaſt:
And in a peaceful Grave my Corps compoſe:
Or, if a nearer way your Mother ſhows,
Without whoſe Aid, you durſt not undertake
This frightful Paſſage o're the *Stygian* Lake;
Lend to this Wretch your Hand, and waft him o're
To the ſweet Banks of yon forbidden Shore.
Scarce had he ſaid, the Propheteſs began;
What Hopes delude thee, miſerable Man?
Think'ſt thou thus unintomb'd to croſs the Floods,
To view the Furies, and Infernal Gods;
And viſit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long revolving Years:
Fate, and the dooming Gods, are deaf to Tears.
This Comfort of thy dire Misfortune take;
The Wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy ſake,
With Vengeance ſhall purſue th' inhumane Coaſt.
Till they propitiate thy offended Ghoſt,
And raiſe a Tomb, with Vows, and ſolemn Pray'r;
And *Palinurus* name the Place ſhall bear.
This claim'd his Cares: ſooth'd with his future Fame;
And pleas'd to hear his propagated Name.
Now nearer to the *Stygian* Lake they draw:
Whom from the Shore, the ſurly Boatman ſaw:

Obſerv'd their Paſſage thro' the ſhady Wood;
And mark'd their near Approaches to the Flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with Wrath;
Mortal, what e're, who this forbidden Path
In Arms preſum'ſt to tread, I charge thee ſtand,
And tell thy Name, and Buis'neſs in the Land,
Know this, the Realm of Night; the *Stygian* Shore:
My Boat conveys no living Bodies o're:
Nor was I pleas'd great *Theſeus* once to bear;
Who forc'd a Paſſage with his pointed Spear;
Nor ſtrong *Alcides*, Men of mighty Fame;
And from th' immortal Gods their Lineage came.
In Fetters one the barking Porter ty'd,
And took him trembling from his Sov'raign's ſide:
Two ſought by Force to ſeize his beauteous Bride.
To whom the Sibyl thus, compoſe thy Mind:
Nor Frauds are here contriv'd, nor Force deſign'd.
Still may the Dog the wand'ring Troops conſtrain
Of Airy Ghoſts; and vex the guilty Train;
And with her griſly Lord his lovely Queen remain.
The *Trojan* Chief, whoſe Lineage is from *Jove*,
Much fam'd for Arms, and more for filial Love,
Is ſent to ſeek his Sire, in your *Eliſian* Grove.
If neither Piety, nor Heav'n's Command,
Can gain his Paſſage to the *Stygian* Strand,
This fatal Preſent ſhall prevail, at leaſt;
Then ſhew'd the ſhining Bough, conceal'd within her Veſt.
No more was needful: for the gloomy God
Stood mute with Awe, to ſee the Golden Rod:
Admir'd the deſtin'd Off'ring to his Queen;
(A venerable Gift ſo rarely ſeen.)
His Fury thus appeas'd, he puts to Land:
The Ghoſts forſake their Seats, at his Command:

Æ. 61. 1750.

To Sr Fleetwood Sheppard Knight
Gent: Usher of ye Black Rod

He clears the Deck, receives the mighty Freight,
The leaky Veſſel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly he ſails; and ſcarcely ſtems the Tides:
The preſſing Water pours within her ſides.
His Paſſengers at length are wafted o're;
Expos'd in muddy Weeds, upon the miry Shore.
No ſooner landed, in his Den they found
The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Sound:
Grim *Cerberus*; who ſoon began to rear
His creſted Snakes, and arm'd his briſtling Hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A Sop, in Honey ſteep'd, to charm the Guard.
Which, mix'd with pow'rful Drugs, ſhe caſt before
His greedy grinning Jaws, juſt op'd to roar:
With three enormous Mouths he gapes; and ſtreight,
With Hunger preſt, devours the pleaſing Bait.
Long draughts of Sleep his monſtrous Limbs enſlave;
He reels, and falling, fills the ſpacious Cave.
The Keeper charm'd the Chief without Delay
Paſs'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
Before the Gates, the Cries of Babes new born,
Whom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,
Aſſault his Ears: Then thoſe, whom Form of Laws
Condemn'd to die, when Traitors judg'd their Cauſe
Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review
The wrongful Sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the ſtrict Inquiſitor, appears;
And Lives and Crimes, with his Aſſeſſors, hears.
Round, in his Urn, the blended Balls he rowls;
Abſolves the Juſt, and dooms the Guilty Souls.
The next in Place, and Puniſhment, are they
Who prodigally throw their Souls away.
Fools, who repining at their wretched State,
And loathing anxious life, ſuborn'd their Fate.

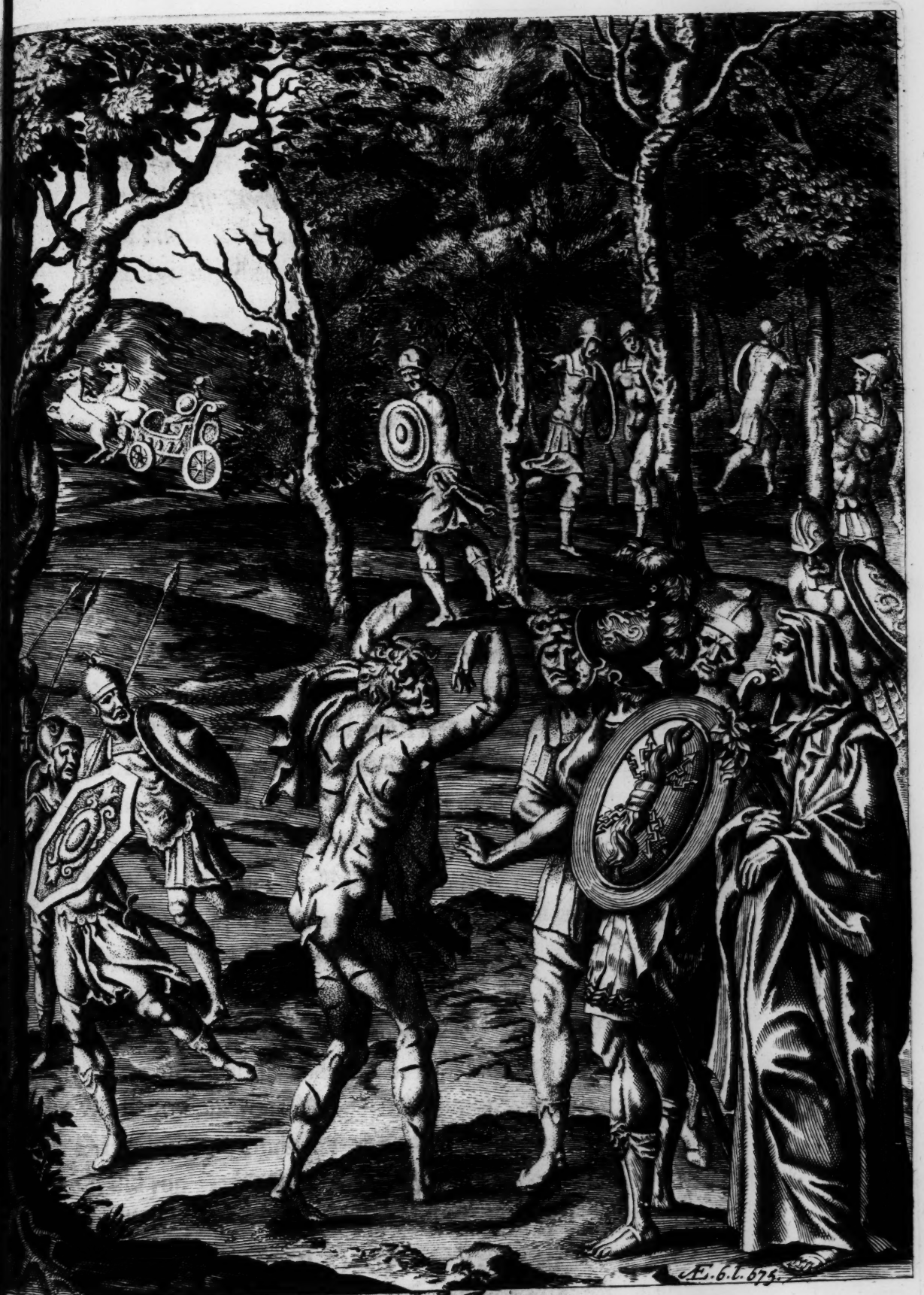
With late Repentance, now they would retrieve
The Bodies they forſook, and wiſh to live.
Their Pains and Poverty deſire to bear,
To view the Light of Heav'n, and breath the vital Air:
But Fate forbids; the *Stygian* Floods oppoſe;
And, with nine circling Streams, the captive Souls incloſe.
Not far from thence, the mournful Fields appear;
So call'd, from Lovers that inhabit there.
The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In ſecret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,
Make endleſs Moans, and pining with Deſire,
Lament too late, their unextinguiſh'd Fire.
Here *Procris*, *Eryphile* here, he found
Baring her Breaſt, yet bleeding with the Wound
Made by her Son. He ſaw *Paſiphae* there,
With *Phædra*'s Ghoſt, a foul inceſtuous pair;
There *Laodamia*, with *Evadne* moves:
Unhappy both; but loyal in their Loves.
Cæneus, a Woman once, and once a Man;
But ending in the Sex ſhe firſt began.
Not far from theſe *Phœnician Dido* ſtood;
Freſh from her Wound, her Boſom bath'd in Blood.
Whom, when the *Trojan* Heroe hardly knew,
Obſcure in Shades, and with a doubtful view,
(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky Night,
Or thinks he ſees the Moon's uncertain Light:
With Tears he firſt approach'd the ſullen Shade;
And, as his Love inſpir'd him, thus he ſaid.
Unhappy Queen! then is the common breath
Of Rumour true, in your reported Death,
And I, alas, the Cauſe! by Heav'n, I vow,
And all the Pow'rs that rule the Realms below,

Unwilling

To Gilbert Dolbin of Thindon
in Northampton-Shire Esq

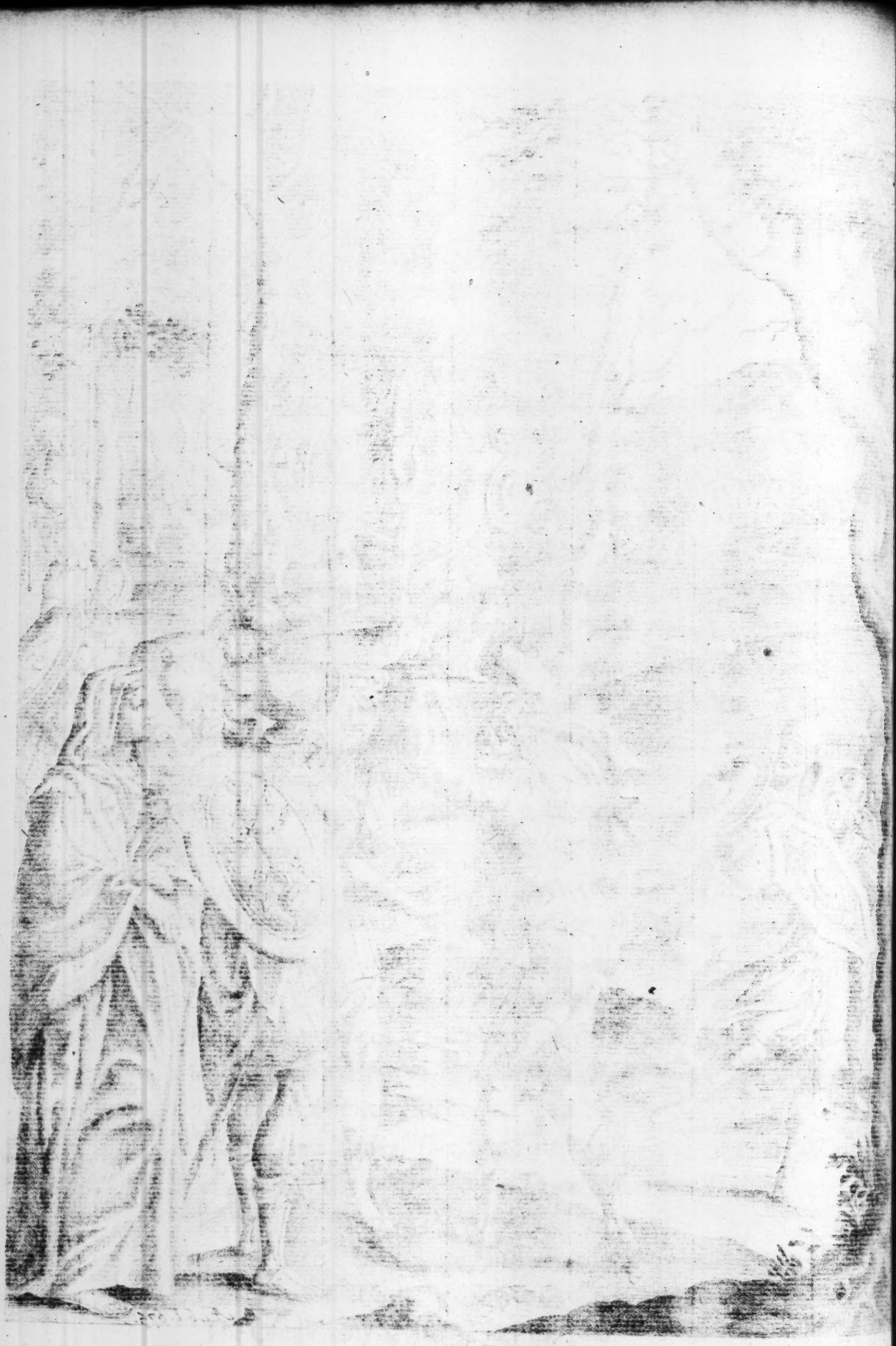
Unwilling I forſook your friendly State:
Commanded by the Gods, and forc'd by Fate.
Thoſe Gods, that Fate, whoſe unreſiſted Might
Have ſent me to theſe Regions, void of Light,
Thro' the vaſt Empire of eternal Night.
Nor dar'd I to preſume, that, preſs'd with Grief,
My Flight ſhould urge you to this dire Relief.
Stay, ſtay your Steps, and liſten to my Vows:
'Tis the laſt Interview that Fate allows!
In vain he thus attempts her Mind to move,
With Tears and Pray'rs, and late repenting Love.
Diſdainfully ſhe look'd; then turning round,
But fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground.
And, what he ſays, and ſwears, regards no more.
Than the deaf Rocks, when the loud Billows roar.
But whirl'd away, to ſhun his hateful ſight,
Hid in the Foreſt, and the Shades of Night.
Then ſought *Sicheus*, thro' the ſhady Grove,
Who anſwer'd all her Cares, and equal'd all her Love.
Some pious Tears the pitying Heroe paid;
And follow'd with his Eyes the flitting Shade.
Then took the forward Way, by Fate ordain'd,
And, with his Guide, the farther Fields attain'd;
Where, ſever'd from the reſt, the Warrior Souls remain'd.
Tideus he met, with *Meleager*'s Race;
The Pride of Armies, and the Souldier's Grace;
And pale *Adraſtus* with his ghaſtly Face.
Of *Trojan* Chiefs he view'd a numerous Train:
All much lamented, all in Battel ſlain.
Glaucus and *Medon*, high above the reſt,
Antenor's Sons, and *Ceres* ſacred Prieſt:
And proud *Ideus*, *Priam*'s Charioteer;
Who ſhakes his empty Reins, and aims his Airy Spear.

The gladsome Ghosts, in circling Troops, attend,
And with unweary'd Eyes behold their Friend.
Delight to hover near; and long to know
What buis'ness brought him to the Realms below.
But *Argive* Chiefs, and *Agamemnon*'s Train,
When his refulgent Arms flash'd thro' the shady Plain,
Fled from his well known Face, with wonted Fear,
As when his thund'ring Sword, and pointed Spear,
Drove headlong to their Ships, and glean'd the routed Reer.
They rais'd a feeble Cry, with trembling Notes:
But the weak Voice deceiv'd their gasping Throats.
Here *Priam*'s Son, *Deiphobus*, he found:
Whose Face and Limbs were one continu'd Wound.
Dishoneſt, with lop'd Arms, the Youth appears:
Spoil'd of his Nose, and shorten'd of his Ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
His blotted Form, and blushing to be known.
And therefore first began. O *Teucer*'s Race;
Who durst thy Faultless Figure thus deface?
What heart cou'd wish, what Hand inflict this dire Disgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal Night,
Your single Prowess long sustain'd the Fight:
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious Fate you chose:
And fell upon a Heap of slaughter'd Foes.
But in remembrance of so brave a Deed,
A Tomb, and Fun'ral Honours I decreed:
Thrice call'd your *Manes*, on the *Trojan* Plains:
The place your Armour, and your Name retains.
Your Body too I sought; and had I found,
Design'd for Burial in your Native Ground.
The Ghost reply'd, your Piety has paid
All needful Rites, to rest my wand'ring Shade:
But cruel Fate, and my more cruel Wife,
To *Grecian* Swords betray'd my sleeping Life.



AE. 6. t. 675.

To Christopher Knight Esqz of Chanton in Hant-shire



These are the Monuments of *Helen*'s Love:
The Shame I bear below, the Marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding Joys we paſt
The Night, that was by Heav'n decreed our laſt.
For when the fatal Horſe, deſcending down,
Pregnant with Arms, o'rewhelm'd th' unhappy Town;
She feign'd Nocturnal Orgyes: left my Bed,
And mix'd with *Trojan* Dames, the Dances led.
Then, waving high her Torch, the Signal made,
Which rouz'd the *Grecians* from their Ambuſcade.
With Watching overworn, with Cares oppreſt,
Unhappy I had laid me down to reſt;
And heavy Sleep my weary Limbs poſſeſs'd.
Mean time my worthy Wife, our Arms miſlay'd;
And from beneath my head my Sword convey'd:
The Door unlatch'd; and with repeated calls,
Invites her former Lord within my walls.
Thus in her Crime her confidence ſhe plac'd:
And with new Treaſons wou'd redeem the paſt.
What need I more, into the Room they ran;
And meanly murther'd a defenceleſs Man.
Ulyſſes, baſely born, firſt led the way:
Avenging Pow'rs! with Juſtice if I pray,
That Fortune be their own another day.
But anſwer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the *Stygian* State?
Driv'n by the Winds and Errors of the Sea,
Or did you Heav'ns Superior Doom obey?
Or till what other Chance conducts your way?
To view, with Mortal Eyes, our dark Retreats,
Tumults and Torments of th' Infernal Seats?
While thus, in talk, the flying Hours they paſs,
The Sun had finiſh'd more than half his Race:

And they, perhaps, in Words and Tears had ſpent
The little time of ſtay, which Heav'n had lent.
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;
Night ruſhes down, and headlong drives the Day:
'Tis here, in different Paths, the way divides:
The right, to *Pluto*'s Golden Palace guides:
The left to that unhappy Region tends,
Which to the depth of *Tartarus* deſcends;
The Seat of Night profound, and puniſh'd Fiends.
Then thus *Deiphobus*: O Sacred Maid!
Forbear to chide; and be your Will Obey'd:
Let to the ſecret Shadows I retire,
To pay my Penance 'till my Years expire.
Proceed Auſpicious Prince, with Glory Crownd,
And born to better Fates than I have found.
He ſaid; and while he ſaid, his Steps he turn'd
To Secret Shadows; and in ſilence Mourn'd.
The Heroe, looking on the left, eſpy'd
A lofty Tow'r, and ſtrong on ev'ry ſide
With treble Walls, which *Phlegethon* ſurrounds,
Whoſe fiery Flood the burning Empire bounds:
And preſs'd betwixt the Rocks, the bellowing noiſe reſounds.
Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high
With Adamantine Columns, threats the Sky.
Vain is the force of Man, and Heav'ns as vain,
To cruſh the Pillars which the Pile ſuſtain.
Sublime on theſe a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd;
And dire *Tiſiphone* there keeps the Ward.
Girt in her ſanguine Gown, by Night and Day,
Obſervant of the Souls that paſs the downward way:
From hence are heard the Groans of Ghoſts, the pains
Of ſounding Laſhes, and of dragging Chains.
The *Trojan* ſtood aſtoniſh'd at their Cries;
And ask'd his Guide, from whence thoſe Yells ariſe?

And what the Crimes and what the Tortures were,
And loud Laments that rent the liquid Air?
She thus reply'd: The chaſt and holy Race,
Are all forbidden this polluted Place.
But *Hecate*, when ſhe gave to rule the Woods,
Then led me trembling thro' theſe dire Abodes:
And taught the Tortures of th' avenging Gods.
Theſe are the Realms of unrelenting Fate:
And awful *Shadamanthus* rules the State.
He hears and judges each committed Crime;
Enquires into the Manner, Place, and Time.
The conſcious Wretch muſt all his Acts reveal:
Loath to confeſs, unable to conceal:
From the firſt Moment of his vital Breath,
To his laſt Hour of unrepenting Death.
Straight, o're the guilty Ghoſt, the Fury ſhakes
The ſounding Whip, and brandiſhes her Snakes:
And the pale Sinner, with her Siſters, takes.
Then, of it ſelf, unfolds th' Eternal Door:
With dreadful Sounds the brazen Hinges roar.
You ſee, before the Gate, what ſtalking Ghoſt
Commands the Guard, what Centries keep the Poſt:
More formidable *Hydra* ſtands within;
Whoſe Jaws with Iron Teeth ſeverely grin.
The gaping Gulph, low to the Centre lies;
And twice as deep as Earth is diſtant from the Skies.
The Rivals of the Gods, the *Titan* Race,
Here ſing'd with Lightning, rowl within th' unfathom'd ſpace.
Here lye th' *Alæan* Twins, (I ſaw them both)
Enormous Bodies, of Gigantick Growth;
Who dar'd in Fight the Thund'rer to defy;
Affect his Heav'n, and force him from the Sky.
Salmoneus, ſuffring cruel Pains, I found,
For emulating *Jove*; the rattling Sound

Of Mimick Thunder, and the glitt'ring Blaze
Of pointed Lightnings, and their forky Rays.
Through *Elis*, and the *Grecian* Towns he flew:
Th' audacious Wretch four fiery Courſers drew:
He wav'd a Torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought Godlike Worſhip from a Servile Train.
Ambitious Fool, with horny Hoofs to paſs,
O're hollow Arches, of reſounding Braſs;
To rival Thunder, in its rapid Courſe:
And imitate inimitable Force.
But he, the King of Heav'n, obſcure on high,
Bar'd his red Arm, and launching from the Sky
His writhen Bolt, not ſhaking empty Smoak,
Down to the deep Abyſs the flaming Felon ſtrook.
There *Tityus* was to ſee; who took his Birth
From Heav'n, his Nurſing from the foodful Earth.
Here his Gygantic Limbs, with large Embrace,
Infold nine Acres of Infernal Space.
A rav'nous Vulture in his open'd ſide,
Her crooked Beak and cruel Tallons try'd:
Still for the growing Liver dig'd his Breaſt;
The growing Liver ſtill ſupply'd the Feaſt.
Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains:
Th' immortal Hunger laſts, th' immortal Food remains.
Ixion and *Perithous* I cou'd name;
And more *Theſſalian* Chiefs of mighty Fame.
High o're their Heads a mould'ring Rock is plac'd,
That promiſes a fall, and ſhakes at ev'ry Blaſt.
They lye below, on Golden Beds diſplay'd,
And genial Feaſts, with Regal Pomp, are made.
The Queen of Furies by their ſides is ſet;
And ſnatches from their Mouths th' untaſted Meat.
Which, if they touch, her hiſſing Snakes ſhe rears:
Toſſing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.

Then

Then they, who Brothers better Claim disown,
Expel their Parents, and usurp the Throne;
Defraud their Clients, and to Lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable Gold:
Who dare not give, an ev'n refuse to lend
To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend:
Vast is the Throng of these; nor less the Train
Of lustful Youths, for foul Adultry slain.
Hosts of Deserters, who their Honour sold,
And basely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold:
All these within the Dungeon's depth remain:
Despairing Pardon, and expecting Pain.
Ask not what Pains; nor farther seek to know
Their Process, or the Forms of Law below.
Some rowl a weighty Stone; some laid along,
And bound with burning Wires, on Spokes of Wheels are hung.
Unhappy *Theseus*, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by Fate on his Eternal Chair:
And wretched *Phlegias* warns the World with Cries;
(Cou'd Warning make the World more just or wise,)
Learn Righteousness, and dread th' avenging Deities.
To Tyrants others have their Country sold,
Imposing Foreign Lords, for Foreign Gold:
Some have old Laws repeal'd, new Statues made;
Not as the People pleas'd, but as they paid.
With Incest some their Daughters Bed prophan'd,
All dar'd the worst of Ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.
Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,
And Throats of Brass, inspir'd with Iron Lungs,
I could not half those horrid Crimes repeat:
Not half the Punishments those Crimes have met.
But let us haste our Voyage to pursue;
The Walls of *Pluto*'s Palace are in view.

The Gate, and Iron Arch above it, ſtands
On *Anvils*, labour'd by the *Cyclops* Hands.
Before our farther way the Fates allow,
Here muſt we fix on high the Golden Bough.
She ſaid, and thro' the gloomy Shades they paſt,
And choſe the middle Path: Arriv'd at laſt,
The Prince, with living Water, ſprinkl'd o're
His Limbs, and Body; then approach'd the Door.
Poſſeſs'd the Porch, and on the Front above
He fix'd the fatal Bough, requir'd by *Pluto*'s Love.
Theſe Holy Rites perform'd, they took their Way,
Where long extended Plains of Pleaſure lay.
The verdant Fields with thoſe of Heav'n may vye;
With *Æther* veſted, and a Purple Sky:
The bliſsful Seats of Happy Souls below:
Stars of their own, and their own Suns they know.
Their Airy Limbs in Sports they exerciſe,
And, on the Green, contend the Wreſtler's Prize.
Some, in Heroick Verſe, divinely ſing;
Others in artful Meaſures lead the ring.
The *Thracian* Bard, ſurrounded by the reſt,
There ſtands conſpicuous in his flowing Veſt.
His flying Fingers, and harmonious Quill,
Strike ſev'n diſtinguiſh'd Notes, and ſev'n at once they fill.
Here found they *Tucer*'s old Heroick Race;
Born better times and happier Years to grace.
Aſſaracus and *Ilus* here enjoy
Perpetual Fame, with him who founded *Troy*.
The Chief beheld their Chariots from afar;
Their ſhining Arms, and Courſers train'd to War:
Their Lances fix'd in Earth, their Steeds around,
Free from their Harneſs, graze the flow'ry Ground.
The love of Horſes which they had, alive,
And care of Chariots, after Death ſurvive.

Some

Some chearful Souls, were feasting on the Plain;
Some did the Song, and some their Choir maintain.
Beneath a Laurel Shade, where mighty *Po*
Mounts up to Woods above, and hides his Head below.
Here Patriots live, who, for their Countries good,
In fighting Fields, were prodigal of Blood:
Priests of unblemish'd Lives here make Abode;
And Poets worthy their inspiring God:
And searching Wits, of more Mechanick parts,
Who grac'd their Age with new invented Arts.
Those who, to worth, their Bounty did extend;
And those who knew that Bounty to commend.
The Heads of these with holy Fillets bound;
And all their Temples were with Garlands crown'd.
To these the Sibyl thus her Speech address'd:
And first, to him surrounded by the rest;
Tow'ring his Height, and ample was his Breast;
Say happy Souls, Divine *Museus* say,
Where lives *Anchises*, and where lies our Way
To find the Heroe, for whose only sake
We sought the dark Abodes, and cross'd the bitter Lake?
To this the Sacred Poet thus reply'd;
In no fix'd place the Happy Souls reside.
In Groves we live; and lie on mossy Beds
By Crystal Streams, that murmur through the Meads:
But pass yon easie Hill, and thence descend,
The Path conducts you to your Journeys end.
This said, he led them up the Mountains brow,
And shews them all the shining Fields below;
They wind the Hill, and thro' the blissful Meadows go.
But old *Anchises*, in a flow'ry Vale,
Review'd his muster'd Race; and took the Tale.
Those Happy Spirits, which ordain'd by Fate,
For future Beings, and new Bodies wait.

With

With ſtudious Thought obſerv'd th' illuſtrious Throng;
In Nature's Order as they paſs'd along.
Their Names, their Fates, their Conduct, and their Care,
In peaceful Senates, and ſucceſsful War.
He, when *Æneas* on the Plain appears,
Meets him with open Arms, and falling Tears.
Welcome, he ſaid, the God's undoubted Race,
O long expected to my dear Embrace;
Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your Face!
The Love, and Pious Duty which you pay,
Have paſs'd the Perils of ſo hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
The happy Day approach'd; nor are my Hopes deceiv'd.
What length of Lands, what Oceans have you paſs'd,
What Storms ſuſtain'd, and on what Shores been caſt?
How have I fear'd your Fate! But fear'd it moſt,
When Love aſſail'd you, on the *Lybian* Coaſt.
To this, the Filial Duty thus replies;
Your ſacred Ghoſt, before my ſleeping Eyes,
Appear'd; and often urg'd this painful Enterpriſe.
After long toſſing on the *Tyrrhene* Sea,
My Navy rides at Anchor in the Bay.
But reach your Hand, oh Parent Shade, nor ſhun
The dear Embrace of your longing Son!
He ſaid; and falling Tears his Face bedew:
Then thrice, around his Neck, his Arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting Shaddow ſlip'd away;
Like Winds, or empty Dreams that fly the Day.
Now in a ſecret Vale, the *Trojan* ſees
A ſep'rate Grove, thro' which a gentle Breeze
Plays with a paſſing Breath, and whiſpers thro' the Trees.
And juſt before the Confines of the Wood,
The gliding *Lethe* leads her ſilent Flood.

About

About the Boughs an Airy Nation flew,
Thick as the humming Bees, that hunt the golden Dew;
In Summer's heat, on tops of Lillies feed,
And creep within their Bells, to ſuck the balmy Seed.
The winged Army roams the Field around;
The Rivers and the Rocks remurmur to the ſound.
Æneas wondring ſtood: Then ask'd the Cauſe,
Which to the Stream the Crowding People draws.
Then thus the Sire. The Souls that throng the Flood
Are thoſe, to Whom, by Fate, are other Bodies ow'd:
In *Lethe*'s Lake they long Oblivion taſt;
Of future Life ſecure, forgetful of the Paſt.
Long has my Soul deſir'd this time, and place,
To ſet before your ſight your glorious Race.
That this preſaging Joy may fire your Mind,
To ſeek the Shores by Deſtiny deſign'd.
O Father, can it be, that Souls ſublime,
Return to viſit our Terreſtrial Clime?
And that the Gen'rous Mind, releas'd by Death,
Can Covet lazy Limbs, and Mortal Breath?
Anchiſes then, in order, thus begun
To clear thoſe Wonders to his Godlike Son.
Know firſt, that Heav'n, and Earth's compacted Frame,
And flowing Waters, and the ſtarry Flame,
And both the Radiant Lights, one Common Soul
Inſpires, and feeds, and animates the whole.
This Active Mind infus'd through all the Space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty Maſs.
Hence Men and Beaſts the Breath of Life obtain;
And Birds of Air, and Monſters of the Main.
Th' Etherial Vigour is in all the ſame,
And every Soul is fill'd with equal Flame:
As much as Earthy Limbs, and groſs allay
Of Mortal Members, ſubject to decay,
Blunt not the Beams of Heav'n and edge of Day.

From this courſe Mixture of Terreſtial parts,
Deſire, and Fear, by turns poſſeſs their Hearts:
And Grief, and Joy: Nor can the groveling Mind,
In the dark Dungeon of the Limbs confin'd,
Aſſert the Native Skies; or own its heavenly Kind.
Nor Death it ſelf can wholly waſh their Stains;
But long contracted Filth, even in the Soul remains.
The Reliques of inveterate Vice they wear;
And Spots of Sin obſcene, in ev'ry Face appear.
For this are various Penances enjoyn'd;
And ſome are hung to bleach, upon the Wind;
Some plung'd in Waters, others purg'd in Fires,
Till all the Dregs are drain'd; and all the Ruſt expires:
All have their *Manes*, and thoſe *Manes* bear:
The few, ſo cleans'd to theſe Abodes repair:
And breath, in ample Fields, the ſoft *Elyſian* Air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time
The Scurf is worn away, of each committed Crime.
No Speck is left, of their habitual Stains;
But the pure Æther of the Soul remains.
But, when a Thouſand rowling Years are paſt;
(So long their Puniſhments and Penance laſt;)
Whole Droves of Minds are, by the driving God,
Compell'd to drink the deep *Lethæan* Flood:
In large forgetful draughts to ſteep the Cares
Of their paſt Labours, and their Irkſom Years.
That, unremembring of its former Pain,
The Soul may ſuffer mortal Fleſh again.
Thus having ſaid; the Father Spirit, leads
The Prieſteſs and his Son through Swarms of Shades.
And takes a riſing Ground, from thence to ſee
The long Proceſſion of his Progeny.
Survey (purſu'd the Sire) this airy Throng;
As, offer'd to thy view, they paſs along.

Theſe are th' *Italian* Names, which Fate will join
With ours, and graff upon the *Trojan* Line.
Obſerve the Youth who firſt appears in ſight;
And holds the neareſt Station to the Light:
Already ſeems to ſnuff the vital Air;
And leans juſt forward, on a ſhining Spear,
Silvius is he: thy laſt begotten Race;
But firſt in order ſent, to fill thy place,
An *Alban* Name; but mix'd with *Dardan* Blood;
Born in the Covert of a ſhady Wood:
Him fair *Lavinia*, thy ſurviving Wife,
Shall breed in Groves, to lead a ſolitary Life.
In *Alba* he ſhall fix his Royal Seat:
And, born a King, a Race of Kings beget.
Then *Procas*, Honour of the *Trojan* Name,
Capys, and *Numitor*, of endleſs Fame.
A ſecond *Silvius* after theſe appears;
Silvius Æneas, for thy Name he bears.
For Arms and Juſtice equally renown'd;
Who, late reſtor'd, in *Alba* ſhall be crown'd.
How great they look, how vig'rouſly they wield
Their weighty Lances, and ſuſtain the Shield!
But they, who crown'd with Oaken Wreaths appear,
Shall *Gabian* Walls, and ſtrong *Fidena* rear:
Nomentum, *Bola*, with *Pometia*, found;
And raiſe *Colatian* Tow'rs on Rocky Ground.
All theſe ſhall then be Towns of mighty Fame;
Tho' now they lye obſcure, and Lands without a Name.
See *Romulus* the great, born to reſtore
The Crown that once his injur'd Grandſire wore.
This Prince, a Prieſteſs of your Blood ſhall bear;
And like his Sire in Arms he ſhall appear.
Two riſing Creſts his Royal Head adorn;
Born from a God, himſelf to Godhead born.

His Sire already ſigns him for the Skies,
And marks the Seat amidſt the Deities.
Auſpicious Chief! thy Race in times to come
Shall ſpread the Conqueſts of Imperial *Rome*.
Rome whoſe aſcending Tow'rs ſhall Heav'n invade;
Involving Earth and Ocean in her Shade.
High as the Mother of the Gods in place;
And proud, like her, of an Immortal Race.
Then when in Pomp ſhe makes the *Phrygian* round;
With Golden Turrets on her Temples crown'd:
A hundred Gods her ſweeping Train ſupply;
Her Offspring all, and all command the Sky.
Now fix your Sight, and ſtand intent, to ſee
Your *Roman* Race, and *Julian* Progeny.
The mighty *Cæſar* waits his vital Hour;
Impatient for the World, and graſps his promis'd Pow'r.
But next behold the Youth of Form Divine,
Cæſar himſelf, exalted in his Line;
Auguſtus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the Realm that *Saturn* rul'd of old;
Born to reſtore a better Age of Gold.
Affrick, and *India*, ſhall his Pow'r obey,
He ſhall extend his propagated Sway,
Beyond the Solar Year; without the ſtarry Way.
Where *Atlas* turns the rowling Heav'ns around;
And his broad ſhoulders with their Lights are crown'd.
At his fore-ſeen Approach, already quake
The *Caſpian* Kingdoms, and *Mæotian* Lake.
Their Seers behold the Tempeſt from afar;
And threatning Oracles denounce the War.
Nile hears him knocking at his ſev'nfold Gates;
And ſeeks his hidden Spring, and fears his Nephew's Fates.
Nor *Hercules* more Lands or Labours knew,
Not tho' the brazen-footed Hind he ſlew;

Freed

To Robert Harley of Bramton Castle
in y^e County of Hereford Esqȝ

Freed *Erymanthus* from the foaming Boar,
And dip'd his Arrows in *Lernæan* Gore.
Nor *Bacchus*, turning from his *Indian* War,
By Tygers drawn triumphant in his Car,
From *Niſus* top deſcending on the Plains;
With curling Vines around his purple Reins.
And doubt we yet thro' Dangers to purſue
The Paths of Honour, and a Crown in view?
But what's the Man, who from afar appears,
His Head with Olive crown'd, his Hand a Cenſer bears?
His hoary Beard, and holy Veſtments bring
His loſt Idea back: I know the *Roman* King.
He ſhall to peaceful *Rome* new Laws ordain:
Call'd from his mean abode, a Scepter to ſuſtain.
Him, *Tullus* next in Dignity ſucceeds;
An active Prince, and prone to Martial Deeds.
He ſhall his Troops for fighting Fields prepare,
Diſus'd to Toils, and Triumphs of the War.
By dint of Sword his Crown he ſhall increaſe;
And ſcour his Armour from the Ruſt of Peace.
Whom *Ancus* follows, with a fawning Air;
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the *Tarquin* Kings: Th' avenging Sword
Of *Brutus*, juſtly drawn, and *Rome* reſtor'd.
He firſt renews the Rods, and Axe ſevere;
And gives the Conſuls Royal Robes to wear.
His Sons, who ſeek the Tyrant to ſuſtain,
And long for Arbitrary Lords again,
With Ignominy ſcourg'd, in open ſight,
He dooms to Death deſerv'd; aſſerting Publick Right.
Unhappy Man, to break the Pious Laws
Of Nature, pleading in his Children's Cauſe!
Howe're the doubtful Fact is underſtood,
'Tis Love of Honour, and his Country's good:
The Conſul, not the Father, ſheds the Blood.

Behold *Torquatus* the ſame Track purſue;
And next, the two devoted *Decij* view.
The *Druſian* Line, *Camillus* loaded home
With Standards well redeem'd, and foreign Foes o'recome.
The Pair you ſee in equal Armour ſhine;
(Now, Friends below, in cloſe Embraces joyn:
But when they leave the ſhady Realms of Night,
And, cloath'd in Bodies, breath your upper Light,)
With mortal Hate each other ſhall purſue:
What Wars, what Wounds, what Slaughter ſhall enſue!
From *Alpine* Heights the Father firſt deſcends;
His Daughter's Husband in the Plain attends:
His Daughter's Husband arms his Eaſtern Friends.
Embrace again, my Sons, be Foes no more:
Nor ſtain your Country with her Childrens Gore.
And thou, the firſt, lay down thy lawleſs claim;
Thou, of my Blood, who bear'ſt the *Julian* Name.
Another comes, who ſhall in Triumph ride;
And to the Capitol his Chariot guide;
From conquer'd *Corinth*, rich with *Grecian* Spoils.
And yet another, fam'd for Warlike Toils,
On *Argos* ſhall impoſe the *Roman* Laws:
And, on the *Greeks*, revenge the *Trojan* Cauſe:
Shall drag in Chains their *Achillæan* Race;
Shall vindicate his Anceſtors Diſgrace:
And *Pallas*, for her violated Place.
Great *Cato* there, for Gravity renown'd,
And conqu'ring *Coſſus* goes with Lawrels crown'd.
Who can omit the *Gracchi*, who declare
The *Scipio's* Worth, thoſe Thunderbolts of War,
The double Bane of *Carthage*? Who can ſee,
Without eſteem for virtuous Poverty,
Severe *Fabritius*, or can ceaſe t' admire
The Ploughman Conſul in his Courſe Attire!

Tir'd

Tir'd as I am, my Praiſe the *Fabij* claim;
And thou great Heroe, greateſt of thy Name;
Ordain'd in War to ſave the ſinking State,
And, by Delays, to put a ſtop to Fate!
Let others better mold the running Maſs
Of Mettals, and inform the breathing Braſs;
And ſoften into Fleſh a Marble Face:
Plead better at the Bar; deſcribe the Skies,
And when the Stars deſcend, and when they riſe.
But, *Rome*, 'tis thine alone, with awful ſway,
To rule Mankind; and make the World obey;
Diſpoſing Peace, and War, thy own Majeſtick Way.
To tame the Proud, the fetter'd Slave to free;
Theſe are Imperial Arts, and worthy thee.
He paus'd: And while with wondr'ing Eyes they view'd
The paſſing Spirits, thus his Speech renew'd.
See great *Marcellus!* how, untir'd in Toils,
He moves with Manly grace, how rich with Regal Spoils!
He, when his Country, (threaten'd with Alarms,)
Requires his Courage, and his Conqu'ring Arms,
Shall more than once the *Punic* Bands affright:
Shall kill the *Gauliſh* King in ſingle Fight:
Then, to the Capitol in Triumph move,
And the third Spoils ſhall grace *Feretrian Jove.*
Æneas, here, beheld of Form Divine
A Godlike Youth, in glitt'ring Armour ſhine:
With great *Marcellus* keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his Eyes, dejected was his Face:
He ſaw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy Guide,
What, and of whence was he, who preſs'd the Hero's ſide?
His Son, or one of his Illuſtrious Name,
How like the former, and almoſt the ſame:
Obſerve the Crowds that compaſs him around;
All gaze, and all admire, and raiſe a ſhouting ſound:

But hov'ring Miſts around his Brows are ſpread,
And Night, with ſable Shades, involves his Head.
Seek not to know (the Ghoſt reply'd with Tears)
The Sorrows of thy Sons, in future Years.
This Youth (the bliſsful Viſion of a day)
Shall juſt be ſhown on Earth, and ſnatch'd away.
The Gods too high had rais'd the *Roman* State;
Were but their Gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of Men ſhall fill the *Martian* Field!
How fierce a Blaze his flaming Pile ſhall yield!
What Fun'ral Pomp ſhall floating *Tiber* ſee,
When, riſing from his Bed, he views the ſad Solemnity!
No Youth ſhall equal hopes of Glory give:
No Youth afford ſo great a Cauſe to grieve.
The *Trojan* Honour, and the *Roman* Boaſt;
Admir'd when living, and Ador'd when loſt!
Mirror of ancient Faith in early Youth!
Undaunted Worth, Inviolable Truth!
No Foe unpuniſh'd in the fighting Field,
Shall dare thee Foot to Foot, with Sword and Shield.
Much leſs, in Arms, oppoſe thy matchleſs Force,
When thy ſharp Spurs ſhall urge thy foaming Horſe.
Ah, cou'dſt thou break through Fates ſevere Decree,
A new *Marcellus* ſhall ariſe in thee!
Full Caniſters of fragrant Lillies bring,
Mix'd with the Purple Roſes of the Spring:
Let me with Fun'ral Flowers his Body ſtrow;
This Gift which Parents to their Children owe,
This unavailing Gift, at leaſt I may beſtow!
Thus having ſaid, He led the Heroe round
The confines of the bleſt *Elyſian* Ground.
Which, when *Anchiſes* to his Son had ſhown,
And fir'd his Mind to mount the promis'd Throne,

He tells the future Wars, ordain'd by Fate;
The Strength and Cuſtoms of the *Latian* State:
The Prince, and People: And fore-arms his Care
With Rules, to puſh his Fortune, or to bear.
Two Gates the ſilent Houſe of Sleep adorn;
Of poliſh'd Iv'ry this, that of tranſparent Horn:
True Viſions thro' tranſparent Horn ariſe;
Thro' poliſh'd Iv'ry paſs deluding Lies.
Of various things diſcourſing as he paſs'd,
Anchiſes hither bends his Steps at laſt.
Then, through the Gate of Iv'ry, he diſmiſs'd
His valiant Offspring, and Divining Gueſt.
Streight to the Ships *Æneas* took his way;
Embarq'd his Men, and skim'd along the Sea:
Still Coaſting, till he gain'd *Cajeta*'s Bay.
At length on Oozy ground his Gallies moor:
Their Heads are turn'd to Sea, their Sterns to Shoar.

The Seventh Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

King Latinus *entertains* Æneas, *and promiſes him his only Daughter,* Lavinia, *the Heireſs of his Crown.* Turnus *being in Love with her, favour'd by her Mother, and ſtir'd up by* Juno, *and* Alecto, *breaks the Treaty which was made, and engages in his Quarrel,* Mezentius, Camilla, Meſſapus, *and many other of the Neighbouring Princes; whoſe Forces and the Names of their Commanders are here particularly related.*

AND thou, Θ Matron of Immortal Fame!
Here Dying, to the Shore haſt left thy Name:
Cajeta ſtill the place is call'd from thee,
The Nurſe of great *Eneas* Infancy.
Here reſt thy Bones in rich *Heſperia's* Plains,
Thy Name ('tis all a Ghoſt can have) remains.
Now, when the Prince her Fun'ral Rites had paid,
He plough'd the *Tyrrhene* Seas with Sails diſplay'd.
From Land a gentle Breeze aroſe by Night,
Serenely ſhone the Stars, the Moon was bright,
And the Sea trembled with her Silver Light.
Now near the Shelves of *Circe's* Shores they run,
(*Circe* the rich, the Daughter of the Sun)
A dang'rous Goaſt: The Goddeſs waſts her Days
In joyous Songs, the Rocks reſound her Lays:
In ſpinning; or the Loom, ſhe ſpends the Night,
And Cedar Brands ſupply her Father's Light.
From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the Main,)
The Roars of Lyons that refuſe the Chain,
The Grunts of Briſtled Boars, and Groans of Bears,
And Herds of Howling Wolves that ſtun the Sailors Ears.

Theſe

To the Right Hon^ble Henry Earle of Romney Vscount
Sydney of Shippy Baron Milton Master Generall
of the Ordinance L^d Warden of the Cinque Ports &^ct

Theſe from their Caverns, at the cloſe of Night,
Fill the ſad Iſle with Horror and Affright.
Darkling the mourn their Fate, whom *Circe*'s Pow'r
(That watch'd the Moon, and Planetary Hour)
With Words and wicked Herbs, from Human Kind
Had alter'd, and in Brutal Shapes confin'd.
With Monſters, leſt the *Trojans* pious Hoſt
Shou'd bear, or touch upon th' inchanted Coaſt;
Propitious *Neptune* ſteer'd their Courſe by Night,
With riſing Gales, that ſped their happy Flight.
Supply'd with theſe, they skim the ſounding Shore,
And hear the ſwelling Surges vainly roar.
Now when the roſie Morn began to riſe,
And wav'd her Saffron Streamer thro' the Skies;
When *Thetis* bluſh'd in Purple, not her own,
And from her Face the breathing Winds were blown:
A ſudden Silence ſat upon the Sea,
And ſweeping Oars, with Strugling, urge their Way.
The *Trojan*, from the Main beheld a Wood,
Which thick with Shades, and a brown Horror, ſtood:
Betwixt the Trees the *Tyber* took his Courſe,
With Whirlpools dimpl'd; and with downward Force
That drove the Sand along, he took his Way,
And rowl'd his yellow Billows to the Sea.
About him, and above, and round the Wood,
The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood;
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his ſide,
To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd.
The Captain gives Command, the joyful Train
Glide thro' the gloomy Shade, and leave the Main.
Now, *Erato*, thy Poet's Mind inſpire,
And fill his Soul with thy Cœleſtial Fire.
Relate what *Latium* was, her ancient Kings:
Declare the paſt, and preſent State of things,

When firſt the *Trojan* Fleet *Auſonia* ſought;
And how the Rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
Theſe are my Theme, and how the War began,
And how concluded by the Godlike Man.
For I ſhall ſing of Battels, Blood and Rage,
Which Princes, and their People did engage:
And haughty Souls, that mov'd with mutual Hate,
In fighting Fields purſu'd and found their Fate:
That rouz'd the *Tyrrhene* Realm with loud Alarms,
And peaceful *Italy* involv'd in Arms.
A larger Scene of Action is diſplay'd,
And, riſing hence, a greater Work is weigh'd.
Latinus old and mild, had long poſſeſs'd
The *Latian* Scepter, and his People bleſs'd:
His Father *Faunus*: a *Laurentian* Dame
His Mother, fair *Marica* was her Name.
But *Faunus* came from *Picus*, *Picus* drew
His Birth from *Saturn*, if Records be true.
Thus King *Latinus*, in the third Degree,
Had *Saturn* Author of his Family.
But this old peaceful Prince, as Heav'n decreed,
Was bleſs'd with no Male Iſſue to ſucceed:
His Sons in blooming Youth were ſnatch'd by Fate;
One only Daughter heir'd the Royal State.
Fir'd with her Love, and with Ambition led,
The neighb'ring Princes court her nuptial Bed.
Among the Crowd, but far above the reſt,
Young *Turns* to the Beauteous Maid addreſs'd.
Turnus, for high Deſcent, and graceful Meen,
Was firſt, and favour'd by the *Latian* Queen:
With him ſhe ſtrove to joyn *Lavinia's* Hand:
But dire Portants the purpos'd Match withſtand.
Deep in the Palace, of long Growth there ſtood
A Lawrels Trunk, a venerable Wood;

Where

Where Rites Divine were paid; whose holy Hair
Was kept, and cut with superstitious Care.
This Plant *Latinus*, when his Town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the Tree *Laurentum* call'd:
And last in Honour of his new Abode,
He vow'd the Lawrel, to the Lawrel's God.
It happen'd once, (a boding Prodigy,)
A swarm of Bees, that cut the liquid Sky,
Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
Upon the topmost Branch in Clouds alight:
There, with their clasping Feet together clung,
And a long Cluster from the Lawrel hung.
An ancient Augur propheſy'd from hence:
Behold on *Latian* Shores a foreign Prince!
From the same parts of Heav'n his Navy stands,
To the same parts on Earth: his Army lands;
The Town he conquers, and the Tow'r commands.
Yet more, when fair *Lavinia* fed the Fire
Before the Gods, and stood beside her Sire;
Strange to relate, the Flames, involv'd in Smoke
Of Incense, from the sacred Altar broke;
Caught her dishevell'd Hair, and rich Attire;
Her Crown and Jewels crackled in the Fire:
From thence the fuming Trail began to spread,
And lambent Glories danc'd about her Head.
This new Portent the Seer with Wonder views;
Then pausing, thus his Prophecy renews.
The Nymph who scatters flaming Fires around,
Shall shine with Honour, shall her self be crown'd:
But, caus'd by her irrevocable Fate,
War shall the Country waste, and change the State.
Latinus, frighted with this dire Ostent,
For Counsel to his Father *Faunus* went:

And ſought the Shades renown'd for Prophecy,
Which near *Albunea's* ſulph'rous Fountain lye.
To theſe the *Latian*, and the *Sabine* Land
Fly, when diſtreſs'd, and thence Relief demand.
The Prieſt on Skins of Off'rings takes his Eaſe;
And nightly Viſions in his Slumber ſees:
A ſwarm of thin aerial Shapes appears;
And, flutt'ring round his Temples, deafs his Ears:
Theſe he conſults, the future Fates to know,
From Pow'rs above, and from the Fiends below.
Here, for the Gods advice, *Latinus* flies,
Off'ring a hundred Sheep for Sacrifice:
Their wooly Fleeces, as the Rites requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to Reſt retir'd.
No ſooner were his Eyes in Slumber bound,
When, from above, a more than Mortal Sound
Invades his Ears; and thus the Viſion ſpoke:
Seek not, my Seed, in *Latian* Bands to Yoke
Our fair *Lavinia*, nor the Gods provoke.
A foreign Son upon the Shore deſcends,
Whoſe Martial Fame from Pole to Pole extends.
His Race in Arms, and Arts of Peace renown'd,
Not *Latium* ſhall contain, nor *Europe* bound:
'Tis theirs what e're the Sun ſurveys around.
Theſe anſwers in the ſilent Night receiv'd,
The King himſelf divulg'd, the Land believ'd:
The Fame through all the Neighb'ring Nations flew,
When now the *Trojan* Navy was in view.
Beneath a ſhady Tree the Heroe ſpread
His Table on the Turf, with Cakes of Bread;
And, with his Chiefs, on Foreſt Fruits he fed.
They ſate, and (not without the God's Command)
Their homely Fare diſpatch'd; the hungry Band

Invade

To Anthony Henley of ye Grange in Hantshire Esqr.

Invade their Trenchers next, and ſoon devour,
To mend the ſcanty Meal, their Cakes of Flow'r.
Aſcanius this obſerv'd, and, ſmiling, ſaid,
See, we devour the Plates on which we fed.
The Speech had Omen, that the *Trojan* Race
Shou'd find Repoſe, and this the Time and Place.
Æneas took the Word, and thus replies;
(Confeſſing Fate with Wonder in his Eyes)
All hail, O Earth! all hail my houſhold Gods,
Behold the diſtin'd place of your Abodes!
For thus *Anchiſes* prophecy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of Reſt foretold.
" When on a Foreign Shore, inſtead of Meat,
" By Famine forc'd, your Trenches you ſhall eat;
" Then Eaſe your weary *Trojans* will attend:
" And the long Labours of your Voyage end.
" Remember on that happy Coaſt to build:
" And with a Trench incloſe the fruitful Field.
This was that Famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the Wand'ring of our exil'd Race.
Then, on to Morrow's Dawn, your Care employ,
To ſearch the Land, and where the Cities lye,
And what the Men; but give this Day to Joy.
Now pour to *Jove*, and after *Jove* is beſt,
Call great *Anchiſes* to the Genial Feaſt:
Crown high the Goblets with a chearful Draught;
Enjoy the preſent Hour, adjourn the future Thought.
Thus having ſaid, the Heroe bound his Brows.
With leafy Branches, then perform'd his Vows:
Adoring firſt the Genius of the Place;
Then Earth, the Mother of the Heav'nly Race;
The Nymphs, and native Godheads yet unknown,
And Night, and all the Stars that guild her Sable Throne.

And ancient *Cybel*, and *Idæan Jove*;
And laſt his Sire below, and Mother Queen above.
Then Heav'ns high Monarch thundred thrice aloud,
And thrice he ſhook aloft, a Golden Cloud.
Soon thro' the joyful Camp a Rumor flew,
The time was come their City to renew:
Then ev'ry Brow with chearful Green is crown'd,
The Feaſts are doubl'd, and the Bowls go round.
When next the roſie Morn diſclos'd the Day,
The Scouts to ſev'ral parts divide their Way,
To learn the Natives Names, their Towns, explore
The Coaſts, and Trendings of the crooked Shore:
Here *Tyber* flows, and here *Numicus* ſtands,
Here warlike *Latins* hold the happy Lands.
The Pious Chief, who ſought by peaceful Ways,
To found his Empire, and his Town to raiſe;
A hundred Youths from all his Train ſelects;
And to the *Latian* Court their Courſe directs:
(The ſpacious Palace where their Prince reſides;)
And all their heads with Wreaths of Olive hides.
They go commiſſion'd to require a Peace;
And carry Preſents to procure Acceſs.
Thus while they ſpeed their Pace, the Prince deſigns
His new elected Seat, and draws the Lines:
The *Trojans* round the Place a Rampire caſt,
And Paliſades about the Trenches plac'd.
Mean time the Train, proceeding on their way,
From far the Town, and lofty Tow'rs ſurvey:
At length approach the Walls: without the Gate
They ſee the Boys, and *Latian* Youth debate
The Martial Prizes on the duſty Plain;
Some drive the Cars, and ſome the Courſers rein:
Some bend the ſtubborn Bow for Victory;
And ſome with Darts their active Sinews try.

A posting Messenger dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair Troops advis'd their aged Prince;
That foreign Men, of mighty Stature came;
Uncouth their Habit, and unknown their Name.
The King ordains their entrance, and ascends
His Regal Seat, surrounded by his Friends.
The Palace built by *Picus*, vast and Proud,
Supported by a hundred Pillars stood:
And round incompass'd with a rising Wood.
The Pile o'relook'd the Town, and drew the sight;
Surpriz'd at once with Reverence and Delight.
There Kings receiv'd the Marks of Sov'raign Pow'r:
In State the Monarchs march'd, the Lictors bore
Their Awful Axes, and the Rods before.
Here the the Tribunal stood, the House of Pray'r;
And here the sacred Senators repair:
All at large Tables, in long order set,
A Ram their Offring, and a Ram their Meat.
Above the Portal, Carv'd in Cedar Wood,
Plac'd in their Ranks, their Godlike Grandsires stood.
Old *Saturn*, with his crooked Scythe, on high;
And *Italus*, that led the Colony:
And ancient *Janus*, with his double Face,
And Bunch of Keys, the Porter of the place.
There good *Sabinus*, planter of the Vines,
On a short Pruning-hook his Head reclines:
And studiously surveys his gen'rous Wines.
Then Warlike Kings, who for their Country fought,
And honourable Wounds from Battel brought.
Around the Posts hung Helmets, Darts, and Spears;
And Captive Chariots, Axes, Shields, and Bars,
And broken Beaks of Ships, the Trophies of their Wars.
Above the rest, as Chief of all the Band,
Was *Picus* plac'd, a Buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd along divining Wand.

Girt in his Gabin Gown the Heroe ſate:
Yet could not with his Art avoid his Fate.
For *Circe* long had lov'd the Youth in vain,
Till Love, refus'd, converted to Diſdain:
The mixing pow'rful Herbs, with Magic Art,
She chang'd his Form, who cou'd not change his heart.
Conſtrain'd him in a Bird, and made him fly,
With party-colour'd Plumes, a Chattring Pye.
In this high Temple, on a Chair of State,
The Seat of Audience, old *Latinus* ſate;
Then gave admiſſion to the *Trojan* Train,
And thus, with pleaſing accents, he began.
Tell me, ye *Trojans*, for that Name you own;
Nor is your Courſe upon our Coaſts unknown;
Say what you ſeek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by ſtreſs of Weather caſt a-ground?
Such dangers as on Seas are often ſeen,
And oft befall to miſerable Men?
Or come, your Shipping in our Ports to lay,
Spent and diſabl'd in ſo long a way?
Say what you want, the *Latians* you ſhall find
Not forc'd to goodneſs, but by Will inclin'd:
For ſince the time of *Saturn*'s holy Reign,
His Hoſpitable Cuſtoms we retain.
I call to mind, but (Time the Tale has worn,)
Th' *Arunci* told; that *Dardanus*, tho' born
On *Latian* Plains, yet ſought the *Phrygian* Shore,
And *Samothracia*, *Samos* call'd before:
From *Tuſcan Coritum* he claim'd his Birth,
But after, when exempt from Mortal Earth,
From thence aſcend to his kindred Skies,
A God, and as a God augments their Sacrifice.
He ſaid. *Ilioneus* made this Reply,
O King, of *Faunus* Royal Family!

Nor

A. 7. l. 290.

To George Stepney Esq.r His Ma.ties Envoy Extra.ry
to Severall Princes in Germany and one of
the Councill of Trade

Nor Wint'ry Winds to *Latium* forc'd our way,
Nor did the Stars our wand'ring Courſe betray.
Willing we ſought your Shores, and hither bound,
The Port ſo long deſie'd, at length we found.
From our ſweet Homes and ancient Realms expell'd;
Great as the greateſt that the Sun beheld.
The God began our Line, who rules above,
And as our Race, our King deſcends from *Jove*:
And hither are we come, by his Command,
To crave Admiſſion in your happy Land.
How dire a Tempeſt, *Mycenæ* pour'd,
Our Plains, our Temples, and our Town devour'd;
What was the Waſte of War, what fierce Alarms
Shook *Aſia*'s Crown with *Europæan* Arms;
Ev'n ſuch have heard, if any ſuch there be,
Whoſe Earth is bound by the frozen Sea:
And ſuch as born beneath the burning Sky,
And ſultry Sun betwixt the Tropicks lye.
From that dire Deluge, through the wat'ry Waſte,
Such length of Years, ſuch various Perils paſt:
At laſt eſcap'd, to *Latium* we repair,
To beg what you without your Want may ſpare;
The common Water, and the common Air.
Sheds which our ſelves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and ſerve our baniſh'd Gods.
Nor our Admiſſion ſhall your Realm diſgrace,
Nor length of time our Gratitude efface.
Beſides, what endleſs Honour you ſhall gain
To ſave and ſhelter *Troy*'s unhappy Train.
Now, by my Sov'raign, and his Fate I ſwear,
Renown'd for Faith in Peace, for Force in War;
Oft our Alliance other Lands deſir'd,
And what we ſeek of you, of us requir'd.

Deſpiſe not then, that in our Hands we bear
Theſe Holy Boughs, and ſue mith Words of Pray'r.
Fate and the Gods, by their ſupreme Command,
Have doom'd our Ships to ſee the *Latian* Land.
To theſe abodes our Fleet *Apollo* ſends;
Here *Dardanus* was born, and hither tends:
Where *Thuſcan Tyber* rowls with rapid Force,
And where *Numicus* opes his Holy Source.
Beſides our Prince preſents, with his Requeſt,
Some ſmall Remains of what his Sire poſſeſs'd,
This Golden Charger, ſnatch'd from burning *Troy*,
Anchiſes did in Sacrifice employ:
This Royal Robe, and this *Tiara* wore
Old *Priam*, and this Golden Scepter bore
In full Aſſemblies, and in ſolemn Games;
Theſe Purple Veſts were weav'd by *Darden* Dames.
Thus while he ſpoke *Latinus* rowld around
His Eyes, and fix'd a while upon the Ground.
Intent he ſeem'd, and anxious in his Breſt;
Not by the Scepter mov'd, or Kingly Veſt:
But pond'ring future Things of wond'rous Weight;
Succeſſion, Empire, and his Daughter's Fate:
On theſe he mus'd within his thoughtful Mind;
And then revolv'd what *Faunus* had divin'd.
This was the Foreign Prince, by Fate decreed
To ſhare his Scepter, and *Lavinia*'s Bed:
This was the Race, that ſure Portents foreſhew
To ſway the World, and Land and Sea ſubdue.
At length he rais'd his chearful Head, and ſpoke:
The Pow'rs, ſaid he, the Pow'rs we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our Purpoſe with their Augury.
Have what you ask; your Preſents I receive,
Land where, and when you pleaſe, with ample Leave:

Partake

Partake and uſe my Kingdom as your own;
And ſhall be yours, while I command the Crown.
And if my wiſh'd Alliance pleaſe your King,
Tell him he ſhou'd not ſend the Peace, but bring:
Then let him not a Friend's Embraces fear;
The Peace is made when I behold him here.
Beſides this Anſwer, tell my Royal Gueſt,
I add to his Commands, my own Requeſt:
One only Daughter heirs my Crown and State,
Whom, not our Oracles, nor Heav'n, nor Fate,
Nor frequent Prodigies permit to join
With any Native of th' *Auſonian* Line.
A foreign Son-in-Law ſhall come from far,
(Such is our Doom) a Chief renown'd in War:
Whoſe Race ſhall bear aloft the *Latian* Name,
And through the conquer'd World diffuſe our Fame.
Himſelf to be the Man the Fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge, deſire.
He ſaid, and then on each beſtow'd a Steed;
Three hundred Horſes, in high Stables fed,
Stood ready, ſhining all, and ſmoothly dreſs'd;
Of theſe he choſe the faireſt and the beſt,
To mount the *Trojan* Troop; at his Command,
The Steeds capariſon'd with Purple ſtand;
With Golden Trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their Teeth the foaming Gold.
Then to his abſent Gueſt the King decreed
A pair of Courſers born of Heavenly Breed:
Who from their Noſtrils breath'd Etherial Fire;
Whom *Circe* ſtole from her Cœleſtial Sire:
By ſubſtituting Mares, produc'd on Earth,
Whoſe Wombs conceiv'd a more than Mortal Birth.
Theſe draw the Chariot which *Latinus* ſends;
And the rich Preſent to the Prince commends.

Sublime on ſtately Steeds the *Trojans* born,
To their expecting Lord with Peace return.
But jealous *Juno*, from *Pachynus* height,
As ſhe from *Argos* took her airy Flight,
Beheld, with envious Eyes, this hateful Sight.
She ſaw the *Trojan*, and his joyful Train
Deſcend upon the Shore, deſert the Main;
Deſign a Town, and with unhop'd Succeſs
Th' Embaſſadors return with promis'd Peace.
Then pierc'd with Pain, ſhe ſhook her haughty Head,
Sigh'd from her inward Soul; and thus ſhe ſaid.
O hated Off-ſpring of my *Phrygian* Foes!
O Fates of *Troy*, which *Juno*'s Fates oppoſe!
Cou'd they not fall unpity'd, on the Plain,
But ſlain revive, and taken, ſcape again?
When execrable *Troy* in Aſhes lay,
Thro' Fires, and Swords, and Seas, they forc'd their Way.
Then vanquiſh'd *Juno* muſt in vain contend,
Her Rage diſarm'd, her Empire at an end.
Breathleſs and tir'd, is all my Fury ſpent,
Or does my glutted Spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their Town to chaſe,
I thro' the Seas purſu'd their exil'd Race:
Ingag'd the Heav'ns, oppos'd the Stormy Main;
But Billows roar'd, and Tempeſts rag'd in vain.
What have my *Scylla*'s and my *Sirtes* done,
When theſe they overpaſs, and thoſe they ſhun?
On *Tyber*'s Shores they land, ſecure of Fate,
Triumphant o'er the Storm's and *Juno*'s Hate.
Mars cou'd in mutual Blood the *Centaurs* bath,
And *Jove* himſelf gave way to *Cynthia*'s Wrath:
Who ſent the tusky Boar to *Calydon*:
What great Offence had either People done?

But

But I, the Conſort of the Thunderer,
Have wag'd along and unſucceſsful War:
With various Arts and Arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a Mortal Man at length am foil'd.
If native Pow'r prevail, ſhall I doubt
To ſeek for needful Succour from without:
If *Jove* and Heav'n my juſt Deſires deny,
Hell ſhall the Pow'r of Heav'n and *Jove* ſupply.
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their Decree,
The *Trojan* Race to reign in *Italy*;
At leaſt I can defer the Nuptial Day,
And with protracted Wars the Peace delay:
With Blood the dear Alliance ſhall be bought;
And both the People near Deſtruction brought.
So ſhall the Son-in-Law, and Father join,
With Ruin, War, and Waſte of either Line.
O fatal Maid! thy Marriage is endow'd
With *Phrygian*, *Latian*, and *Rutulian* Blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy Lover's Hand,
Another Queen brings forth another Brand;
To burn with foreign Fires another Land!
A ſecond *Paris*, diff'ring but in Name,
Shall fire his Country with a ſecond Flame.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe ſinks beneath the Ground,
With furious haſte, and ſhoots the *Stygian* Sound;
To rowze *Alecto* from th' Infernal Seat
Of her dire Siſters, and their dark Retreat.
This Fury, fit for her Intent, ſhe choſe;
One who delights in Wars, and Human Woes.
Ev'n *Pluto* hates his own miſhapen Race:
Her Siſter-Fruits fly her hideous Face:
So frightful are the Forms the Monſter takes,
So fierce the Hiſſings of her ſpeckled Snakes.

Her *Juno* finds, and thus inflames her Spight:
O Virgin Daughter of Eternal Night,
Give me this once thy Labour, to ſuſtain
My Right, and execute my juſt diſdain.
Let not the *Trojans*, with a feign'd Pretence
Of proffer'd Peace, delude the *Latian* Prince:
Expel from *Italy* that odious Name,
And let not *Juno* ſuffer in her Fame.
'Tis thine to ruin Realms, o'return a State,
Betwixt the deareſt Friends to raiſe Debate;
And kindle kindred Blood to mutual Hate.
Thy Hand o're Towns the fun'ral Torch diſplays,
And forms a thouſand Ills ten thouſand Ways.
Now ſhake from out thy fruitful Breaſt, the Seeds
Of Envy, Diſcord, and of Cruel Deeds:
Confound the Peace eſtabliſh'd, and prepare
Their Souls to Hatred, and their Hands to War.
Smear'd as ſhe was with black *Gorgonean* Blood,
The Fury ſprang above the *Stygian* Flood:
And on her wicker Wings, ſublime through Night,
She to the *Latian* Palace took her Flight.
There ſought the Queen's Apartment, ſtood before
The peaceful Threſhold, and beſieg'd the Door.
Reſtleſs *Amata* lay, her ſwelling Breaſt
Fir'd with Diſdain for *Turnus* diſpoſſeſt,
And the new Nuptials of the *Trojan* Gueſt.
From her black bloody Locks the Fury ſhakes
Her darling Plague, the Fav'rite of her Snakes:
With her full Force ſhe threw the pois'nous Dart,
And fix'd it deep within *Amata*s Heart.
That thus envenom'd ſhe might kindle Rage,
And ſacrifice to Strife her Houſe and Husbands Age.
Unſeen, unfelt; the fiery Serpent skims
Betwixt her Linnen, and her naked Limbs.

His baleful Breath inſpiring, as he glides,
Now like a Chain around her Neck he rides;
Now like a Fillet to her Head repairs,
And with his Circling Volumes folds her Hairs.
At firſt the ſilent Venom ſlid with eaſe,
And ſeiz'd her cooler Senſes by degrees;
Then e're th' infected Maſs was fir'd too far,
In Plaintive Accents ſhe began the War:
And thus beſpoke her Husband; Shall, ſhe ſaid,
A wandring Prince enjoy *Lavinia*'s Bed?
If Nature plead not in a Parent's Heart,
Pity my Tears, and pity her Deſert:
I know, my deareſt Lord, the time will come,
You wou'd, in vain, reverſe your Cruel doom:
The faithleſs Pirate ſoon will ſet to Sea,
And bear the Royal Virgin far away!
A Gueſt like him, a *Trojan* Gueſt before,
In ſhew of friendſhip, ſought the *Spartan* Shore;
And raviſh'd *Helen* from her Husband bore.
Think on a King's inviolable Word;
And think on *Turnus*, her once plighted Lord:
To this falſe Foreigner you give your Throne,
And wrong a Friend, a Kinſman, and a Son.
Reſume your ancient Care; and if the God
Your Sire, and you, reſolve on Foreign Blood:
Know all are Foreign, in a larger Senſe,
Not born your Subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then if the Line of *Turnus* you retrace;
He ſprings from *Inachus* of *Argive* Race.
But when ſhe ſaw her Reaſons idly ſpent,
And cou'd not move him from his fix'd Intent;
She flew to rage; for now the Snake poſſeſs'd
Her vital parts, and poiſon'd all her Breaſt;

She raves, ſhe runs with a diſtracted pace,
And fills, with horrid howls, the publick Place.
And, as young Striplings whip the Top for ſport,
On the ſmooth Pavement of an empty Court;
The wooden Engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with Clamours, of the Beardleſs rout;
They laſh aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little Souls at ev'ry ſtroke:
Thus fares the Queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidſt the Crowd, and kindles as ſhe goes.
Nor yet content, ſhe ſtrains her Malice more,
And adds new ills to thoſe contriv'd before:
She flies the Town, and mixing with a throng
Of madding Matrons, bears the Bride along:
Wand'ring through Woods and Wilds, and devious ways.
And with theſe Arts the *Trojan* Match delays.
She feign'd the Rites of *Bacchus*! cry'd aloud,
And to the Buxom God the Virgin vow'd.
Evoe, O *Bacchus* thus began the Song,
And *Evoe*! anſwer'd all the Female Throng:
O Virgin! worthy thee alone, ſhe cry'd;
O worthy thee alone, the Crew reply'd.
For thee ſhe feeds her Hair, ſhe leads thy Dance,
And with thy winding Ivy wreaths her Lance.
Like fury ſeiz'd the reſt; the progreſs known,
All ſeek the Mountains, and forſake the Town:
All Clad in Skins of Beaſts the Jav'lin bear,
Give to the wanton Winds their flowing Hair:
And ſhrikes and ſhowtings rend the ſuff'ring Air.
The Queen, her ſelf, inſpir'd with Rage Divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming Pine:
Then rowl'd her haggar'd Eyes around the throng,
And ſung, in *Turnus* Name, the Nuptial Song:

To Coll! Thomas Farrington of the
Parish of St. James's Westminster

Io ye *Latian* Dames, if any here
Hold, your unhappy Queen, *Amata*, dear;
If there be here, ſhe ſaid, who dare maintain
My Right, nor think the Name of Mother vain:
Unbind your Fillets, looſe your flowing Hair,
And *Orgies*, and Nocturnal Rites prepare.
Amata's Breaſt the Fury thus invades,
And fires with Rage, amid the Silvan Shades.
Then when ſhe found her Venom ſpread ſo far,
The Royal Houſe embroil'd in Civil War:
Rais'd on her dusky Wings ſhe cleaves the Skies,
And ſeeks the Palace where young *Turnus* lies.
His Town, as Fame reports, was built of old
By *Danae*, pregnant with Almighty Gold:
Who fled her Father's Rage, and with a Train
Of following *Argives*, thro' the ſtormy Main,
Driv'n by the *Southern* Blaſts, was fated here to reign.
'Twas *Ardua* once, now *Ardea*'s Name it bears:
Once a fair City, now conſum'd with Years.
Here in his lofty Palace *Turnus* lay,
Betwixt the Confines of the Night and Day,
Secure in Sleep: The Fury laid aſide
Her Looks and Limbs, and with new methods try'd,
The foulneſs of th' infernal Form to hide.
Prop'd on a Staff, ſhe takes a trembling Meen,
Her Face is furrow'd, and her Front obſcene:
Deep dinted Wrinckles on her Cheek ſhe draws,
Sunk are her Eyes, and toothleſs are her Jaws:
Her hoary Hair with holy Fillets bound,
Her Temples with an Olive Wreath are crown'd.
Old *Calibe*, who kept the ſacred Fane
Of *Juno*, now ſhe ſeem'd, and thus began,
Appearing in a Dream, to rouze the careleſs Man.

Shall *Turnus* then ſuch endleſs Toil ſuſtain,
In fighting Fields, and conquer Towns in vain:
Win, for a *Trojan* Head to wear the Prize,
Uſurp thy Crown, enjoy thy Victories?
The Bride and Scepter which thy Blood has bought,
The King transfers, and Foreign Heirs are ſought:
Go now, deluded Man, and ſeek again
New Toils, new Dangers on the duſty Plain.
Repel the *Tuſcan* Foes, their City ſeize,
Protect the *Latians* in luxurious Eaſe.
This Dream all-pow'rful *Juno* ſends, I bear
Her mighty Mandates, and her Words you hear.
Haſte, arm your *Ardeans*, iſſue to the Plain,
With Fate to friend, aſſault the *Trojan* Train:
Their thoughtleſs Chiefs, their painted Ships that lye
In *Tyber*'s Mouth, with Fire and Sword deſtroy.
The *Latian* King, unleſs he ſhall ſubmit,
Own his old Promiſe, and his new forget;
Let him, in Arms, the Pow'r of *Turnus* prove,
And learn to fear whom he diſdains to Love.
For ſuch is Heav'ns Command. The youthful Prince
With Scorn reply'd, and made this bold Defence.
You tell me, Mother, what I knew before,
The *Phrygian* Fleet is landed on the Shore:
I neither fear, nor will provoke the War;
My Fate is *Juno*'s moſt peculiar Care.
But Time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of Arms imagin'd, in your lonely Cell:
Go, be the Temple and the Gods your Care,
Permit to Men the Thought of Peace and War.
These haughty Words *Alecto*'s Rage provoke,
And frighted *Turnus* trembled as ſhe ſpoke.
Her Eyes grow ſtiffen'd, and with Sulphur burn,
Her hideous Looks, and helliſh Form return:

Her

Her curling Snakes, with Hiſſings fill the place,
And open all the Furies of her Face:
Then, darting Fire from her malignant Eyes,
She caſt him backward as he ſtrove to riſe,
And, ling'ring, ſought to frame ſome new Replies.
High on her Head ſhe rears two twiſted Snakes,
Her Chains ſhe rattles, and her Whip ſheſhakes;
And churning bloody Foam, thus loudly ſpeaks.
Behold whom Time has made to dote, and tell
Of Arms, imagin'd in her lonely Cell:
Behold the Fates Infernal Miniſter;
War, Death, Deſtruction, in my Hand I bear:
Thus having ſaid, her ſmould'ring Torch impreſs'd,
With her full Force, ſhe plung'd into his Breaſt.
Aghaſt he wak'd, and, ſtarting from his Bed,
Cold Sweat, in clammy Drops, his Limbs o'reſpread.
Arms, Arms, he cries, my Sword and Shield prepare;
He breaths Defiance, Blood, and Mortal War.
So when with crackling Flames a Cauldron fries,
The bubling Water from the Bottom riſe:
Above their Brims they force their fiery way;
Black Vapours climb aloft, and cloud the Day.
The Peace polluted thus, a choſen Band
He firſt commiſſions to the *Latian* Land;
In threatning Embaſſy: Then rais'd the reſt,
To meet in Arms th' intruding *Trojan* Gueſt:
To force the Foes from the *Lavinian* Shore,
And *Italy*'s indanger'd Peace reſtroe.
Himſelf alone, an equal Match he boaſts,
To fight the *Phrygian* and *Auſonian* Hoaſts.
The Gods invok'd, the *Rutuli* prepare
Their Arms, and warm each other to the War.
His Beauty theſe, and thoſe his blooming Age,
The reſt his Houſe, and his own Fame ingage.

While *Turnus* urges thus his Enterprise;
The *Stygian* Fury to the *Trojans* flies:
New Frauds invents, and takes a steepy Stand,
Which overlooks the Vale with wide Command;
Where fair *Ascanius*, and his youthful Train,
With Horns and Hounds a hunting Match ordain,
And pitch their Toils around the shady Plain.
The Fury fires the Pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry Nostrils with the Scent.
'Twas of a well grown Stag, whose Antlers rise
High o're his Front, his Beams invade the Skies:
From this light Cause, th' Infernal Maid prepares
The Country Churls to Mischief, Hate, and Wars.
The stately Beast, the Two *Tyrrheidæ* bred,
Snatch'd from his Dam, and the tame Youngling fed.
Their Father *Tyrrheus* did his Fodder bring,
Tyrrheus, chief Ranger to the *Latian* King:
Their Sister *Silvia* cherish'd with her Care
The little Wanton, and did Wreaths prepare
To hang his budding Horns: with Ribbons ty'd
His tender Neck, and comb'd his silken Hide;
And bath'd his Body. Patient of Command,
In time he grew, and growing us'd to Hand.
He waited at his Master's Board for Food;
Then sought his salvage Kindred in the Wood:
Where grazing all the Day, at Night he came
To his known Lodgings, and his Country Dame.
This household Beast, that us'd the Woodland Grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young Hero's Hounds;
As down the Stream he swam, to seek Retreat
In the cool Waters, and to quench his Heat.
Ascanius young, and eager of his Game,
Soon bent his Bow, uncertain in his Aim:

But

To ye Right Honble & ye Lady Mary Sackville daughter
to Charles Earle of Dorset & Middlesex.

But the dire Fiend the fatal Arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his Bowels thro' his panting ſides.
The bleeding Creature iſſues from the Floods,
Poſſeſs'd with Fear, and ſeeks his known abodes;
His old familiar Hearth, and houſehold Gods.
He falls, he fills the Houſe with heavy Groans,
Implores their Pity, and his Pain bemoans.
Young *Silvia* beats her Breaſt, and cries aloud
For Succour, from the clowniſh Neighbourhood:
The Churls aſſemble; for the Fiend, who lay
In the cloſe Woody Covert, urg'd their way.
One with a Brand, yet burning from the Flame;
Arm'd with a knotty Club, another came:
What e're they catch or find, without their Care,
Their Fury makes an Inſtrument of War.
Tyrrheus, the Foſter-Father of the Beaſt,
Then clench'd a Hatchet in his horny Fiſt:
But held his Hand from the deſcending Stroke,
And left his Wedge within the cloven Oak,
To whet their Courage, and their Rage provoke.
And now the Goddeſs, exercis'd in Ill,
Who watch'd an Hour to work her impious Will,
Aſcends the Roof, and to her crooked Horn,
Such as then by *Latian* Shepherds born,
Adds all her Breath, the Rocks and Woods around,
And Mountains, tremble at th' infernal Sound.
The Sacred Lake of *Trivia* from afar,
The *Veline* Fountains, and ſulphureous *Nar*,
Shake at the baleful Blaſt, the Signal of the War.
Young Mothers wildly ſtare, with Fear poſſeſs'd,
And ſtrain their helpleſs Infants to their Breaſt,
The Clowns, a boiſt'rous, rude, ungovern'd Crew,
With furious haſte to the loud Summons flew.

The Pow'rs of *Troy* then iſſuing on the Plain,
With freſh Recruits their youthful Chief ſuſtain:
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd Train,
But a firm Body of embattel'd Men.
At firſt, while Fortune favour'd neither ſide,
The Fight with Clubs and burning Brands was try'd:
But now, both Parties reinforc'd, the Fields
Are bright with flaming Swords and brazen Shields.
A ſhining Harveſt either Hoſt diſplays.
And ſhoots againſt the Sun with equal Rays.
Thus when a black-brow'd Guſt begins to riſe,
White Foam at firſt on the curl'd Ocean fries;
Then roars the Main, the Billows mount the Skies:
'Till by the Fury of the Storm full blown,
The muddy Bottom o're the Clouds is thrown.
Firſt *Almon* falls, old *Tyrrheus* eldeſt Care,
Pierc'd with an Arrow from the diſtant War:
Fix'd in his Throat the flying Weapon ſtood,
And ſtop'd his Breath, and drank his vital Blood.
Huge Heaps of ſlain around the Body riſe;
Among the reſt, the rich *Galeſus* lyes:
A good old Man, while Peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidſt the Madneſs of th' unruly Train:
Five Heards, five bleating Flocks his Paſtures fill'd,
His Lands a hundred Yoke of Oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal Scales their Fortune ſtood,
The Fury bath'd them in each others Blood.
Then having fix'd the Fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her Promiſe to the Skies.
To *Juno* thus ſhe ſpeaks; Behold, 'tis done,
The Blood already drawn, the War begun;
The diſcord is compleat, nor can they ceaſe
The dire Debate, nor you command the Peace.

Now

Now ſince the *Latian* and the *Trojan* Brood
Have taſted Vengeance, and the Sweets of Blood;
Speak, and my Pow'r ſhall add this Office more:
The Neighb'ring Nations of th' *Auſonian* Shore
Shall hear the dreadful Rumour, from afar,
Of arm'd Invaſion, and embrace the War.
Then *Juno* thus; The grateful Work is done,
The Seeds of Diſcord ſow'd, the War begun:
Frauds, Fears, and Fury have Poſſeſs'd the State,
And fix'd the Cauſes of a laſting Hate:
A bloody *Hymen* ſhall th' Alliance join
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Auſonian* Line:
But thou with Speed to Night and Hell repair,
For not the Gods, nor angry *Jove* will bear
Thy lawleſs wand'ring walks, in upper Air.
Leave what remains to me. *Saturnia* ſaid:
The ſullen Fiend her ſounding Wings diſplay'd;
Unwilling left the Light, and ſought the neather Shade.
In midſt of *Italy*, well known to Fame,
There lies a Lake, *Amſanctus* is the Name,
Below the lofty Mounts: On either ſide
Thick Forreſts, the forbiddden Entrance hide:
Full in the Centre of the ſacred Wood
An Arm ariſes of the *Stygian* Flood;
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing ſound,
Whirls the black Waves and rattling Stones around.
Here *Pluto* pants for Breath from out his Cell,
And opens wide the grinning Jaws of Hell.
To this Infernal Lake the Fury flies;
Here hides her hated Head, and frees the lab'ring Skies.
Saturnian Juno now, with double Care,
Attends the fatal Proceſs of the War.
The Clowns return'd, from Battel bear the ſlain,
Implore the Gods, and to their King complain.

The Corps of *Almon* and the reſt are ſhown,
Shrieks, Clamours, Murmurs fill the frighted Town.
Ambitious *Turnus* in the Preſs appears,
And, aggravating Crimes, augments their Fears:
Proclaim his Private Injuries aloud,
A Solemn Promiſe made, and diſavow'd;
A foreign Son is ſought, and a mix'd Mungril Brood.
Then they, whoſe Mothers, frantick with their Fear,
In Woods and Wilds the Flags of *Bacchus* bear,
And leads his Dances with diſhevelled hair,
Increaſe the Clamour, and the War demand,
(Such was *Amata*'s Intereſt in the Land)
Againſt the Public Sanctions of the Peace,
Againſt all Omens of their ill Succeſs;
With Fates averſe, the Rout in Arms reſort,
To Force their Monarch, and inſult the Court.
But like a Rock unmov'd, a Rock that braves
The rageing Tempeſt and the riſing Waves.
Prop'd on himſelf he ſtands: His ſolid ſides
Waſh off the Sea-weeds, and the ſounding Tides:
So ſtood the Pious Prince unmov'd: and long
Suſtain'd the madneſs of the noiſie Throng.
But when he found that *Juno*'s Pow'r prevail'd,
And all the Methods of cool Counſel fail'd,
He calls the Gods to witneſs their offence,
Diſclaims the War, aſſerts his Innocence.
Hurry'd by Fate, he cries, and born before
A furious Wind, we leave the faithful Shore:
O more than Madmen! you your ſelves ſhall bear
The guilt of Blood, and Sacrilegious War:
Thou, *Turnus*, ſhalt attone it by thy Fate,
And pray to Heav'n for Peace, but pray too late.
For me, my ſtormy Voyage at an end,
I to the Port of Death ſecurely tend.

The Fun'ral Pomp which to your Kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away.
He ſaid no more, but in his Walls confin'd,
Shut out the Woes which he too well divin'd:
Nor with the riſing Storm wou'd vainly ſtrive,
But left the Helm, and let the Veſſel drive.
A ſolemn Cuſtom was obſerv'd of old,
Which *Latium* held, and now the *Romans* hold;
Their Standard, when in fighting Fields they rear
Againſt the fierce *Hircanians*, or declare
The *Scythian*, *Indian*, or *Arabian* War:
Or from the boaſting *Parthians* wou'd regain
Their Eagles loſt in *Carrhæ*'s bloody Plain:
Two Gates of Steel (the Name of *Mars* they bear)
And ſtill are worſhip'd with religious Fear;
Before his Temple ſtand: The dire abode,
And the fear'd Iſſues of the furious God,
Are fenc'd with Brazen Bolts; without the Gates,
The wary Guardian *Janus* doubly waits.
Then, when the ſacred Senate votes the Wars,
The *Roman* Conſul their Decree declares,
And in his Robes the ſounding Gates unbars.
The Youth in Military Shouts ariſe,
And the loud Trumpets break the yielding Skies.
Theſe Rites of old by Sov'raign Princes us'd,
Were the King's Office, but the King refus'd.
Deaf to their Cries, nor wou'd the Gates unbar
Of ſacred Peace, or looſe th' impriſon'd War:
But hid his Head, and, ſafe from loud Alarms,
Abhor'd the wicked Miniſtry of Arms.
Then Heav'ns Imperious Queen ſhot down from high;
At her Approach the Brazen Hinges fly,
The Gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling Bar,
And like a Tempeſt iſſues out the War.

The peaceful Cities of th' *Auſonian* Shore,
Lull'd in their Eaſe, and undiſturb'd before;
Are all on Fire, and ſome with ſtudious Care,
Their reſtiff Steeds in ſandy Plains prepare:
Some their ſoft Limbs in painful Marches try,
And War is all their Wiſh, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.
Part ſcour the ruſty Shields with Seam, and part
New grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart:
With Joy they view the waving Enſigns fly,
And hear the Trumpet's Clangor pierce the Sky.
Five Cities forge their Arms: th *Atinian* Pow'rs,
Antemnæ, *Tyber* with her lofty Tow'rs,
Ardea the proud, the *Cruſtumerian* Town:
All theſe of old were places of Renown.
Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field,
Some twine young Sallows to ſupport the Shield;
The Croſlet ſome, and ſome the Cuiſhes mould,
With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold.
The ruſtick Honours of the Scythe and Share,
Give place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War.
Old Fauchions are new temper'd in the Fires:
The ſounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inſpires.
The word is giv'n, with eager Speed they lace
The ſhining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.
The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,
The truſty Weapon ſits on ev'ry ſide.
And now the mighty Labour is begun,
Ye Muſes open all your *Helicon*.
Sing you the Chiefs that ſway'd th' *Auſonian* Land,
Their Arms, and Armies under their Gommand:
What Warriours in our ancient Clime were bred,
What Souldiers follow'd, and what Heroes led.
For well you know, and can record alone,
What Fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mezentius

Mezentius firſt appear'd upon the Plain,
Scorn ſate upon his Brows, and ſoure Diſdain;
Defying Earth and Heav'n: *Etruria* loſt,
He brings to *Turnus*'s Aid his baffled Hoſt.
The charming *Lauſus*, full of youthful Fire,
Rode in the Rank, and next his ſullen Sire:
To *Turnus* only ſecond in the Grace
Of Manly Meen, and features of the Face.
A skilful Horſeman, and a Huntſman bred,
With Fates averſe a thouſand Men he led:
His Sire unworthy of ſo brave a Son;
Himſelf well worthy of a happier Throne.
Next *Aventinus* drives his Chariot round
The *Latian* Plains, with Palms and Lawrels crown'd.
Proud of his Steeds he ſmoaks along the Field,
His Father's *Hydra* fills the ample Shield.
A hundred Serpents hiſs about the Brims;
The Sun of *Hercules* he juſtly ſeems,
By his broad Shoulders and Gigantick Limbs.
Of Heav'nly part, and part of Earthly Blood,
A mortal Woman mixing with a God.
For ſtrong *Alcides*, after he had ſlain
The triple *Geryon*, drove from conquer'd *Spain*
His captive Herds, and thence in Triumph led;
On *Tuſcan Tyber*'s flow'ry Banks they fed.
Then on Mount *Aventine*, the Son of *Jove*
The Prieſteſs *Rhea* found, and forc'd to Love.
For Arms his Men long Piles and Jav'lins bore,
And Poles with pointed Steel their Foes in Battel gore.
Like *Hercules* himſelf, his Son appears,
In Salvage Pomp: a Lyon's Hide he wears;
About his Shoulders hangs the ſhaggy Skin,
The Teeth, and gaping Jaws ſeverely grin.

Thus like the God his Father, homely dreſt,
He ſtrides into the Hall, a horrid Gueſt.
Then two Twin-Brothers from fair *Tybur* came,
(Which from their Brother *Tybers* took the Name,)
Fierce *Coras*, and *Catillus*, void of Fear,
Arm'd *Argive* Horſe they led, and in the Front appear.
Like Cloud-born *Centaurs*, from the Mountain's height,
With rapid Courſe deſcending to the Fight;
They ruſh along, the ratling Woods give way,
The Branches bend before their ſweepy Sway.
Nor was *Præneſte*'s Founder wanting there,
Whom Fame reports the Son of *Mulciber*:
Found in the Fire, and foſter'd in the Plains;
A Shepherd and a King at once he reigns,
And leads to *Turnus* Aid his Country Swains.
His own *Præneſte* ſends a choſen Band,
With thoſe who plough *Saturnia*'s *Gabine* Land:
Beſides the Succour which cold *Anien* yields,
The Rocks of *Hernicus*, and dewy Fields;
Anagnia fat, and Father *Amaſene*,
A num'rous Rout, but all of naked Men:
Nor Arms they wear, nor Swords and Bucklers wield,
Nor drive the Chariot thro' the duſty Field:
But whirle from Leathern Slings huge Balls of Lead;
And Spoils of yellow Wolves adorn their Head:
The Left Foot naked, when they march to fight,
But in a Bull's raw Hide they ſheath the Right.
Meſſapus next, (great *Neptune* was his Sire)
Secure of Steel, and fated from the Fire;
In Pomp appears: And with his Ardour warms
A heartleſs Train, unexercis'd in Arms:
The juſt *Faliſcans* he to Battel brings,
And thoſe who live where Lake *Ciminia* ſprings;

And where *Feronia*'s Grove and Temple ſtands,
Who till *Feſcennian* or *Flavinian* Lands:
All theſe in order march, and marching ſing
The warlike Actions of their Sea-born King.
Like a long Team of Snowy Swans on high,
Which clap their Wings, and cleave the liquid Sky,
When homeward from their wat'ry Paſtures born,
They ſing, and *Aſia*'s Lakes their Notes return.
Not one who heard their Muſick from afar,
Wou'd think theſe Troops an Army train'd to War:
But Flocks of Fowl, that when the Tempeſts roar,
With their hoarſe gabling ſeek the ſilent Shoar.
Then *Clauſus* came, who led a num'rous Band
Of Troops embody'd, from the *Sabine* Land:
And in himſelf alone, an Army brought,
'Twas he the noble *Claudian* Race begot:
The *Claudian* Race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To ſhare the Greatneſs of Imperial *Rome*.
He led the *Cures* forth of old Renown,
Mutuſcans from their Olive-bearing Town;
And all th' *Eretian* Pow'rs: Beſides a Band
That follow'd from *Velinum*'s dewy Land:
And *Amiternian* Troops, of mighty Fame,
And Mountaineers, that from *Severus* came.
And from the craggy Cliffs of *Tetrica*,
And thoſe where yellow *Tyber* takes his way,
And where *Himella*'s wanton Waters play.
Caſperia ſends her Arms, with thoſe that lye
By *Fabaris*, and fruitful *Foruli*:
The warlike Aids of *Horta* next appear,
And the cold *Nurſians* come to cloſe the Reer:
Mix'd with the Natives born of *Latine* Blood,
Whom *Allia* waſhes with her fatal Flood.

Not

Not thicker Billows beat the *Lybian* Main,
When pale *Orion* ſets in wint'ry Rain;
Not thicker Harveſts on rich *Hermus* riſe,
Or *Lycian* Fields, when *Phœbus* burns the Skies;
Than ſtand theſe Troops: Their Bucklers ring around,
Their Trampling turns the Turf, and ſhakes the ſolid Ground.
High in his Chariot then *Haleſus* came,
A Foe by Birth to *Troy*'s unhappy Name:
From *Agamemnon* born; to *Turnus* Aid,
A thouſand Men the youthful Heroe led;
Who till the *Maſſick* Soil, for Wine renown'd,
And fierce *Auruncans* from their Hilly Ground:
And thoſe who live by *Sidicinian* Shores,
And where, with ſhoaly Foords *Vulturnus* roars;
Cales and *Oſca*'s old Inhabitants,
And rough *Saticulans* inur'd to Wants:
Light demi-Launces from afar they throw,
Faſten'd with Leathern Thongs to gaul the Foe.
Short crooked Swords in cloſer Fight they wear,
And on their warding Arm light Bucklers bear.
Nor *Oebalus*, ſhalt thou be left unſung,
From Nymph *Semethis* and old *Telon* ſprung:
Who then in *Teleboan Capri* reign'd,
But that ſhort Iſle th' ambitious Youth diſdain'd;
And o're *Campania* ſtretch'd his ample Sway;
Where ſwelling *Sarnus* ſeeks the *Tyrrhene* Sea:
O're *Batulum*, and where *Abella* ſees,
From her high Tow'rs, the Harveſt of her Trees.
And theſe (as was the *Teuton* uſe of old)
Wield Brazen Swords, and Brazen Bucklers hold:
Sling weighty Stones when from afar they fight;
Their Caſques are Cork, a Covering thick and light.
Next theſe in Rank, the warlike *Uſens* went,
And led the Mountain Troops that *Nurſia* ſent.

The

The rude *Equicolæ* his Rule obey'd,
Hunting their Sport, and Plund'ring was their Trade.
In Arms they plough'd, to Battel ſtill prepar'd;
Their Soil was barren, and their Hearts were hard.
Umbro the Prieſt the proud *Marrubians* led,
By King *Archippus* ſent to *Turnus* aid;
And peaceful Olives crown'd his hoary head.
His Wand and holy Words, the Viper's rage,
And venom'd wound of Serpents, cou'd aſſwage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful Juice to ſteep
Their Temples, ſhut their Eyes in pleaſing Sleep.
But vain were *Marſian* Herbs, and Magick Art,
To cure the Wound giv'n by the *Dardan* Dart.
Yet his untimely Fate, th' *Angitian* Woods
In ſighs remurmur'd, to the *Fucine* Floods.
The Son of fam'd *Hippolitus* was there;
Fam'd as his Sire, and as his Mother fair.
Whom in *Egerian* Groves *Aricia* bore,
And nurs'd his Youth along the Marſhy Shore:
Where great *Diana*'s peaceful Altar flame,
In fruitful Fields, and *Virbius* was his Name.
Hippolitus, as old Records have ſaid,
Was by his Stepdam ſought to ſhare her Bed:
But when no Female Arts his Mind cou'd move,
She turn'd to furious Hate her impious Love.
Torn by Wild Horſes on the ſandy Shore,
Another's Crimes th' unhappy Hunter bore;
Glutting his Father's Eyes with guiltleſs gore.
But chaſt *Diana*, who his death deplor'd,
With *Æſculapian* Herbs his life reſtor'd.
Then *Jove* who ſaw from high, with juſt diſdain,
The dead inſpir'd with Vital Breath again,
Struck to the Center with his flaming Dart
Th' unhappy Founder of the Godlike Art.

But *Trivia* kept in ſecret Shades alone,
Her care, *Hippolitus*, to Fate unknown;
And call'd him *Virbius* in th' *Egerian* Grove:
Where then he liv'd obſcure, but ſafe from *Jove*.
For this, from *Trivia*'s Temple and her Wood,
Are Courſers driv'n, who ſhed their Maſter's Blood;
Affrighted by the Monſters of the Flood.
His Son, the Second *Virbius*, yet retain'd
His Father's Art, and Warrior Steeds he rein'd.
Amid the Troops, and like the leading God,
High o're the reſt in Arms the Graceful *Turnus* rode:
A triple Pile of Plumes his Creſt adorn'd,
On which with belching Flames *Chimæra* burn'd:
The more the kindled Combat, riſes high'r,
The more with fury burns the blazing Fire.
Fair *Io* grac'd his Shield, but *Io* now
With Horns exalted ſtands, and ſeems to lowe:
(A noble charge) her Keeper by her ſide,
To watch her Walks his hundred Eyes apply'd.
And on the Brims her Sire, the wat'ry God,
Rowl'd from a Silver Urn his Cryſtal Flood.
A Cloud of Foot ſucceeds, and fills the Fields
With Swords and pointed Spears, and clatt'ring Shields;
Of *Argives*, and of old *Sicanian* Bands,
And thoſe who Plow the rich *Sutulian* Lands;
Auruncan Youth and thoſe *Sacrana* yields,
And the proud *Labicans* with painted Shields.
And thoſe who near *Numician* Streams reſide,
And thoſe whom *Tyber*'s holy Foreſts hide;
Or *Circes* Hills from the main Land divide.
Where *Ufens* glides along the lowly Lands,
Or the black Water of *Pomptina* ſtands.
Laſt from the *Volſcians* fair *Camilla* came;
And led her warlike Troops, a Warriour Dame:

Unbred

E. 7. b. 1675. P. Clerne. inv. W. Hollar

To Charles Fox of ye Parish of
S.t Martins in ye Fields Esq.r

Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd,
She choſe the nobler *Pallas* of the Field.
Mix'd with the firſt, the fierce *Virago* fought,
Suſtain'd the Toils of Arms, the Danger ſought:
Outſtrip'd the Winds in ſpeed upon the Plain,
Flew o're the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain:
She ſwept the Seas, and as ſhe skim'd along,
Her flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung.
Men, Boys, and Women ſtupid with Surpriſe,
Where e're ſhe paſſes, fix their wond'ring Eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at the Sight,
Devour her o're and o're with vaſt Delight.
Her Purple Habit ſits with ſuch a Grace
On her ſmooth Shoulders, and ſo ſuits her Face:
Her Head with Ringlets of her Hair is crown'd,
And in a Golden Caul the Curls are bound.
She ſhakes her Myrtle Jav'lin: And, behind,
Her *Lycian* Quiver dances in the Wind.

The Eighth Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

The War being now begun, both the Generals make all poſſible Preparations. Turnus *ſends to* Diomedes. Æneas *goes in Perſon to beg Succours from* Evander *and the* Tuſcans. Evander *receives him kindly, furniſhes him with Men, and ſends his Son* Pallas *with him.* Vulcan, *at the Requeſt of* Venus, *makes Arms for her Son* Æneas, *and draws on his Shield the moſt memorable Actions of his Poſterity.*

WHen *Turnus* had aſſembled all his Pow'rs;
His Standard planted on *Laurentum*'s Tow'rs;
When now the ſprightly Trumpet, from afar,
Had giv'n the Signal of approaching War,
Had rouz'd the neighing Steeds to ſcour the Fields,
While the fierce Riders clatter'd on their Shields,
Trembling with Rage, the *Latian* Youth prepare
To join th' Allies, and headlong ruſh to War.
Fierce *Uſens*, and *Meſſapus*, led the Crowd;
With bold *Mezentius*, who blaſphem'd aloud.
Theſe, thro' the Country took their waſteful Courſe;
The Fields to forage, and to gather Force.
Then *Venulus* to *Diomede* they ſend,
To beg his Aid *Auſonia* to defend:
Declare the common Danger; and inform
The *Grecian* Leader of the growing Storm:
Æneas landed on the *Latian* Coaſt,
With baniſh'd Gods, and with a baffled Hoaſt;
Yet now aſpir'd to Conqueſt of the State;
And claim'd a Title from the Gods and Fate.
What num'rous Nations in his Quarrel came,
And how they ſpread his formidable Name:

What

To y^e Right Hon.^ble Tho Earle of Ailesbury &
Jo^n Viscount Bruce of Ampthill Baron Bruce
of Whorleton Shelton and Kinloss &^c.

What he deſign'd, what Miſchief might ariſe,
If fortune favour'd his firſt Enterpriſe,
Was left for him to weigh: whoſe equal Fears,
And common Intereſt was involv'd in theirs.
While *Turnus* and th' Allies thus urge the War,
The *Trojan* floating in a Flood of Care,
Beholds the Tempeſt which his Foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious Mind;
Thinks, and rejects the Counſels he deſign'd.
Explores himſelf in vain in ev'ry part,
And gives no reſt to his diſtracted Heart.
So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,
Strike, on the poliſh'd Braſs their trembling Light,
The glitt'ring Species here and there divide;
And caſt their dubious Beams from ſide to ſide:
Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,
And to the Cieling flaſh the glaring Day.
'Twas Night: And weary Nature lul'd aſleep
The Birds of Air, and Fiſhes of the Deep;
And Beaſts, and Mortal Men: The *Trojan* Chief
Was laid on *Tyber*'s Banks, oppreſs'd with Grief,
And found in ſilent Slumber late Relief.
Then, thro' the Shadows of Poplar Wood,
Aroſe the Father of the *Roman* Flood;
An Azure Robe was o're his Body ſpread,
A Wreath of ſhady Reeds adorn'd his Head:
Thus, manifeſt to Sight, the God appear'd,
And with theſe pleaſing Words his Sorrow chear'd.
Undoubted Off-ſpring of Etherial Race,
O long expected in this promis'd Place,
Who, thro' the Foes, haſt born thy baniſh'd Gods,
Reſtor'd them to their Hearths, and old Abodes;
This is thy happy Home! The Clime where Fate
Ordains thee to reſtore the *Trojan* State.

Fear not, the War ſhall end in laſting Peace;
And all the Rage of haughty *Juno* ceaſe.
  And that this nightly Viſion may not ſeem
Th' Effect of Fancy, or an idle Dream,
A Sow beneath an Oak ſhall lye along;
All white her ſelf, and white her thirty Young.
When thirty rowling Years have run their Race,
Thy Son, *Aſcanius*, on this empty Space,
Shall build a Royal Town, of laſting Fame;
Which from this Omen ſhall receive the Name.
Time ſhall approve the Truth: For what remains,
And how with ſure Succeſs to crown thy Pains,
With Patience next attend. A baniſh'd Band,
Driv'n with *Evander* from th' *Arcadian* Land,
Have planted here: and plac'd on high their Walls;
Their Town the Founder, *Palanteum* calls:
Deriv'd from *Pallas*, his great Grandſire's Name:
But the fierce *Latians* old Poſſeſſion claim:
With War infeſting the new Colony;
Theſe make thy Friends, and on their Aid rely.
To thy free Paſſage I ſubmit my Streams:
Wake Son of *Venus* from thy pleaſing Dreams;
And, when the ſetting Stars are loſt in Day,
To *Juno*'s Pow'r thy juſt Devotion pay.
With Sacrifice the wrathful Queen appeaſe;
Her Pride at length ſhall fall, her Fury ceaſe;
When thou return'ſt victorious from the War,
Perform thy Vows to me with grateful Care.
The God am I, whoſe yellow Water flows
Around theſe Fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tyber my Name: among the rowling Floods,
Renown'd on Earth, eſteem'd among the Gods.
This is my certain Seat: In Times to come,
My Waves ſhall waſh the Walls of mighty *Rome*.

He

He ſaid; and plung'd below, while yet he ſpoke:
His Dream *Æneas* and his Sleep forſook:
He roſe, and looking up, beheld the Skies
With Purple bluſhing, and the Day ariſe.
Then, Water in his hollow Palm he took,
From *Tyber*'s Flood; and thus the Pow'rs beſpoke.
Laurentian Nymphs, by whom the Streams are fed,
And Father *Tyber*, in thy ſacred Bed
Receive *Æneas*; and from Danger keep.
Whatever Fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy wat'ry Stories; where e're they riſe,
And, bubling from below, ſalute the Skies:
Thou King of horned Floods, whoſe plenteous Urn
Suffices Fatneſs to the fruitful Corn,
For this thy kind Compaſſion of our Woes,
Shalt ſhare my Morning Song, and Ev'ning Vows.
But, oh! be preſent to thy Peoples Aid;
And firm the gracious promiſe thou haſt made.
Thus having ſaid, two Gallies, from his Stores,
With Care he chuſes; Mans, and fits with Oars.
Now on the Shore the fatal Swine is found:
Wond'rous to tell; ſhe lay along the Ground:
Her well fed Offspring at her Udders hung;
She white her ſelf, and white her thirty young;
Æneas takes the Mother, and her Brood,
And all on *Juno*'s Altar are beſtow'd.
The foll'wing Night, and the ſucceeding Day,
Propitious *Tyber* ſmooth'd his wat'ry Way:
He rowl'd his River back; and pois'd he ſtood;
A gentle Swelling, and a peaceful Flood.
The *Trojans* mount their Ships; they put from Shore,
Born on the Waves, and ſcarcely dip an Oar.
Shouts from the Land give Omen to their Courſe;
And the pitch'd Veſſells glide with eaſie Force.

The

The Woods and Waters, wonder at the Gleam
Of Shields, and painted Ships, that ſtem the Stream.
One Summer's Night, and one whole Day they paſs,
Betwixt the green-wood Shades; and cut the liquid Glaſs.
The fiery Sun had finiſh'd half his Race;
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle Space:
When they from far beheld the riſing Tow'rs,
The Tops of Sheds, and Shepherds lowly Bow'rs:
Thin as they ſtood, which, then of homely Clay,
Now riſe in Marble, from the *Roman* Sway.
Theſe Cots, (*Evanders* Kingdom, mean and poor)
The *Trojan* ſaw, and turn'd his Ships to Shore.
'Twas on a ſolemn Day: Th' *Arcadian* States,
The King and Prince without the City Gates,
Then paid their Off'rings in a ſacred Grove,
To *Hercules*, the Warrior Son of *Jove*.
Thick Clowds of rowling Smoke involve the Sky's;
And Fat of Entrails on his Altar fry's.
But when they ſaw the Ships that ſtemm'd the Flood,
And glitrer'd thro' the Covert of the Wood,
They roſe with Fear; and left th' unfiniſh'd Feaſt:
'Till dauntleſs *Pallas* reaſſur'd the reſt,
To pay the Rites. Himſelf without delay
A Jav'lin ſeiz'd, and ſignally took his Way.
Then gain'd a riſing Ground; and call'd from far.
Reſolve me, Strangers, whence, and what you are;
Your Buis'neſs here; and bring you Peace or War?
High on the Stern, *Æneas* took his Stand,
And held a Branch of Olive in his Hand;
While thus he ſpoke. The *Phrygians* Arms you ſee;
Expell'd from *Troy*, provok'd in *Italy*
By *Latian* Foes, with War unjuſtly made:
At firſt affianc'd, and at laſt betray'd.

Bear

This Meſſage bear: The *Trojans* and their Chief
Bring holy Peace; and beg the King's Relief.
Struck with ſo great a Name, and all on fire,
The Youth Replies, Whatever you require,
Your Fame exacts: Upon our Shores deſcend,
A welcome Gueſt, and what you wiſh, a Friend.
He ſaid; and downward haſting to the Strand,
Embrac'd the Stranger Prince, and join'd his Hand.
Conducted to the Grove, *Æneas* broke
The ſilence firſt, and thus the King beſpoke.
Beſt of the *Greeks*, to whom, by Fates Command,
I bear theſe peaceful Branches in my hand;
Undaunted I approach you; though I know
Your Birth is *Grecian*, and your Land my Foe:
From *Atreus* tho' your ancient Lineage came;
And both the Brother Kings your Kindred claim:
Yet, my ſelf-conſcious Worth, your high Renown,
Your Vertue, through the Neighb'ring Nations blown,
Our Fathers mingl'd Blood, *Appollo's* Voice,
Have led me hither, leſs by Need than Choice.
Our Founder *Dardanus*, as Fame has ſung,
And *Greeks* acknowledge, from *Electra* ſprung:
Electra from the Loins of *Atlas* came;
Atlas whoſe Head ſuſtains the Starry Frame.
Your Sire is *Mercury*; whom long before
On cold *Cyllene*'s top fair *Maja* bore.
Maja the fair, on Fame if we rely,
Was *Atlas* Daughter, who ſuſtains the Sky.
Thus from one common Source our Streams divide:
Ours is the *Trojan*, yours th' *Arcadian* ſide.
Rais'd by theſe Hopes, I ſent no News before:
Nor ask'd you leave, nor did your Faith implore;
But come, without a Pledg, my own Ambaſſador.

The ſame *Rutulians*, who with Arms purſue
The *Trojan* Race, are equal Foes to you.
Our Hoſt expell'd, what farther Force can ſtay
The Victor Troops from Univerſal Sway?
Then will they ſtretch their Pow'r athwart the Land;
And either Sea from ſide to ſide command.
Receive our offer'd Faith: and give us thine;
Ours is a gen'rous, and experienc'd Line:
We want not Hearts, nor Bodies for the War;
In Council cautious, and in Fields we dare.
He ſaid; and while he ſpoke, with piercing Eyes,
Evander view'd the Man with vaſt ſurprize.
Pleas'd with his Action, raviſh'd with his Face,
Then anſwer'd briefly, with a Royal grace.
O Valiant Leader of the *Trojan* Line,
In whom the Features of thy Father ſhine;
How I recall *Anchiſes*, how I ſee
His Motions, Meen, and all my Friend in thee!
Long tho it be, 'tis freſh within my Mind,
When *Priam*, to his Siſter's Court deſign'd
A welcome Viſit, with a friendly ſtay;
And, through th' *Arcadian* Kingdom took his way.
Then, paſt a Boy, the callow Down began
To ſhade my Chin, and call me firſt a Man.
I ſaw the ſhining Train, with vaſt delight,
And *Priam*'s goodly Perſon pleas'd my ſight:
But great *Anchiſes*, far above the reſt,
With awful Wonder fir'd my Youthful Breaſt.
I long'd to join, in Friendſhip's holy Bands,
Our mutual Hearts, and plight our mutual Hands.
I firſt accoſted him: I ſu'd, I ſought,
And, with a loving force, to *Pheneus* brought.
He gave me, when at length conſtrain'd to go,
A *Lycian* Quiver, and a *Gnoſſian* Bow:

A Veſt embroyder'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich Bridles, with their Bits of Gold,
Which my Son's Courſers in obedience hold.
The League you ask I offer, as your Right:
And when to Morrow's Sun reveals the Light,
With ſwift Supplies you ſhall be ſent away:
Now celebrate, with us, this ſolemn Day:
Whoſe Holy Rites admit no long Delay.
Honour our Annual Feaſt; and take your Seat
With friendly Welcome, at a homely Treat.
Thus having ſaid, the Bowls (remov'd for Fear)
The Youths replac'd; and ſoon reſtor'd the Chear.
On ſods of Turf he ſet the Souldiers round;
A Maple Throne, rais'd higher from the Ground,
Receiv'd the *Trojan* Chief: And o're the Bed,
A Lyon's ſhaggy Hide for Ornament they ſpread.
The Loaves were ſerv'd in Caniſters; the Wine
In Bowls, the Prieſt renew'd the Rites Divine:
Broil'd Entrails are their Food; and Beefs continu'd Chine.
But, when the Rage of Hunger was repreſs'd,
Thus ſpoke *Evander* to his Royal Gueſt.
Theſe Rites, theſe Altars, and this Feaſt, O King,
From no vain Fears, or Superſtition ſpring:
Or blind Devotion, or from blinder Chance;
Or heady Zeal, or brutal Ignorance:
But, ſav'd from Danger, with a grateful Sence,
The Labours of a God we recompence.
See, from afar, yon Rock that mates the Sky;
About whoſe Feet ſuch heaps of Rubbiſh lye:
Such indigeſted Ruin; bleak and bare,
How deſart now it ſtands, expos'd in Air!
'Twas once a Robber's Den; inclos'd around
With living Stone, and deep beneath the Ground.

The Monſter *Cacus*, more than half a Beaſt,
This, Hold impervious to the Sun, poſſeſs'd.
The Pavement ever foul with humane Gore;
Heads, and their mangled Members, hung the Door.
Vulcan this Plague begot: And, like his Sire,
Black Clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid Fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our Load:
And brought the needful preſence of a God.
Th' avenging force of *Hercules*, from *Spain*,
Arriv'd in Triumph, from *Geryon* ſlain;
Thrice liv'd in Gyant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His Prize, the lowing Heards, *Alcides* drove
Near *Tyber*'s Bank, to graze the ſhady Grove.
Allur'd with Hope of Plunder, and intent
By Force to rob, by Fraud to circumvent;
The brutal *Cacus*, as by Chance they ſtray'd,
Four Oxen thence, and four fair Kine convey'd.
And, leſt the printed Footſteps might be ſeen,
He drag'd 'em backwards to his rocky Den.
The Tracks averſe, a lying Notice gave;
And led the Searcher backward from the Cave.
Mean time the Herdſman Heroe ſhifts his place:
To find freſh Paſture, and untrodden Graſs.
The Beaſts, who miſs'd their Mates, fill'd all around
With Bellowings, and the Rocks reſtor'd the Sound.
One Heifar who had heard her Love complain,
Roar'd from the Cave; and made the Project vain.
Alcides found the Fraud: With Rage he ſhook,
And toſs'd about his Head his knotted Oak.
Swift as the Winds, or *Scythian* Arrows flight,
He clomb, with eager haſte, th' Aerial height.
Then firſt we ſaw the Monſter mend his Pace:
Fear in his Eyes, and Paleneſs in his Face,

Confeſs'd

Confeſs'd the Gods approach: Trembling he ſprings,
As Terror had increas'd his Feet with Wings:
Nor ſtay'd for Stairs; but down the Depth he threw
His Body; on his Back the Door he drew.
The Door, a Rib of living Rock; with Pains
His Father hew'd it out, and bound with Iron Chains.
He broke the heavy Lincks; the Mountain clos'd;
And Bars and Leavers to his Foe oppos'd.
The Wretch had hardly made his Dungeon faſt;
The fierce Avenger came with bounding haſte:
Survey'd the Mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging Eyes he rowl'd.
He gnaſh'd his Teeth; and thrice he compaſs'd round
With winged ſpeed the Circuit of the Ground.
Thrice at the Cavern's Mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice deſiſted from his Pain.
A pointed flinty Rock, all bare, and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the Mountains Back:
Owls, Ravens, all ill Omens of the Night,
Here built their Neſts, and hither wing'd their Flight.
The leaning Head hung threat'ning o're the Flood:
And nodded to the left: The Heroe ſtood
Averſe, with planted Feet, and from the right,
Tugg'd at the ſolid Stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd Foundations of the Rock
Gave way: Heav'n echo'd at the rattling Shock.
Tumbling it choak'd the Flood: On either ſide
The Banks leap backward; and the Streams divide.
The Sky ſhrunk upward with unuſual Dread:
And trembling *Tyber* div'd beneath his Bed.
The Court of *Cacus* ſtands reveal'd to ſight;
The Cavern glares with new admitted Light.
So the pent Vapours with a rumbling Sound
Heave from below; and rend the hollow Ground:

A ſounding Flaw ſucceeds: And from on high,
The Gods, with Hate beheld the neather Sky:
The Ghoſts repine at violated Night;
And curſe th' invading Sun; and ſicken at the ſight.
The graceleſs Monſter caught in open Day,
Inclos'd, and in Deſpair to fly away;
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow Palace, with unmanly Yells.
The Heroe ſtands above; and from afar
Plies him with Darts, aud Stones, and diſtant War.
He, from his Noſtrils, and huge Mouth, expires
Black Clouds of Smoke, amidſt his Father's Fires.
Gath'ring, with each repeated Blaſt, the Night:
To make uncertain Aim, and erring Sight.
The wrathful God, then plunges from above,
And where in thickeſt Waves the Sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades thro' Fumes; and gropes his Way;
Half ſing'd, half ſtifled, till he graſps his Prey.
The Monſter, ſpewing fruitleſs Flames, he found;
He ſqueez'd his Throat, he writh'd his Neck around.
And in a Knot his cripled Members bound.
Then, from their Sockets, tore his burning Eyes;
Rowld on a heap the breathleſs Robber lyes.
The Doors, unbarr'd, receive the ruſhing Day;
And through Lights diſcloſe the raviſh'd Prey.
The Bulls redeem'd, breathe open Air agen;
Next, by the Feet, they drag him from his Den.
The wand'ring Neighbourhood, with glad ſurprize,
Beheld his ſhagged Breaſt, his Gyant Size:
His Mouth that flames no more, and his extinguiſh'd Eyes.
From that auſpicious Day, with Rites Divine,
We worſhip at the Hero's Holy Shrine.
Potitius firſt ordain'd theſe annual Vows,
As Prieſts, were added the *Pinarian* Houſe:

Who

Who rais'd this Altar in the Sacred Shade;
Where Honours, ever due, for ever ſhall be paid.
For theſe Deſerts, and this high Virtue ſhown,
Ye warlike Youths, your Heads with Garlands crown.
Fill high the Goblets with a ſparkling Flood:
And with deep Draughts invoke our common God.
This ſaid, a double Wreath *Evander* twin'd:
And Poplars black and white his Temples bind.
Then Brims his ample Bowl: With like Deſign
The reſt invoke the Gods, with ſprinkled Wine.
Mean time the Sun deſcended from the Skies;
And the bright Evening-Star began to riſe.
And now the Prieſts, *Potitius* at their Head,
In Skins of Beaſts involv'd, the long Proceſſion led:
Held high the flaming Tapers in their Hands;
As Cuſtom had preſcrib'd their holy Bands:
Then with a ſecond Courſe the Tables load:
And with full Chargers offer to the God.
The *Salij* ſing; and cenſe his Altars round
With *Saban* Smoke, their Heads with Poplar bound.
One Choir of old, another of the young;
To dance, and bear the Burthen of the Song.
The Lay records the Labours, and the Praiſe,
And all th' Immortal Acts of *Hercules*.
Firſt, how the mighty Babe, when ſwath'd in Bands,
The Serpents ſtrangled, with Infant Hands.
Then, as in Years, and matchleſs Force he grew,
Th' *Oechalian* Walls, and *Trojan* overthrew.
Beſides a thouſand Hazards they relate,
Procur'd by *Juno*'s, and *Euriſtheus*'s Hate.
Thy Hands, unconquer'd Heroe, cou'd ſubdue
The Cloud-born *Centaurs*; and the Monſter Crew.
Nor thy reſiſtleſs Arm the Bull withſtood:
Nor He the roaring Terror of the Wood.

The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Seat,
With lolling Tongue, lay fawning at thy Feet:
And, seiz'd with Fear, forgot his mangled Meat.
Th' Infernal Waters trembled at thy Sight;
Thee, God, no face of Danger cou'd Affright;
Not huge *Typhœus*, nor th' unnumber'd Snake,
Increas'd with hissing Heads, in *Lerna*'s Lake.
Hail *Jove*'s undoubted Son! An added Grace
To Heav'n, and the great Author of thy Race.
Receive the grateful Offrings, which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn Day.
In Numbers, thus, they sung: Above the rest,
The Den, and Death of *Cacus* crown the Feast.
The Woods to hollow Vales convey the Sound;
The Vales to Hills, and Hills the Notes rebound.
The Rites perform'd, the chearful Train retire.
Betwixt young *Pallas*, and his aged Sire
The *Trojan* pass'd, the City to survey;
And pleasing Talk beguil'd the tedious Way.
The Stranger cast around his curious Eyes;
New Objects viewing still, with new Surprise.
With greedy Joys enquires of various Things;
And Acts and Monuments of Ancient Kings.
Then thus the Founder of the *Roman* Tow'rs:
These Woods were first the Seat of *Silvan* Pow'rs,
Of Nymphs, and Fauns, and salvage Men, who took
Their Birth from Trunks of Trees, and stubborn Oak.
Nor Laws they knew, nor Manners, nor the Care
Of lab'ring Oxen, or the shining Share:
Nor Arts of Gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
Their Exercise the Chase: the running Flood
Supply'd their Thirst; the Trees supply'd their Food.
Then *Saturn* came, who fled the Pow'r of *Jove*,
Robb'd of his Realms, and banish'd from above.

The

To the Hon.ble Robert Bruce Second son to Robert late Earle of Ailesbury

The Men, diſpers'd on Hills, to Towns he brought;
And Laws ordain'd, and Civil Cuſtoms taught:
And *Latium* call'd the Land where ſafe he lay,
From his Unduteous Son, and his Uſurping Sway.
With his mild Empire, Peace and Plenty came:
And hence the Golden Times deriv'd their name.
A more degenerate, and diſcolour'd Age,
Succeeded this, with Avarice and Rage.
Th' *Auſonians*, then, and bold *Sicanians* came;
And *Saturn*'s Empire often chang'd the name.
Then Kings, Gygantick *Tybris*, and the reſt,
With Arbitrary Sway the Land oppreſs'd.
For *Tybers* flood was *Albula* before:
Till, from the Tyrants Fate, his name it bore.
I laſt arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
By Fortune's Pow'r, and Fate's reſiſtleſs Doom.
Long toſs'd on Seas I ſought this happy Land:
Warn'd by my Mother Nymph, and call'd by Heav'ns Command.
Thus, walking on, he ſpoke: and ſhew'd the Gate,
Since call'd *Carmetal* by the *Roman* State;
Where ſtood an Altar, Sacred to the Name
Of old *Carmenta*, the Prophetick Dame:
Who to her Son foretold th' *Ænean* Race,
Sublime in Fame, and *Rome*'s Imperial Place.
Then ſhews the Foreſt, which in after times,
Fierce *Romulus*, for perpetrated Crimes,
A Sacred Refuge made: with this, the Shrine
Where *Pan* below the Rock had Rites Divine.
Then tells of *Argus* death, his murder'd Gueſt,
Whoſe Grave, and Tomb, his Innocence atteſt.
Thence, to the ſteep *Tarpeian* Rock he leads;
Now Roof'd with Gold; then thatch'd with homely Reeds.
A Reverent fear (ſuch Superſtition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then poſſeſs'd the Swains.

Some

Some God they knew, what God they cou'd not tell,
Did there amidſt the ſacred horrour dwell.
Th' *Arcadians* thought him *Jove*; and ſaid they ſaw
The mighty Thund'rer with Majeſtick awe;
Who ſhook his Shield, and dealt his Bolts around;
And ſcatter'd tempeſts on the teeming Ground.
Then ſaw two heaps of Ruins; once they ſtood
Two ſtately Towns, on either ſide the Flood.
Saturnia's and *Janicula*'s Remains:
And, either place, the Founder's Name retains.
Diſcourſing thus together, they reſort
Where poor *Evander* kept his Country Court.
They view'd the ground of *Rome*'s litigious Hall;
Once Oxen low'd, where now the Lawyers bawl.
Then, ſtooping, through the Narrow Gate they preſs'd,
When thus the King beſpoke his *Trojan* Gueſt.
Mean as it is, this Palace, and this Door,
Receiv'd *Alcides*, then a Conquerour.
Dare to be poor: accept our homely Food
Which feaſted him; and emulate a God.
Then, underneath a lowly Roof, he led
The weary Prince; and laid him on a Bed:
The ſtuffing Leaves, with Hides of Bears o'reſpread.
Now Night had ſhed her ſilver Dews around,
And with her ſable Wings embrac'd the Ground,
When Love's fair Goddeſs, anxious for her Son,
(New Tumults riſing, and new Wars begun)
Couch'd with her Husband, in his Golden Bed,
With theſe alluring Words invokes his aid.
And, that her pleaſing Speech his Mind may move,
Inſpires each accent with the Charms of Love.
While Cruel Fate conſpir'd with *Grecian* Pow'rs,
To level with the Ground the *Trojan* Tow'rs;

I ask'd not Aid th' unhappy to reſtore:
Nor did the Succour of thy Skill implore.
Nor urg'd the Labours of my Lord in vain;
A ſinking Empire longer to ſuſtain.
Tho' much I ow'd to *Priam*'s Houſe; and more
The Dangers of *Æneas* did deplore.
But now by *Jove*'s Command, and Fates Decree,
His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*;
With humble Suit I beg thy needful Art,
O ſtill propitious Pow'r, that rules my Heart!
A Mother kneels a ſuppliant for her Son.
By *Thetis* and *Aurora* thou wert won
To forge impenetrable Shields; and grace,
With fated Arms, a leſs illuſtrious Race.
Behold, what haughty Nations are combin'd
Againſt the Relicks of the *Phrygian* Kind;
With Fire and Sword my People to deſtroy;
And conquer *Venus* twice, in conqu'ring *Troy*.
She ſad; and ſtrait her Arms, of ſnowy hue,
About her unreſolving Husband threw.
Her ſoft Embraces ſoon infuſe Deſire:
His Bones and Marrow ſudden warmth inſpire;
And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the ratling Thunder flies,
Or forky Lightnings flaſh along the Skies.
The Goddeſs, proud of her ſucceſsful Wiles,
And conſcious of her Form, in ſecret Smiles.
Then thus, the Pow'r, obnoxious to her Charms,
Panting, and half diſſolving in her Arms:
Why ſeek you Reaſons for a Cauſe ſo juſt;
Or your own Beauties, of my Love diſtruſt?
Long ſince, had you requir'd my helpful Hand,
Th' Artificer and Art you might command,

To labour Arms for *Troy*: Nor *Jove*, nor Fate,
Confin'd their Empire to ſo ſhort a Date.
And, if you now deſire new Wars to wage,
My Skill I promiſe; and my Pains engage.
Whatever melting Metals can conſpire,
Or breathing Bellows, or the forming Fire,
Is freely yours: Your anxious Fears remove:
And think no Task is difficult to Love.
Trembling he ſpoke; and eager of her Charms,
He ſnatch'd the willing Goddeſs to his Arms;
'Till in her Lap infus'd, he lay poſſeſs'd
Of full Deſire, and ſunk to pleaſing Reſt.
Now when the Night her middle race had rode;
And his firſt Slumber had refreſh'd the God;
The time when early Houſewifes leave the Bed;
When living Embers on the Hearth they ſpred;
Supply the Lamp, and call the Maids to riſe,
With yawning Mouths, and with half open'd Eyes;
They ply the Diſtaff by the winking Light;
And to their daily Labour add the Night.
Thus frugally they earn their Childrens Bread:
And uncorrupted keep the Nuptial Bed.
Not leſs concern'd, nor at a later Hour,
Roſe from his downy Couch the forging Pow'r.
Sacred to *Vulcan*'s Name an Iſle there lay,
Betwixt *Sicilia*'s Coaſts and *Lipare*;
Rais'd high on ſmoaking Rocks, and deep below,
In hollow Caves the Fires of *Ætna* glow.
The *Cyclops* here their heavy Hammers deal;
Loud Strokes, and hiſſings of tormented Steel
Are heard around: The boyling Waters roar;
And ſmoaky Flame thro' fuming Tunnels ſoar.
Hether, the Father of the Fire, by Night,
Through the brown Air precipitates his Flight.

On

To Christopher Rich of Grays Inn Esq

On their Eternal Anvils here he found
The Brethren beating, and the Blows go round:
A load of pointleſs Thunder now there lies
Before their Hands, to ripen for the Skies:
Theſe Darts, for angry *Jove*, they dayly caſt:
Conſum'd on Mortals with prodigious waſte.
Three Rays of writhen Rain, of Fire three more,
Of winged *Southern* Winds, and cloudy Store
As many parts, the dreadful Mixture frame:
And Fears are added, and avenging Flame.
Inferior Miniſters, for *Mars* repair
His broken Axeltrees, and blunted War:
And ſend him forth agen, with furbiſh'd Arms,
To wake the lazy War, with Trumpets loud Alarms.
The reſt refreſh the ſcaly Snakes, that fold
The Shield of *Pallas*; and renew their Gold.
Full on the Creſt the *Gorgon*'s Head they place,
With Eyes that rowl in Death, and with diſtorted Face.
My Sons ſaid *Vulcan*, ſet your Tasks aſide,
Your Strength, and Maſter Skill, muſt now be try'd.
Arms, for a Heroe forge: Arms that require
Your Force, your Speed, and all your forming Fire.
He ſaid: They ſet their former Work aſide:
And their new Toils with eager haſte divide.
A Flood of molten Silver, Braſs, and Gold,
And deadly Steel, in the large Furnace rowl'd;
Of this, their artful Hands a Shield prepare;
Alone ſufficient to ſuſtain the War.
Sev'n Orbs within a ſpacious round they cloſe;
One ſtirs the Fire, and one the Bellows blows.
The hiſſing Steel is in the Smithy drown'd;
The Grot with beaten Anvils groans around.
But turns their Arms advance, in equal time:
By turns their Hands deſcend, and Hammers chime.

They turn the glowing Maſs, with crooked Tongs:
The fiery Work proceeds, with Ruſtick Songs.
While, at the *Lemnian* God's Command, they urge
Their Labours thus, and ply th' *Eolian* Forge:
The chearful Morn ſalutes *Evander*'s Eyes;
And Songs of chirping Birds invite to riſe.
He leaves his lowly Bed; his Buskins meet
Above his Ancles; Sandals ſheath his Feet:
He ſets his truſty Sword upon his ſide;
And o're his Shoulder throws a Panther's Hide.
Two Menial Dogs before their Maſter preſs'd:
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he ſeeks his Kingly Gueſt.
Mindful of promis'd Aid, he mends his Pace:
But meets *Æneas* in the middle Space.
Young *Pallas* did his Father's Steps attend;
And true *Achates* waited on his Friend.
They joyn their Hands; a ſecret Seat they chuſe;
Th' *Arcadian* firſt, their former Talk renews.
Undaunted Prince, I never can believe
The *Trojan* Empire loſt, while you ſurvive.
Command th' Aſſiſtance of a faithful Friend:
But feeble are the Succours I can ſend.
Our narrow Kingdom, here the *Tyber* bounds;
That other ſide the *Latian* State ſurrounds;
Inſults our Walls, and waſtes our fruitful Grounds.
But mighty Nations I prepare, to join
Their Arms with yours, and aid your juſt Deſign.
You come, as by your better Genius ſent:
And Fortune ſeems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there ſtands a Hilly Town,
Of ancient Building and of high renown;
Torn from the *Tuſcans*, by the *Lydian* Race;
Who gave the Name of *Cære*, to the Place

Once *Agyllina* call'd: It flouriſh'd long
In Pride of Wealth; and warlike People ſtrong.
'Till curs'd *Mezentius*, in a fatal Hour,
Aſſum'd the Crown, with Arbitrary Pow'r.
What Words can paint thoſe execrable Times;
The Subjects Suff'rings, and the Tyrant's Crimes!
That Blood, thoſe Murthers, O ye Gods replace
On his own Head, and on his impious Race!
The Living, and the Dead, at his Command
Were coupled, Face to Face, and Hand to Hand:
'Till choak'd with Stench, in loath'd Embraces ty'd,
The ling'ring Wretches pin'd away, and dy'd,
Thus plung'd in Ills, and meditating more,
The People's Patience try'd, no longer bore
The raging Monſter: But with Arms beſet
His Houſe, and Vengeance and Deſtruction threat.
They fire his Palace: While the Fame aſcends,
They force his Guards; and execute his Friends.
He cleaves the Crowd; and favour'd by the Night,
To *Turnus*'s friendly Court directs his flight.
By juſt Revenge the *Tuſcans* ſet on Fire,
With Arms, their King to Puniſhment require:
Their num'rous Troops, now muſter'd on the Strand,
My Counſel ſhall ſubmit to your Command.
Their Navy ſwarms upon the Coaſts: They cry
To hoiſt their Anchors; but the Gods deny.
An ancient Augur, skill'd in future Fate,
With theſe foreboding Words reſtrains their Hate.
Ye brave in Arms, ye *Lydian* Blood, the Flow'r
Of *Tuſcan* Youth, and choice of all their Pow'r,
Whom juſt Revenge againſt *Mezentius* arms,
To ſeek your Tyrant's Death, by lawful Arms:
Know this; no Native of our Land may lead
This pow'rful People: Seek a Foreign Head.

Aw'd

Aw'd with theſe Words, in Camps they ſtill abide;
And wait with longing Looks their promis'd Guide.
Trochon, the *Tuſcan* Chief, to me has ſent
Their Crown, and ev'ry Regal Ornament:
The People joyn their own with his Deſire;
And All, my Conduct, as their King, require.
But the chill Blood that creeps within my Veins,
And Age, and liſtleſs Limbs unfit for Pains,
And a Soul conſcious of its own Decay,
Have forc'd me to refuſe Imperial Sway.
My *Pallas* were more fit to mount the Throne;
And ſhou'd, but he's a *Sabine* Mother's Son;
And half a Native: But in you combine
A Manly Vigour, and a Foreign Line.
Where Fate and ſmiling Fortune ſhew the Way,
Purſue the ready Path to Sov'raign Sway.
The Staff of my declining Days, my Son,
Shall make your good or ill Succeſs his own.
In fighting Fields from you ſhall learn to dare:
And ſerve the hard Apprentiſhip of War.
Your matchleſs Courage, and your Conduct view;
And early ſhall begin t' admire and copy you.
Beſides, two hundred Horſe he ſhall command:
Tho' few, a warlike and well choſen Band.
Theſe in my Name are liſted: And my Son
As many more has added in his own.
Scarce had he ſaid; *Achates* and his Gueſt,
With downcaſt Eyes their ſilent Grief expreſt:
Who ſhort of Succours; and in deep Deſpair,
Shook at the diſmal Proſpect of the War.
But his bright Mother, from a breaking Cloud,
To chear her Iſſue, thunder'd thrice aloud.
Thrice, forky Lightning flaſh'd along the Sky;
And *Tyrrhene* Trumpets thrice were heard on high.

Then,

Then, gazing up, repeated Peals they hear:
And, in a Heav'n ſerene, refulgent arms appear;
Red'ning the Skies, and glitt'ring all around,
The temper'd Metals claſh; and yield a Silver ſound.
The reſt ſtood trembling, ſtruck with awe divine,
Æneas only conſcious to the Sign:
Preaſg'd th' Event; and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accompliſh'd Promiſe of the Queen of Love.
Then, to th' *Arcadian* King: This Prodigy
(Diſmiſs your Fear) belongs alone to me.
Heav'n calls me to the War: Th' expected Sign
Is giv'n of promis'd Aid, and Arms Divine.
My Goddeſs-Mother; whoſe Indulgent Care,
Foreſaw the Dangers of the growing War;
This Omen gave; when Bright *Vulcanian* Arms,
Fated from force of Steel by *Stygian* Charms,
Suſpended, ſhone on high: She then foreſhow'd
Approaching Fights, and Fields to float in Blood.
Turnus ſhall dearly pay for Faith forſworn:
And Corps, and Swords, and Shields, on *Tyber* born,
Shall choak his Flood: Now ſound the loud Alarms;
And *Latian* Troops prepare your perjur'd Arms.
He ſaid; and riſing from his homely Throne,
The Solemn Rites of *Hercules* begun:
And on his Altars wak'd the ſleeping Fires:
Then chearful to his Houſehold-Gods retires.
There offers choſen Sheep: Th' *Arcadian* King
And *Trojan* Youth the ſame Oblations bring.
Next of his Men, and Ships, he makes review,
Draws out the beſt, and ableſt of the Crew.
Down with the falling Stream the Refuſe run:
To raiſe with joyful News his drooping Son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the *Trojan* Band;
Who wait their Leader to the *Tyrrhene* Land.

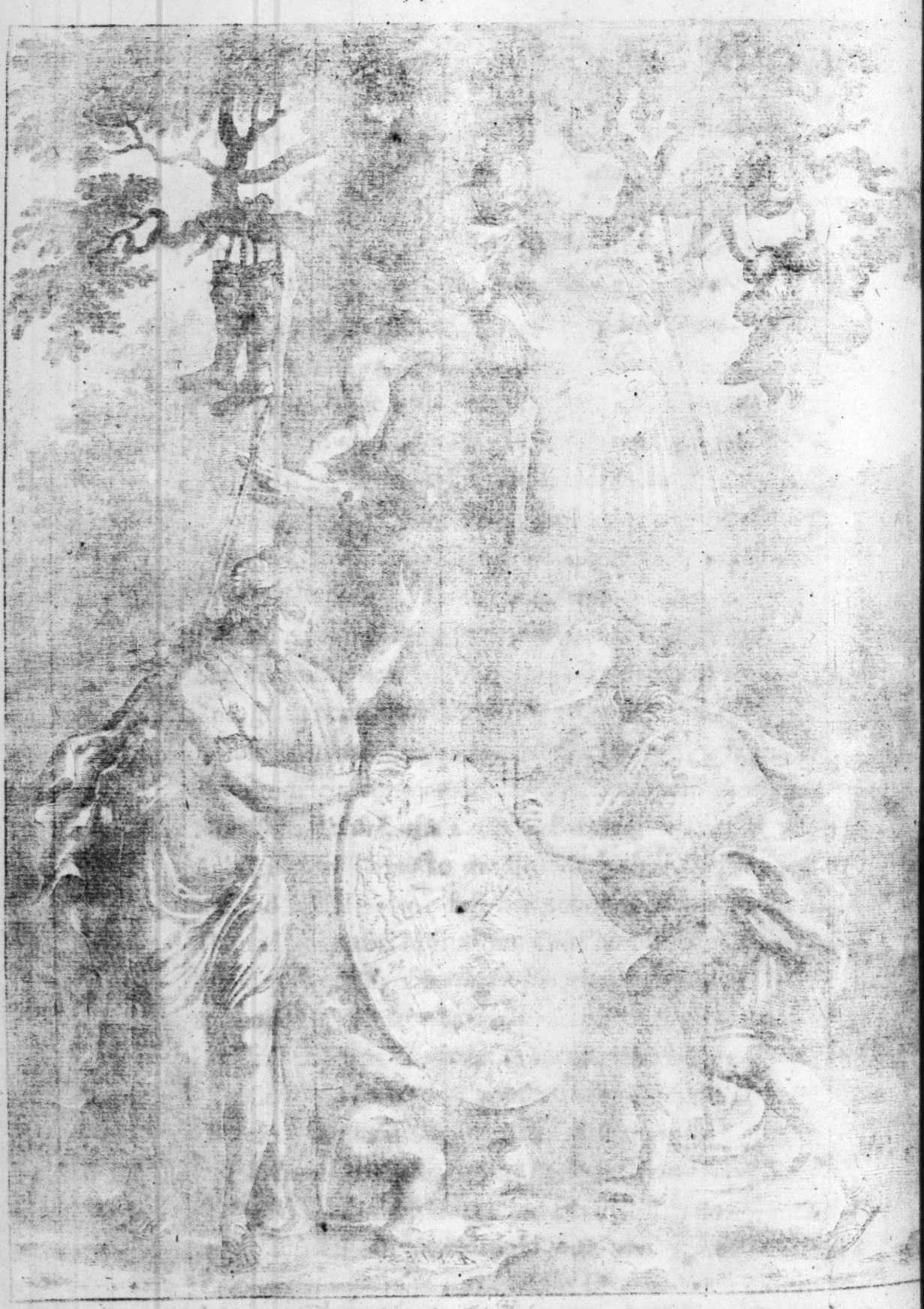
A ſprightly Courſer, fairer than the reſt,
The King himſelf preſents his Royal Gueſt.
A Lyons Hide his Back and Limbs infold:
Precious with ſtudded work, and Paws of Gold.
Fame through the little City ſpreads aloud
Th' intended March, amid the fearful Crowd:
The Matrons beat their Breaſts; diſſolve in Tears;
And Double their Devotion in their Fears.
The War at hand appears with more affright:
And riſes ev'ry Moment to the ſight.
Then, old *Evander*, with a cloſe embrace,
Strain'd his departing Friend; and Tears o're-flow his Face:
Wou'd Heav'n, ſaid he, my ſtrength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath *Preneſte*'s Wall;
Then when I made the foremoſt Foes retire,
And ſet whole heaps of conquer'd Shields on Fire.
When *Herilus* in ſingle Fight I ſlew;
Whom with three lives *Feronia* did endue:
And thrice I ſent him to the *Stygian* Shore;
Till the laſt Ebbing Soul return'd no more:
Such, if I ſtood renew'd, not theſe Alarms,
Nor Death, ſhou'd rend me from my *Pallas* Arms:
Nor proud *Mezentius*, thus unpuniſh'd, boaſt
His Rapes and Murthers on the *Tuſcan* Coaſt.
Ye Gods! and mighty *Jove*, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a Father, and a King.
If Fate and you, reſerve theſe Eyes, to ſee
My Son return with Peace and Victory;
If the lov'd Boy ſhall bleſs his Father's ſight;
If we ſhall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my Life in length, let me ſuſtain,
In hopes of his Embrace, the worſt of Pain.
But if your hard Decrees, which O! I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeſerving head;

This, O this very Moment, let me die;
While Hopes and Fears in equal ballance lye.
While yet Poſſeſt of all his Youthful Charms,
I ſtrain him cloſe within theſe Aged Arms:
Before that fatal news my Soul ſhall wound!
He ſaid, and, ſwooning, ſunk upon the ground;
His Servants bore him off: And ſoftly laid
His languiſh'd Limbs upon his homely Bed.
The Horſemen march; the Gates are open'd wide;
Æneas at their head, *Achates* by his ſide.
Next theſe the *Trojan* Leaders rode along:
Laſt, follows in the Reer, th' *Arcadian* Throng.
Young *Pallas* ſhone conſpicuous o're the reſt;
Guilded his Arms, Embroider'd was his Veſt.
So, from the Seas, exerts his radiant head
The Star, by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led:
Shakes from his roſie Locks the perly Dews;
Diſpels the darkneſs and the Day renews.
The trembling Wives, the Walls and Turrets crowd;
And follow, with their Eyes, the duſty Cloud:
Which Winds diſperſe by fits; and ſhew from far
The blaze of Arms, and Shields, and ſhining War.
The Troops, drawn up in beautiful Array,
O're heathy Plains purſue the ready way.
Repeated peals of ſhowts are heard around:
The Neighing Courſers anſwer to the ſound:
And ſhake with horny Hoofs the ſolid ground.
A greenwood Shade, for long Religion known,
Stands by the Streams that waſh the *Tuſcan* Town:
Incompaſs'd round with gloomy Hills above,
Which add a holy horrour to the Grove.
The firſt Inhabitants, of *Grecian* Blood,
That ſacred Foreſt to *Sylvanus* vow'd:

The Guardian of their Flocks, and Fields; and pay
Their due Devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the River's ſide,
In Tents ſecure, the *Tuſcan* Troops abide;
By *Tarchon* led. Now, from a riſing ground,
Æneas caſt his wond'ring Eyes around;
And all the *Tyrrhene* Army had in ſight,
Stretch'd on the ſpacious Plain from left to right.
Thether his warlike Train the *Trojan* led;
Refreſh'd his Men, and weary'd Horſes fed.
Mean time the Mother Goddeſs, crown'd with Charms,
Breaks through the Clouds, and brings the fated Arms.
Within a winding Vale ſhe finds her Son,
On the cool River's Banks, retir'd alone.
She ſhews her heav'nly Form, without diſguiſe,
And gives her ſelf to his deſiring Eyes.
Behold, ſhe ſaid, perform'd, in ev'ry part
My promiſe made; and *Vulcan*'s labour'd Art.
Now ſeek, ſecure, the *Latian* Enemy;
And haughty *Turnus* to the Field defy.
She ſaid: And having firſt her Son embrac'd;
The radiant Arms beneath an Oak ſhe plac'd.
Proud of the Gift, he rowl'd his greedy ſight
Around the Work, and gaz'd with vaſt delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poizes, and admires
The Creſted Helm, that vomits radiant Fires:
His hands the fatal Sword, and Corſlet hold:
One keen with temper'd Steel, one ſtiff with Gold.
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright:
So ſhines a Cloud, when edg'd with adverſe Light.
He ſhakes the pointed Spear; and longs to try
The plaited Cuiſhes, on his manly thigh.
But moſt admires the Shields Myſterious mould,
And *Roman* Triumphs riſing on the Gold.

For

To S^r Godfry Kneller Knight
Principall Painter to his Maje:ty



For thoſe, emboſs'd, the Heav'nly Smith had wrought,
(Not in the Rolls of future Fate untaught,)
The Wars in Order, and the Race Divine
Of Warriors, iſſuing from the *Julian* Line.
The Cave of *Mars* was dreſs'd with moſſy Greens:
There, by the Wolf, were laid the Martial Twins.
Intrepid on her ſwelling Dugs they hung;
The foſter Dam loll'd out her fawning Tongue:
They ſuck'd ſecure, while bending Back her Head,
She lick'd their tender Limbs; and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from thence new *Rome* appears, with Games
Projected for the Rape of *Sabine* Dames.
The Pit reſounds with Shrieks: A War ſucceeds,
For breach of Publick Faith, and unexampl'd Deeds.
Here for Revenge the *Sabine* Troops contend:
The *Romans* there with Arms the Prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious War, at length they ceaſe;
And both the Kings and Kingdoms plight the Peace.
The friendly Chiefs, before *Jove*'s Altar ſtand;
Both arm'd, with each a Charger in his Hand:
A fatted Sow, for Sacrifice is led;
With Imprecations on the perjur'd Head.
Near this, the Traytor *Metius*, ſtretch'd between
Four fiery Steeds, is dragg'd along the Green;
By *Tullus* doom: The Brambles drink his Blood;
And his torn Limbs are left, the Vulture's Food.
There, *Porſena* to *Rome* proud *Tarquin* brings;
And wou'd by Force reſtore the baniſh'd Kings.
One Tyrant, for his fellow Tyrant fights:
The *Roman* Youth aſſert their Native Rights.
Before the Town the *Tuſcan* Army lies:
To win by Famine, or by Fraud ſurpriſe.
Their King, half threat'ning, half diſdaining ſtood:
While *Cocles* broke the Bridge; and ſtem'd the Flood.

The Captive Maids there tempt the raging Tide:
Scap'd from their Chains, with *Clelia* for their Guide.
High on a Rock Heroick *Manlius* ſtood;
To guard the Temple, and the Temple's God:
Then *Rome* was poor; and there you might behold
The Palace, thatch'd with Straw, now roof'd with Gold.
The Silver Gooſe before the ſhining Gate
There flew; and by her Cackle, ſav'd the State.
She told the *Gauls* approach: Th' approaching *Gauls*,
Obſcure in Night, aſcend, and ſeize the Walls.
The Gold, diſſembl'd well their yellow Hair:
And Golden Chains on their white Necks they wear.
Gold are their Veſts: Long *Alpine* Spears they wield:
And their left Arm ſuſtains a length of Shield.
Hard by, the leaping *Salian* Prieſts advance:
And naked thro' the Streets the mad *Luperci* dance:
In Caps of Wool. The Targets dropt from Heav'n:
Here modeſt Matrons in ſoft Litters driv'n,
To pay their Vows in ſolemn Pomp appear:
And odorous Gums in their chaſt Hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the *Stygian* Seats are ſeen:
Pains of the damn'd, and puniſh'd *Catiline*:
Hung on a Rock the Traytor; and around,
The Furies hiſſing from the neather Ground.
Apart from theſe, the happy Souls, he draws:
And *Cato*'s holy Ghoſt, diſpenſing Laws.
Betwixt the Quarters, flows a Golden Sea:
But foaming Surges, there, in Silver play.
The dancing Dolphins, with their Tails, divide
The glitt'ring Waves; and cut the precious Tide.
Amid the Main, two mighty Fleets engage
Their Brazen Beaks; oppos'd with equal Rage.
Actium, ſurveys the well diſputed Prize:
Leucate's wat'ry Plain, with foamy Billows fries.

Young *Ceſar*, on the Stern, in Armour bright;
Here leads the *Romans* and their Gods to fight:
His beamy Temples ſhoot their Flames afar;
And o're his Head is hung the *Julian* Star.
Agrippa ſeconds him, with proſp'rous Gales:
And, with propitious Gods, his Foes aſſails.
A Naval Crown, that binds his Manly Brows,
The happy Fortune of the Fight foreſhows.
Rang'd on the Line oppos'd, *Antonius* brings
Barbarian Aids, and Troops of *Eaſtern* Kings.
Th' *Arabians* near, and *Bactrians* from afar,
Of Tongues diſcordant, and a mingled War.
And, rich in gaudy Robes, amidſt the Strife,
His ill Fate follows him; th' *Egyptian* Wife.
Moving they fight: With Oars, aud forky Prows,
The Froth is gather'd; and the Water glows.
It ſeems, as if the *Cyclades* again
Were rooted up, and juſtled in the Main:
Or floating Mountains, floating Mountains meet:
Such is the fierce Encounter of the Fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed Jav'lins fly:
The Fields of *Neptune* take a Purple Dye.
The Queen her ſelf, amidſt the loud Alarms,
With Cymbals toſs'd her fainting Souldiers warms.
Fool as ſhe was; who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel Fate; nor ſaw the Snakes behind.
Her Country Gods, the Monſters of the Sky,
Great *Neptune*, *Pallas*, and Love's Queen, defie.
The Dog *Anubis* barks, but barks in vain;
Nor longer dares oppoſe the Ætherial Train.
Mars, in the middle of the ſhining Shield
Is grav'd, and ſtrides along the liquid Field.
The *Diræ* ſowſe from Heav'n, with ſwift Deſcent:
And Diſcord, dy'd in Blood, with Garments rent,

Divides

Divides the Peace: Her Steps, *Bellona* treads,
And ſhakes her Iron Rod above their Heads.
This ſeen, *Apollo*, from his *Actian* height,
Pours down his Arrows: At whoſe winged flight
The trembling *Indians*, and *Egyptians* yield:
And ſoft *Sabæans* quit the wat'ry Field.
The fatal Miſtreſs hoiſts her ſilken Sails;
And, ſhrinking from the Fight, invokes the Gales.
Aghaſt ſhe looks; and heaves her Breaſt, for Breath:
Panting, and pale with fear of future Death.
The God had figur'd her, as driv'n along,
By Winds and Waves; and ſcudding thro' the Throng.
Juſt oppoſite, ſad *Nilus*, opens wide
His Arms, and ample Boſom, to the Tide.
And ſpreads his Mantle o're the winding Coaſt:
In which he wraps his Queen, and hides the flying Hoaſt.
The Victor, to the Gods his Thanks expreſs'd:
And *Rome* triumphant, with his Preſence bleſs'd.
Three hundred Temples in the Town he plac'd:
With Spoils and Altars ev'ry Temple grac'd.
Three ſhining Nights, and three ſucceeding Days,
The Fields reſound with Shouts; the Streets with Praiſe:
The Domes with Songs, the Theatres with Plays.
All Altars flame: Before each Altar lies,
Drench'd in his Gore, the deſtin'd Sacrifice.
Great *Cæſar* ſits ſublime upon his Throne;
Before *Apollo*'s Porch of *Parian* Stone:
Accepts the Preſents vow'd for Victory;
And hangs the Monumental Crowns on high.
Vaſt Crowds of Vanquiſh'd Nations march along:
Various in Arms, in Habit, and in Tongue.
Here, *Mulciber* aſſigns the proper Place
For *Carians*, and th' ungirt *Numidian* Race;

Then

Then ranks the *Thracians* in the ſecond Row;
With *Scythians*, expert in the Dart and Bow.
And here the tam'd *Euphrates* humbly glides;
And there the *Rhine* ſubmits her ſwelling Tides.
And proud *Araxes*, whom no Bridge cou'd bind:
The *Danes* unconquer'd Offſpring, march behind;
And *Morini*, the laſt of Human Kind.
Theſe Figures, on the Shield divinely wrought,
By *Vulcan* labour'd, and by *Venus* brought,
With Joy and Wonder fill the Hero's thought.
Unknown the Names, he yet admires the Grace;
And bears aloft the Fame, and Fortune of his Race.

The

The Ninth Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

Turnus *takes Advantage of* Æneas's *Abſence, fires ſome of his Ships, (which are transform'd into Sea-Nymphs) and aſſaults his Camp. The* Trojans *reduc'd to the laſt Extremities, ſend* Niſus *and* Euryalus *to recall* Æneas; *which furniſhes the Poet with that admirable Epiſode of their Friendſhip, Generoſity; and the concluſion of their Adventures.*

WHile theſe Affairs in diſtant Places paſs'd,
The various *Iris Juno* ſends with haſte,
To find bold *Turnus*, who, with anxious Thought,
The ſecret Shade of his great Grandſire ſought.
Retir'd alone ſhe found the daring Man;
And op'd her roſie Lips, and thus began.
What none of all the Gods cou'd grant thy Vows;
That, *Turnus*, this auſpicious Day beſtows.
Æneas, gone to ſeek th' *Arcadian* Prince,
Has left the *Trojan* Camp without defence;
And, ſhort of Succours there; employs his Pains
In Parts remote to raiſe the *Tuſcan* Swains:
Now ſnatch an Hour that favours thy Deſigns,
Unite thy Forces, and attack their Lines.
This ſaid, on equal Wings ſhe pois'd her Weight,
And form'd a radiant Rainbow in her flight.
The *Daunian* Heroe lifts his Hands and Eyes;
And thus invokes the Goddeſs as ſhe flies.
Iris, the Grace of Heav'n, what Pow'r Divine
Has ſent thee down, thro' dusky Clouds to ſhine?
See they divide; immortal Day appears;
And glitt'ring Planets dancing in their Spheres!

With

To the Right Hon.ble Robert Earle of
Sunderland L.d Chamberlaine of his
Majesties Household &

With Joy, theſe happy Omens I obey;
And follow to the War, the God that leads the Way.
Thus having ſaid, as by the Brook he ſtood,
He ſcoop'd the Water from the Cryſtal Flood;
Then with his Hands the drops to Heav'n he throws,
And loads the Pow'rs above with offer'd Vows.
Now march the bold Confed'rates thro' the Plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and ſhining Train:
Meſſapus leads the Van; and in the Reer,
The Sons of *Tyrrheus* in bright Arms appear.
In the Main Battel, with his flaming Creſt,
The mighty *Turnus* tow'rs above the reſt:
Silent they move; majeſtically ſlow,
Like ebbing *Nile*, or *Ganges* in his flow.
The *Trojans* view the duſty Cloud from far;
And the dark Menace of the diſtant War.
Caicus from the Rampire ſaw it riſe,
Blackning the Fields, and thickning thro' the Skies.
Then to his Fellows thus aloud he calls,
What rowling Clouds, my Friends, approach the Walls?
Arm, arm, and man the Works; prepare your Spears,
And pointed Darts; the *Latian* Hoaſt appears.
Thus warn'd, they ſhut their Gates; with Shouts aſcend
The Bulwarks, and ſecure their Foes attend.
For their wiſe Gen'ral with foreſeeing Care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful War:
Nor, tho' provok'd, in open Fields advance;
But cloſe within their Lines attend their chance.
Unwilling, yet they keep the ſtrict Command;
And ſourly wait in Arms the Hoſtile Band.
The fiery *Turnus* flew before the reſt,
A Pye-ball'd Steed of *Thracian* Strain he preſs'd;
His Helm of maſſy Gold; and Crimſon was his Creſt.

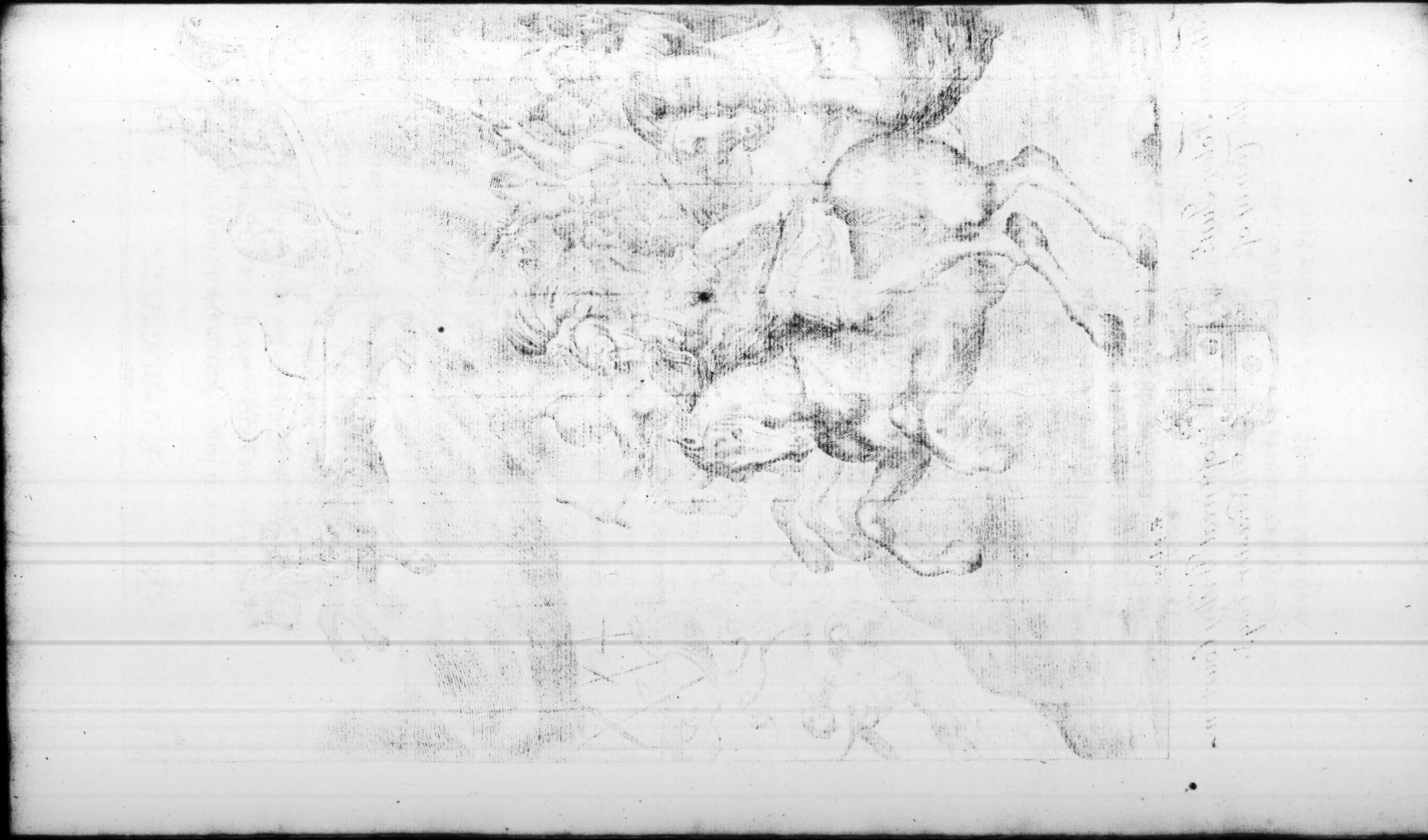
With twenty Horſe to ſecond his Deſigns,
An unexpected Foe, he fac'd the Lines.
Is there, he ſaid, in Arms who bravely dare,
His Leader's Honour, and his Danger ſhare?
Then, ſpurring on, his brandiſh'd Dart he threw,
In ſign of War, applauding Shouts enſue.
Amaz'd to find a daſtard Race that Run
Behind the Rampires, and the Battel ſhun,
He rides around the Camp, with rowling Eyes,
And ſtops at ev'ry Poſt; and ev'ry Paſſage tries.
So roams the nightly Wolf about the Fold,
Wet with deſcending Show'rs, and ſtiff with cold;
He howls for Hunger, and he grins for Pain;
His gnaſhing Teeth are exercis'd in vain:
And impotent of Anger, finds no way
In his diſtended Paws to graſp the Prey.
The Mothers liſten; but the bleating Lambs
Securely ſwig the Dug, beneath the Dams.
Thus ranges eager *Turnus* o're the Plain,
Sharp with Deſire, and furious with Diſdain:
Surveys each Paſſage with a piercing Sight;
To force his Foes in equal Field to fight.
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he ſpies
Where, fenc'd with ſtrong Redoubts, their Navy lies;
Cloſe underneath the Walls: The waſhing Tyde
Secures from all approach this weaker ſide.
He takes the wiſh'd Occaſion; fills his Hand
With ready Fires, and ſhakes a flaming Brand:
Urg'd by his Preſence, ev'ry Soul is warm'd,
And ev'ry Hand with kindled Firrs is arm'd.
From the fir'd Pines the ſcatt'ring Sparkles fly;
Fat Vapours mix'd with Flames involve the Sky.
What Pow'r, O Muſes, cou'd avert the Flame
Which threaten'd, in the Fleet, the *Trojan* Name!

Tell:

Tell: For the Fact thro' length of Time obſcure,
Is hard to Faith; yet ſhall the Fame endure.
'Tis ſaid, that when the Chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his Timber from Mount *Ida*'s height,
The Grandam Goddeſs then approach'd her Son,
And with a Mother's Majeſty begun.
Grant me, ſhe ſaid, the ſole Requeſt I bring,
Since conquer'd Heav'n has own'd you for its King:
On *Ida*'s Brows, for Ages paſt, there ſtood,
With Firrs and Maples fill'd, a ſhady Wood:
And on the Summit roſe a Sacred Grove,
Where I was worſhipp'd with Religious Love;
Thoſe Woods, that Holy Grove, my long delight,
I gave the *Trojan* Prince, to ſpeed his flight.
Now fill'd with Fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither Winds o'reſet, nor Waves intomb
The floating Foreſts of the Sacred Pine;
But let it be their Safety to be mine.
Then thus reply'd her awful Son; who rowls
The radiant Stars, and Heav'n and Earth controuls;
How dare you, Mother, endleſs Date demand,
For Veſſels moulded by a Mortal Hand?
What then is Fate? Shall bold *Æneas* ride
Of Safety certain, on th' uncertain Tide?
Yet what I can, I grant: When, wafted o're,
The Chief is landed on the *Latian* Shore,
Whatever Ships eſcape the raging Storms,
At my Command ſhall change their fading Forms
To Nymphs Divine: and plow the wat'ry Way,
Like *Dotis*, and the Daughters of the Sea.
To ſeal his ſacred Vow, by *Styx* he ſwore,
The Lake of liquid Pitch, the dreery Shore;
And *Phlegethon*'s innavigable Flood,
And the black Regions of his Brother God:
He ſaid; and ſhook the Skies with his Imperial Nod.

And now at length the number'd Hours were come,
Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable Doom,
When the great Mother of the Gods was free
To ſave her Ships, and finiſh *Jove*'s Decree.
Firſt, from the Quarter of the Morn, there ſprung
A Light that ſign'd the Heav'ns, and ſhot along:
Then from a Cloud, fring'd round with Golden Fires,
Were Timbrels heard, and *Berecynthian* Quires:
And laſt a Voice, with more than Mortal Sounds,
Both Hoſts in Arms oppos'd, with equal Horrour wounds.
O *Trojan* Race, your needleſs Aid forbear;
And know my Ships are my peculiar Care.
With greater eaſe the bold *Rutulian* may,
With hiſſing Brands, attempt to burn the Sea,
Than ſindge my ſacred Pines. But you my Charge,
Loos'd from your crooked Anchors lanch at large,
Exalted each a Nymph: Forſake the Sand,
And ſwim the Seas, at *Cybele*'s Command.
No ſooner had the Goddeſs ceas'd to ſpeak,
When lo, th' obedient Ships, their Haulſers break;
And, ſtrange to tell, like Dolphins in the Main,
They plunge their Prows, and dive, and ſpring again:
As many beauteous Maids the Billows ſweep,
As rode before tall Veſſels on the Deep.
The Foes, ſurpriz'd with Wonder, ſtood aghaſt,
Meſſapus curb'd his fiery Courſer's haſte;
Old *Tyber* roar'd; and raiſing up his Head,
Call'd back his Waters to their Oozy Bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the Shock;
And with theſe Words his trembling Troops beſpoke.
Theſe Monſters for the *Trojans* Fate are meant,
And are by *Jove* for black Preſages ſent.
He takes the Cowards laſt Relief away;
For fly they cannot; and, conſtrain'd to ſtay,
Muſt yield unfought, a baſe inglorious Prey.

To Thomas Foley Junr. of Great Witley Court in the County of Worcester Esqz.



The liquid half of all the Globe, is loſt;
Heav'n ſhuts the Seas, and we ſecure the Coaſt.
Theirs is no more, than that ſmall ſpot of Ground,
Which Myryads of our Martial Men ſurround.
Their Fates I fear not; or vain Oracles;
'Twas given to *Venus*, they ſhou'd croſs the Seas:
And land ſecure upon the *Latian* Plains,
Their promis'd Hour is paſs'd, and mine remains.
'Tis in the Fate of *Turnus*, to deſtroy
With Sword and Fire the faithleſs Race of *Troy*.
Shall ſuch Affronts as theſe, alone inflame
The *Grecian* Brothers, and the *Grecian* Name?
My Cauſe and theirs is one; a fatal Strife,
And final Ruin, for a raviſh'd Wife.
Was't not enough, that, puniſh'd for the Crime,
They fell; but will they fall a ſecond Time?
One wou'd have thought they paid enough before,
To curſe the coſtly Sex; and durſt offend no more.
Can they ſecurely truſt their feeble Wall,
A ſlight Partition, a thin Interval,
Betwixt their Fate and them; when *Troy*, tho' built
By Hands Divine, yet periſh'd by their Guilt?
Lend me, for once, my Friends, your valiant Hands,
To force from out their Lines theſe daſtard Bands.
Leſs than a thouſand Ships will end this War;
Nor *Vulcan* needs his fated Arms prepare.
Let all the *Tuſcans*, all th' *Arcadians* join,
Nor theſe, nor thoſe ſhall fruſtrate my Deſign.
Let them not fear the Treaſons of the Night;
The robb'd *Palladium*, the pretended flight:
Our Onſet ſhall be made in open Light.
No wooden Engine ſhall their Town betray,
Fires they ſhall have around, but Fires by Day.

No *Grecian* Babes before their Camp appear,
Whom *Hector*'s Arms detain'd, to the tenth tardy Year.
Now, ſince the Sun is rowling to the *Weſt*,
Give we the ſilent Night to needful Reſt:
Refreſh your Bodies, and your Arms prepare,
The Morn ſhall end the ſmall Remains of War.
The Poſt of Honour to *Meſſapus* falls,
To keep the Nightly Guard; to watch the Walls;
To pitch the Fires at Diſtances around,
And cloſe the *Trojans* in their ſcanty Ground.
Twice ſeven *Rutulian* Captains ready ſtand;
And twice ſeven hundred Horſe theſe Chiefs command:
All clad in ſhining Arms the Works inveſt;
Each with a radiant Helm, and waving Creſt.
Stretch'd at their length, they preſs the graſſy Ground;
They laugh, they ſing, the jolly Bowls go round:
With Lights, and chearful Fires renew the Day;
And paſs the wakeful Night in Feaſts and Play.
The *Trojans*, from above, their Foes beheld;
And with arm'd Legions all the Rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with Affright, their Gates they firſt explore,
Join Works to Works with Bridges; Tow'r to Tow'r:
Thus all things needful for Defence, abound;
Mneſtheus, and brave *Sereſthus* walk the round:
Commiſſion'd by their Abſent Prince, to ſhare
The common Danger, and divide the Care.
The Souldiers draw their Lots; and as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the Wall.
Nigh where the Foes their utmoſt Guards advance,
To watch the Gate, was warlike *Niſus* chance.
His Father *Hyrtacus* of Noble Blood;
His Mother was a Hunt'reſs of the Wood:
And ſent him to the Wars; well cou'd he bear
His Lance in fight, and dart the flying Spear:

But

But better skill'd unerring Shafts to ſend:
Beſide him ſtood *Euryalus* his Friend.
Euryalus, than whom the *Trojan* Hoaſt
No fairer Face, or ſweeter Air could boaſt.
Scarce had the Down to ſhade his Cheeks begun;
One was their Care, and their Delight was one.
One Common hazard in the War they ſhar'd;
And now were both by choice upon the Guard.
Then *Niſus*, thus: Or do the Gods inſpire
This warmth, or make we Gods of our Deſire?
A gen'rous ardour boils within my Breaſt,
Eager of Action, Enemy to Reſt:
This urges me to fight, and fires my Mind,
To leave a memorable Name behind.
Thou ſee'ſt the Foe ſecure: how faintly ſhine
Their ſcatter'd Fires! the moſt in Sleep ſupine;
Along the ground, an eaſie Conqueſt lye;
The wakeful few, the fuming Flaggon ply:
All huſh'd around. Now hear what I revolve;
A thought unripe; and ſcarcely yet reſolve.
Our abſent Prince both Camp and Council mourn;
By Meſſage both wou'd haſten his return:
If they confer what I demand, on thee,
(For Fame is Recompence enough for me)
Methinks, beneath yon Hill, I have eſpy'd
A way that ſafely will my paſſage guide.
Euryalus ſtood liſt'ning while he ſpoke;
With love of Praiſe, and noble Envy ſtruck;
Then to his ardent Friend expos'd his Mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, *Niſus*, to be join'd?
Think'ſt thou I can my ſhare of Glory yield,
Or ſend thee unaſſiſted to the Field?

Not

Not ſo my Father taught my Childhood Arms;
Born in a Siege, and bred among Alarms!
Nor is my Youth unworthy of my Friend,
Nor of the Heav'n-born Heroe I attend.
The thing call'd Life, with eaſe I can diſclaim;
And think it overſold to purchaſe Fame.
Then *Niſus*, thus; alas! thy tender years
Wou'd miniſter new matter to my Fears:
So may the Gods, who view this friendly Striſe,
Reſtore me to thy lov'd Embrace with life,
Condemn'd to pay my Vows (as ſure I truſt,)
This thy Requeſt is Cruel and Unjuſt.
But if ſome Chance, as many Chances are,
And doubtful Hazards in the deeds of War;
If one ſhou'd reach my Head, there let it fall,
And ſpare thy Life; I wou'd not periſh all.
Thy bloomy Youth deſerves a longer date;
Live thou to mourn thy Love's unhappy Fate:
To bear my mangled Body from the Foe;
Or buy it back, and Fun'ral Rites beſtow.
Or if hard Fortune ſhall thoſe Dues deny,
Thou canſt at leaſt an empty Tomb ſupply.
O let not me the Widows Tears renew;
Nor let a Mother's Curſe my Name purſue;
Thy Pious Parent, who, for love of thee,
Forſook the Coaſts of Friendly *Sicily*,
Her Age, committing to the Seas and Wind,
When ev'ry weary Matron ſtaid behind.
To this, *Euryalus*, you plead in vain,
And but protract the Cauſe you cannot gain:
No more delays, but haſte. With that he wakes
The nodding Watch; each to his Office takes.
The Guard reliev'd, the gen'rous Couple went
To find the Council at the Royal Tent.

All

All Creatures elſe forgot their daily Care;
And Sleep, the common Gift of Nature, ſhare:
Except the *Trojan* Peers, who wakeful ſate
In nightly Council for th' indanger'd State.
They vote a Meſſage to their abſent Chief;
Shew their Diſtreſs; and beg a ſwift Relief.
Amid the Camp a ſilent Seat they choſe,
Remote from Clamour, and ſecure from Foes.
On their left Arms their ample Shields they bear,
The right reclin'd upon the bending Spear.
Now *Niſus* and his Friend approach the Guard,
And beg Admiſſion, eager to be heard:
Th' Affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Aſcanius bids 'em be conducted in;
Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.
Then *Niſus* thus. Ye Fathers lend your Ears;
Nor judge our bold Attempt beyond our Years.
The Foe ſecurely drench'd in Sleep and Wine,
Neglect their Watch; the Fires but thinly ſhine:
And where the Smoke, in cloudy Vapours flies,
Cov'ring the Plain, and curling to the Skies,
Betwixt two Paths, which at the Gate divide,
Cloſe by the Sea, a Paſſage we have ſpy'd
Which will our way to great *Æneas* guide.
Expect each Hour to ſee him ſafe again,
Loaded with Spoils of Foes in Battel ſlain.
Snatch we the lucky Minute while we may:
Nor can we be miſtaken in the way;
For hunting in the Vale, we both have ſeen
The riſing Turrets, and the Stream between;
And know the winding Courſe, with ev'ry Ford.
He ceas'd: And old *Alethes* took the Word.
Our Country Gods, in whom our Truſt we place,
Will yet from Ruin ſave the *Trojan* Race:

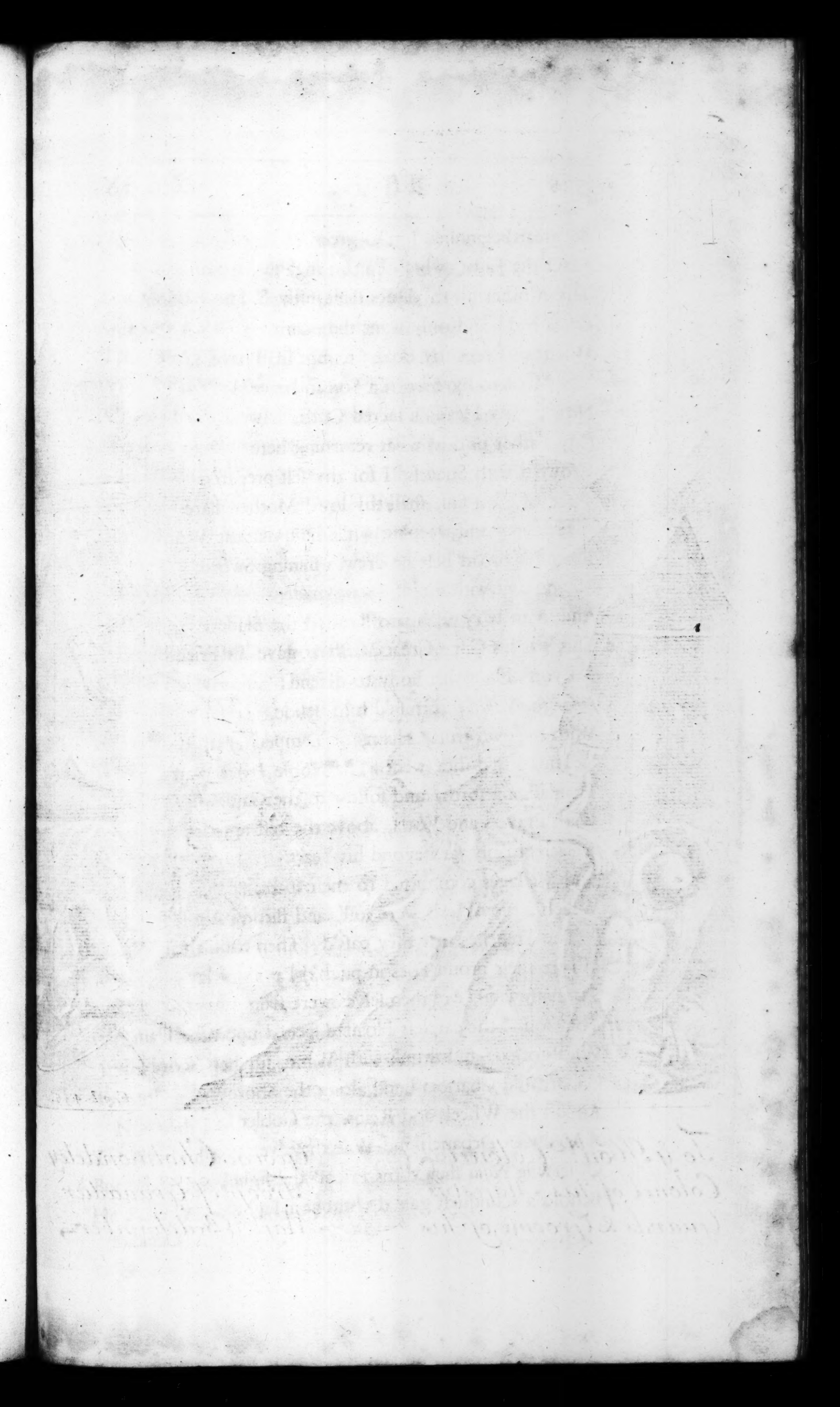
While we behold ſuch dauntleſs Worth appear
In dawning Youth; and Souls ſo void of Fear.
Then, into Tears of Joy the Father broke;
Each in his longing Arms by Turns he took:
Panted and paus'd; and thus again he ſpoke.
Ye brave young Men, what equal Gifts can we,
In recompence of ſuch Deſert, decree?
The greateſt, ſure, and beſt you can receive,
The Gods, and your own conſcious Worth will give.
The reſt our grateful Gen'ral will beſtow;
And young *Aſcanius* 'till his Manhood owe.
And I, whoſe Welfare in my Father lies,
Aſcanius adds, by the great Deities,
By my dear Country, by my houſehold Gods,
By hoary *Veſta*'s Rites, and dark Abodes,
Adjure you both; (on you my Fortune ſtands,
That and my Faith I plight into your Hands:)
Make me but happy in his ſafe Return,
Whoſe wanted Preſence I can only mourn;
Your common Gift ſhall two large Goblets be,
Of Silver, wrought with curious Imagery;
And high emboſs'd, which, when old *Priam* reign'd,
My conqu'ring Sire at ſack'd *Arisba* gain'd.
And more, two Tripods caſt in antick Mould,
With two great Talents of the fineſt Gold:
Beſide a coſtly Bowl, ingrav'd with Art,
Which *Dido* gave, when firſt ſhe gave her Heart.
But if in conquer'd *Italy* we reign,
When Spoils by Lot the Victor ſhall obtain;
Thou ſaw'ſt the Courſer by proud *Turnus* preſs'd,
That, *Niſus*, and his Arms, and nodding Creſt,
And Shield, from Chance exempt, ſhall be thy Share;
Twelve lab'ring Slaves, twelve Handmaids young and fair,
All clad in rich Attire, and train'd with Care.

And

And laſt, a *Latian* Field with fruitful Plains;
And a large Portion of the King's Domains.
But thou, whoſe Years are more to mine ally'd,
No Fate my vow'd Affection ſhall divide
From thee, Heroick Youth; be wholly mine:
Take full Poſſeſſion; all my Soul is thine.
One Faith, one Fame, one Fate ſhall both attend;
My Life's Companion, and my Boſom Friend.
My Peace ſhall be committed to thy Care,
And to thy Conduct, my Concerns in War.
Then thus the young *Euryalus* reply'd;
Whatever Fortune, good or bad betide,
The ſame ſhall be my Age, as now my Youth;
No time ſhall find me wanting to my Truth.
This only from your Goodneſs let me gain;
(And this ungranted, all Rewards are vain)
Of *Priam*'s Royal Race my Mother came;
And ſure the beſt that ever bore the Name:
Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* cou'd hold
From me departing, but o'reſpent, and old,
My Fate ſhe follow'd; ignorant of this,
Whatever Danger, neither parting Kiſs,
Nor pious Bleſſing taken, her I leave;
And, in this only Act of all my Life deceive.
By this right Hand, and conſcious Night I ſwear,
My Soul ſo ſad a farewel could not bear.
Be you her Comfort; fill my vacant place,
(Permit me to preſume ſo great a Grace)
Support her Age, forſaken and diſtreſs'd,
That hope alone will fortifie my Breaſt
Againſt the worſt of Fortunes, and of Fears.
He ſaid: The mov'd Aſſiſtants melt in Tears.
Then thus *Aſcanius*, (wonder-ſtruck to ſee
That Image of his filial Piety;)

So great Beginnings, in ſo green an Age,
Exact the Faith, which I again ingage.
Thy Mother all the Dues ſhall juſtly claim
Creuſa had; and only want the Name.
Whate're Event thy bold Attempt ſhall have,
'Tis Merit to have born a Son ſo brave.
Now by my Head, a ſacred Oath, I ſwear,
(My Father us'd it) what returning here
Crown'd with Succeſs, I for thy ſelf prepare,
That, if thou fail, ſhall thy lov'd Mother ſhare.
He ſaid; and weeping while he ſpoke the Word,
From his broad Belt he drew a ſhining Sword,
Magnificent with Gold. *Lycaon* made,
And in an Iv'ry Scabbard ſheath'd the Blade:
This was his Gift: Great *Mneſthens* gave his Friend
A Lyon's Hide, his Body to defend:
And good *Alethes* furniſh'd him beſide,
With his own truſty Helm, of Temper try'd.
Thus arm'd they went. The Noble *Trojans* wait
Their iſſuing forth, and follow to the Gate.
With Prayers and Vows, above the reſt appears
Aſcanius, manly far beyond his Years.
And Meſſages committed to their Care,
Which all in Winds were loſt, and flitting Air.
The Trenches firſt they paſs'd: Then took their Way
Where their proud Foes in pitch'd Pavilions lay;
To many fatal, e're themſelves were ſlain:
They found the careleſs Hoaſt diſpers'd upon the Plain.
Who gorg'd, and drunk with Wine, ſupinely ſnore;
Unharnaſs'd Chariots ſtand along the Shore:
Amidſt the Wheels and Reins, the Goblet by,
A Medly of Debauch and War they lye.
Obſerving *Niſus* ſhew'd his Friend the ſight;
Behold a Conqueſt gain'd without a Fight.

Occaſion



To y^e^ Hon.^ble^ Colonel George Cholmondeley
Colonel of his Majestys Troop of Granadier
Guards & Groome of his Maj.^ties^ Bedchamber

Occaſion offers, and I ſtand prepar'd;
There lies our Way; be thou upon the Guard,
And look around; while I ſecurely go,
And hew a Paſſage, thro' the ſleeping Foe.
Softly he ſpoke; then ſtriding, took his way,
With his drawn Sword, where haughty *Rhamnes* lay:
His Head rais'd high, on Tapeſtry beneath,
And heaving from his Breaſt, he drew his Breath:
A King and Prophet by King *Turnus* lov'd;
But Fate by Preſcience cannot be remov'd.
Him, and his ſleeping Slaves he ſlew. Then ſpies
Where *Rhemus*, with his rich Retinue lies:
His Armor-bearer firſt, and next he kills
His Charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the Wheels
And his lov'd Horſes: Laſt invades their Lord;
Full on his Neck he drives the fatal Sword:
The gaſping Head flies off; a Purple flood
Flows from the Trunk, that welters in the Blood:
Which by the ſpurning Heels, diſpers'd around,
The Bed beſprinkles, and bedews the Ground.
Lamus the bold, and *Lamyrus* the ſtrong,
He ſlew; and then *Serranus* fair and young:
From Dice and Wine the Youth retir'd to Reſt,
And puff'd the ſumy God from out his Breaſt:
Ev'n then he dreamt of Drink and lucky Play;
More lucky had it laſted 'till the Day.
The famiſh'd Lyon thus, with Hunger bold;
O'releaps the Fences of the Nightly Fold;
And tears the peaceful Flocks: With ſilent Awe
Trembling they lye, and pant beneath his Paw.
Nor with leſs Rage *Euryalus* employs
The wrathful Sword, or fewer Foes deſtroys:
But on th' ignoble Crowd his Fury flew:
He *Fadus*, *Hebeſus*, and *Rhætus* ſlew.

Oppreſs'd

Oppreſs'd with heavy Sleep the former fall,
But *Rhœtus* wakeful, and obſerving all:
Behind a ſpacious Jarr he ſlink'd for fear;
The fatal Iron found, and reach'd him there.
For as he roſe, it pierc'd his naked ſide;
And reeking, thence return'd in Crimſon dy'd.
The Wound pours out a Stream of Wine and Blood,
The Purple Soul comes floating in the flood.
Now where *Meſſapus* Quarter'd they arrive;
The Fires were fainting there, and juſt alive.
The Warriour-Horſes ty'd in order fed;
Niſus obſerv'd the Diſcipline, and ſaid,
Our eager thirſt of Blood may both betray;
And ſee the ſcatter'd Streaks of dawning day,
Foe to Nocturnal Theſts: No more, my Friend,
Here let our glutted Execution end:
A Lane through ſlaughter'd Bodies we have made:
The bold *Euryalus*, tho' loath, obey'd.
Of Arms, and Arras, and of Plate they find
A precious load; but theſe they leave behind.
Yet fond of gaudy Spoils the Boy wou'd ſtay
To make the rich Capariſon his prey,
Which on the Steed of conquer'd *Rhamnes* lay.
Nor did his Eyes leſs longingly behold
The Girdle-Belt, with Nails of burniſh'd Gold.
This Preſent *Cedicus* the Rich, beſtow'd
On *Remulus*, when Friendſhip firſt they vow'd:
And abſent, join'd in hoſpitable tyes;
He dying, to his Heir bequeath'd the Prize:
Till by the Conqu'ring *Ardean* Troops oppreſs'd
He fell; and they the Glorious Gift poſſeſs'd.
Theſe Glitt'ring Spoils (now made the Victor's gain)
He to his body ſuits; but ſuits in vain.

Meſſapus

Meſſapus Helm he finds among the reſt,
And laces on, and wears the waving Creſt.
Proud of their Conqueſt, prouder of their Prey,
They leave the Camp; and take the ready way.
But far they had not paſs'd before they ſpy'd
Three hundred Horſe with *Volſcens* for their Guide.
The Queen a Legion to King *Turnus* ſent,
But the ſwift Horſe the ſlower Foot prevent;
And now advancing, ſought the Leader's Tent.
They ſaw the Pair; for thro' the doubtful ſhade
His ſhineing Helm *Euryalus* betray'd,
On which the Moon with full reflexion play'd.
'Tis not for nought, cry'd *Volſcens*, from the Crowd,
Theſe Men go there; then rais'd his Voice aloud:
Stand, ſtand: why thus in Arms, and whither bent;
From whence, to whom, and on what Errand ſent?
Silent they ſcud away, and haſte their flight,
To Neighb'ring Woods, and truſt themſelves to night.
The ſpeedy Horſe all paſſages belay,
And ſpur their ſmoaking Steeds to Croſs their way;
And watch each Entrance of the winding Wood;
Black was the Foreſt, thick with Beech it ſtood:
Horrid with Fern, and intricate with Thorn,
Few Paths of Humane Feet or Tracks of Beaſts were worn.
The darkneſs of the Shades, his heavy Prey,
And Fear, miſ-led the Younger from his way.
But *Niſus* hit the Turns with happier haſte,
And thoughtleſs of his Friend, the Foreſt paſs'd:
And *Alban* Plains, from *Alba*'s Name ſo call'd,
Where King *Latinus* then his Oxen ſtall'd.
Till turning at the length, he ſtood his ground,
And miſs'd his Friend, and caſt his Eyes around;
Ah Wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
Th' unhappy Youth, where ſhall I hope to find?

Or what way take! again He ventures back:
And treads the Mazes of his former track.
He winds the Wood, and liſt'ning hears the noiſe
Of trampling Courſers, and the Riders voice.
The ſound approach'd, and ſuddenly he view'd
The Foes incloſing, and his Friend purſu'd:
Forelay'd and taken, while he ſtrove in vain,
The ſhelter of the friendly Shades to gain.
What ſhou'd he next attempt! what Arms employ,
What fruitleſs Force to free the Captive Boy?
Or deſperate ſhou'd he ruſh and loſe his Life,
With odds oppreſs'd, in ſuch unequal ſtrife?
Reſolv'd at length, his pointed Spear he ſhook;
And caſting on the Moon a mournful look,
Guardian of Groves, and Goddeſs of the Night;
Fair Queen, he ſaid, direct my Dart aright:
If e're my Pious Father for my ſake
Did grateful Off'rings on thy Altars make;
Or I increas'd them with my Silvan toils,
And hung thy Holy Roofs, with Savage Spoils;
Give me to ſcatter theſe. Then from his Ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and lanch'd the trembling Spear.
The deadly Weapon, hiſſing from the Grove,
Impetuous on the back of *Sulmo* drove:
Pierc'd his thin Armour, drank his Vital Blood,
And in his Body left the broken Wood.
He ſtaggers round, his Eyeballs rowl in Death,
And with ſhort ſobs he gaſps away his Breath.
All ſtand amaz'd; a ſecond Jav'lin flies,
With equal ſtrength, and quivers through the Skies;
This through thy Temples, *Tagus*, forc'd the way,
And in the Brain-pan warmly bury'd lay.
Fierce *Volſcens* foams with Rage, and gazing round,
Deſcry'd not him who gave the Fatal Wound:

Nor

To Sr. Jon. Percivale Bart. of Burton
in the County of Corke in Ireland

Nor knew to fix Revenge: but thou, he cries,
Shalt pay for both, and at the Pris'ner flies,
With his drawn Sword. Then ſtruck with deep Deſpair,
That cruel ſight the Lover cou'd not bear:
But from his Covert ruſh'd in open view,
And ſent his Voice before him as he flew.
Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your Swords alone
On me; the Fact confeſs'd, the Fault my own.
He neither cou'd nor durſt, the guiltleſs Youth;
Ye Moon and Stars bear Witneſs to the Truth!
His only Crime, (if Friendſhip can offend,)
Is too much Love, to his unhappy Friend.
Too late he ſpeaks; the Sword, which Fury guides,
Driv'n with full Force, had pierc'd his tender Sides.
Down fell the beauteous Youth; the yawning Wound
Guſh'd out a Purple Stream, and ſtain'd the Ground.
His ſnowy Neck reclines upon his Breaſt,
Like a fair Flow'r by the keen Share oppreſs'd:
Like a white Poppy ſinking on the Plain,
Whoſe heavy Head is overcharg'd with Rain.
Deſpair, and Rage, and Vengeance juſtly vow'd,
Drove *Niſus* headlong on the hoſtile Crowd:
Volſcens he ſeeks; on him alone he bends;
Born back, and bor'd, by his ſurrounding Friends,
Onward he preſs'd: and kept him ſtill in ſight;
Then whirl'd aloft his Sword, with all his might:
Th' unerring Steel deſcended while he ſpoke;
Pierc'd his wide Mouth, and thro' his Weazon broke:
Dying, he ſlew; and ſtagg'ring on the Plain,
With ſwimming Eyes he ſought his Lover ſlain:
Then quiet on his bleeding Boſom fell;
Content in Death, to be reveng'd ſo well.
O happy Friends! for if my Verſe can give
Immortal Life, your Fame ſhall ever live:

Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies;
And ſpread, where e're the *Roman* Eagle flies!
The conqu'ring Party, firſt divide the Prey,
Then their ſlain Leader to the Camp convey.
With Wonder, as they went, the Troops were fill'd,
To ſee ſuch Numbers whom ſo few had kill'd.
Serranus, *Rhamnes*, and the reſt they found;
Vaſt Crowds the dying and the dead ſurround:
And the yet reeking Blood o'reflows the Ground.
All knew the Helmet which *Meſſapus* loſt;
But mourn'd a Purchaſe, that ſo dear had coſt.
Now roſe the ruddy Morn from *Tithon's* Bed;
And with the Dawns of Day, the Skies o'reſpread.
Nor long the Sun his daily Courſe withheld,
But added Colours to the World reveal'd.
When early *Turnus* wak'ning with the Light,
All clad in Armour calls his Troops to fight.
His Martial Men with fierce Harangues he fir'd;
And his own Ardor, in their Souls inſpir'd.
This done, to give new Terror to his Foes,
The Heads of *Niſus*, and his Friend he ſhows,
Rais'd high on pointed Spears: A ghaſtly Sight;
Loud peals of Shouts enſue, and barbarous Delight.
Mean time the *Trojans* run, where Danger calls,
They line their Trenches, and they man their Walls:
In Front extended to the left they ſtood:
Safe was the right ſurrounded by the Flood.
But caſting from their Tow'rs a frightful view,
They ſaw the Faces, which too well they knew;
Tho' then diſguis'd in Death, and ſmear'd all o're
With Filth obſcene, and dropping putrid Gore.
So on haſty Fame, thro' the ſad City bears
The mournful Meſſage to the Mother's Ears:

An icy Cold benums her Limbs: She ſhakes:
Her Cheeks the Blood, her Hand the Web forſakes.
She runs the Rampires round amidſt the War,
Nor fears the flying Darts: She rends her Hair,
And fills with loud Laments the liquid Air.
Thus then, my lov'd *Euryalus* appears;
Thus looks the Prop of my declining Years!
Was't on this Face, my famiſh'd Eyes I fed,
Ah how unlike the living, is the dead!
And cou'dſt thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind Kiſs from a departing Son!
No look, no laſt adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding Hour to Slaughter ſent!
Cold on the Ground, and preſſing foreign Clay,
To *Latian* Dogs, and Fowls he lies a Prey!
Nor was I near to cloſe his dying Eyes,
To waſh his Wounds, to weep his Obſequies:
To call about his Corps his crying Friends,
Or ſpread the Mantle, (made for other ends,)
On his dear Body, which I wove with Care,
Nor did my daily Pains, or nightly labour ſpare.
Where ſhall I find his Corps, what Earth ſuſtains
His Trunk diſmember'd, and his cold Remains?
For this, alas, I left my needful Eaſe,
Expos'd my Life to Winds, and winter Seas!
If any pity touch *Rutulian* Hearts,
Here empty all your Quivers, all your Darts:
Or if they fail, thou *Jove* conclude my Woe,
And ſend me Thunder-ſtruck to Shades below!
Her Shrieks and Clamours, pierce the *Trojans* Ears,
Unman their Courage, and augment their Fears:
Nor young *Aſcanius* cou'd the fight ſuſtain,
Nor old *Ilioneus* his Tears reſtrain:

But *Actor* and *Idæus*, jointly ſent,
To bear the madding Mother to her Tent.
And now the Trumpets terribly from far,
With rattling Clangor, rouze the ſleepy War.
The Souldiers Shouts ſucceed the Brazen Sounds;
And Heav'n, from Pole to Pole, the Noiſe rebounds.
The *Volſcians* bear their Shields upon their Head,
And ruſhing forward, form a moving Shed;
Theſe fill the Ditch, thoſe pull the Bulwarks down:
Some raiſe the Ladders, others ſcale the Town.
But where void Spaces on the Walls appear,
Or thin Defence, they pour their Forces there.
With Poles and miſſive Weapons, from afar,
The *Trojans* keep aloof the riſing War.
Taught by their ten Years Siege defenſive fight;
They rowl down Ribs of Rocks, an unreſiſted Weight:
To break the Penthouſe with the pond'rous Blow;
Which yet the patient *Volſcians* undergo.
But cou'd not bear th' unequal Combat long;
For where the *Trojans* find the thickeſt Throng,
The Ruin falls: Their ſhatter'd Shields give way,
And their cruſh'd Heads become an eaſie Prey.
They ſhrink for Fear, abated of their Rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind Fight engage.
Contented now to gaul them from below
With Darts and Slings, and with the diſtant Bow.
Elſewhere *Mezentius*, terrible to view,
A blazing Pine within the Trenches threw.
But brave *Meſſapus*, *Neptune*'s warlike Son,
Broke down the Paliſades, the Trenches Won,
And loud for Ladders calls, to ſcale the Town.
Calliope begin: Ye ſacred Nine,
Inſpire your Poet in his high Deſign;

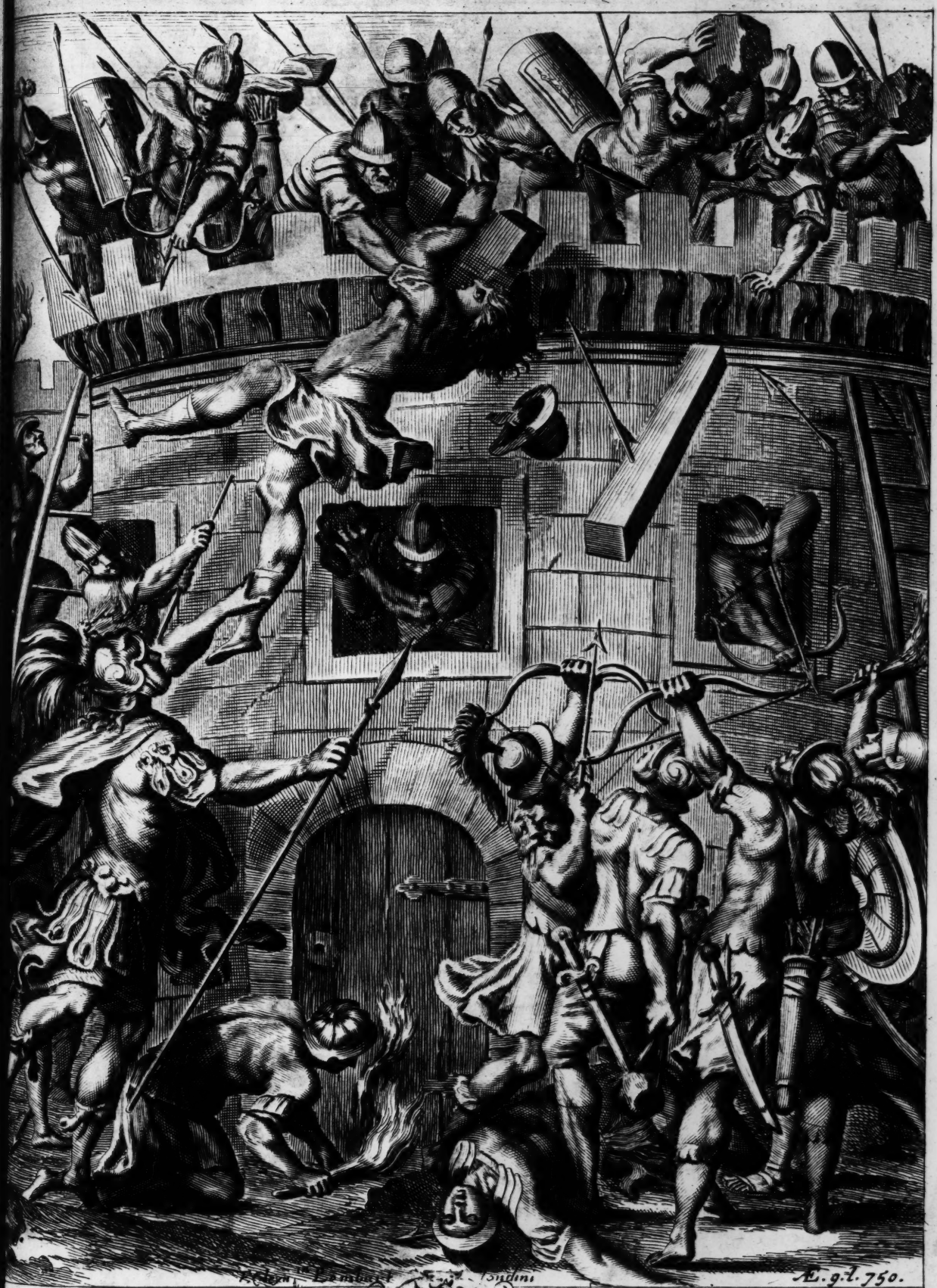
To

To ſing what Slaughter manly *Turnus* made:
What Souls he ſent below the *Stygian* Shade.
What Fame the Souldiers with their Captain ſhare,
And the vaſt Circuit of the fatal War.
For you in ſinging Martial Facts excel;
You beſt remember; and alone can tell.
There ſtood a Tow'r, amazing to the ſight,
Built up of Beams; and of ſtupendous height;
Art, and the nature of the Place conſpir'd,
To furniſh all the Strength, that War requir'd.
To level this, the bold *Italians* join;
The wary *Trojans* obviate their deſign:
With weighty Stones o'rewhelm their Troops below,
Shoot through the Loopholes, and ſharp Jav'lins throw.
Turnus, the Chief, toſs'd from his thund'ring Hand,
Againſt the wooden Walls, a flaming Brand:
It ſtuck, the fiery Plague: The Winds were high;
The Planks were ſeaſon'd, and the Timber dry.
Contagion caught the Poſts: It ſpread along,
Scorch'd, and to diſtance drove the ſcatter'd Throng.
The *Trojans* fled; the Fire purſu'd amain,
Still gath'ring faſt upon the trembling Train;
Till crowding to the Corners of the Wall,
Down the Defence, and the Defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes Heav'n it ſelf reſound,
The Dead, and dying *Trojans* ſtrew the Ground.
The Tow'r that follow'd on the fallen Crew,
Whelm'd o're their Heads, and bury'd whom it ſlew:
Some ſtuck upon the Darts themſelves had ſent;
All, the ſame equal Ruin underwent.
Young *Lycus* and *Helenor* only ſcape;
Sav'd, how they know not, from the ſteepy Leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by Birth,
On one ſide Royal, one a Son of Earth,

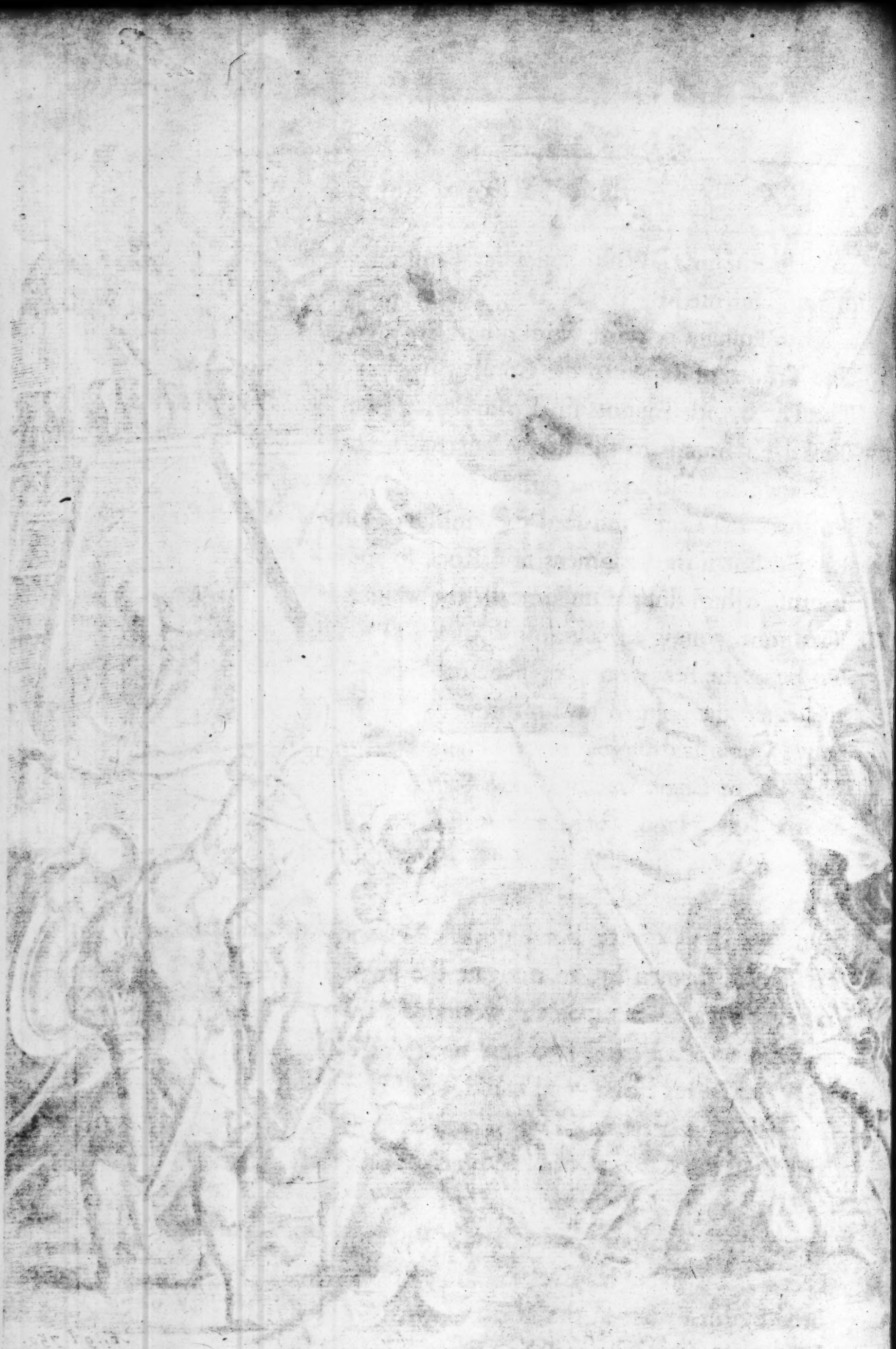
Whom

Whom to the *Lydian* King, *Lycimnia* bare,
And ſent her boaſted Baſtard to the War:
(A Priviledge which none but Free-men ſhare.)
Slight were his Arms, a Sword and Silver Shield,
No Marks of Honour charg'd its empty Field.
Light as he fell, ſo light the Youth aroſe,
And riſing found himſelf amidſt his Foes.
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his Way;
Embolden'd by Deſpair, he ſtood at Bay:
And like a Stag, whom all the Troop ſurrounds
Of eager Huntſmen, and invading Hounds;
Reſolv'd on Death, he diſſipates his Fears,
And bounds aloft, againſt the pointed Spears:
So dares the Youth, ſecure of Death; and throws
His dying Body, on his thickeſt Foes.
But *Lycus*, ſwifter of his Feet, by far,
Runs, doubles, winds and turns, amidſt the War:
Springs to the Walls, and leaves his Foes behind,
And ſnatches at the Beam he firſt can find.
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the ſtretch,
In hopes the helping Hand of ſome kind Friend to reach.
But *Turnus* follow'd hard his hunted Prey,
(His Spear had almoſt reach'd him in the way,
Short of his Reins, and ſcarce a Span behind,)
Fool, ſaid the Chief, tho' fleeter than the Wind,
Coud'ſt thou preſume to ſcape, when I purſue?
He ſaid, and downward by the Feet he drew
The trembling Daſtard: at the Tug he falls,
Vaſt Ruins come along, rent from the ſmoking Walls.
Thus on ſome ſilver Swan, or tim'rous Hare,
Jove's Bird comes ſowſing down, from upper Air;
Her crooked Tallons truſs the fearful Prey:
Then out of ſight ſhe ſoars, and wings her way.

So



Coll.l Christopher Codrington One of the Captains in his Ma.ties
first Regiment of foot Guards



So ſeizes the grim Wolf the tender Lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating Dam.
Then ruſhing onward, with a barb'rous cry,
The Troops of *Turnus* to the Combat fly.
The Ditch with Faggots fill'd, the daring Foe
Toſs'd Firebrands to the ſteepy Turrets throw.
Ilioneus, as bold *Lucetius* came
To force the Gate, and feed the kindling Flame,
Rowl'd down the Fragment of a Rock ſo right;
It cruſh'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young *Liger* and *Aſylas* ſlew;
To bend the Bow young *Liger* better knew;
Aſylas beſt the pointed Jav'lin threw.
Brave *Cæneus* laid *Ortygius* on the Plain,
The Victor *Cæneus* was by *Turnus* ſlain.
By the ſame Hand, *Clonius* and *Itys* fall,
Sagar, and *Ida*, ſtanding on the Wall.
From *Capys* Arms his Fate *Privernus* found;
Hurt by *Themilla* firſt; but ſlight the Wound;
His Shield thrown by, to mitigate the ſmart,
He clap'd his Hand upon the wounded part:
The ſecond Shaft came ſwift and uneſpy'd,
And pierc'd his Hand, and nail'd it to his ſide:
Transfix'd his breathing Lungs, and beating heart;
The Soul came iſſuing out, and hiſs'd again'ſt the Dart.
The Son of *Arcens* ſhone amid the reſt,
In glitt'ring Armour, and a Purple Veſt.
Fair was his Face, his Eyes inſpiring Love,
Bred by his Father in the *Martian* Grove;
Where the fat Altars of *Palicus* flame,
And ſent in Arms to purchaſe early Fame.
Him, when he ſpy'd from far the *Thuſcan* King,
Laid by the Lance, and took him to the Sling:

Thrice

Thrice whirl'd the Thong around his head, and threw:
The heated Lead half melted as it flew:
It pierc'd his hollow Temples and his Brain;
The Youth came tumbling down, and ſpurn'd the Plain.
Then young *Aſcanius*, who before this day
Was wont in Woods to ſhoot the ſavage Prey,
Firſt bent in Martial Strife, the twanging Bow;
And exercis'd againſt a Humane Foe.
With this bereft *Numanus* of his life,
Who *Turnus* younger Siſter took to Wife.
Proud of his Realm, and of his Royal Bride,
Vaunting before his Troops, and lengthen'd with a Stride,
In theſe Inſulting terms, the *Trojans* he defy'd.
Twice Conquer'd Cowards, now your ſhame is ſhown,
Coop'd up a ſecond time within your Town!
Who dare not iſſue forth in open Field,
But hold your Walls before you for a Shield:
Thus threat you War, thus our Alliance force!
What Gods what madneſs hether ſteer'd your Courſe.
You ſhall not find the Sons of *Atreus* here,
Nor need the Frauds of ſly *Ulyſſes* fear.
Strong from the Cradle, of a ſturdy Brood,
We bear our new-born Infants to the Flood;
There bath'd amid the Stream, our Boys we hold,
With Winter harden'd, and inur'd to Cold.
They wake before the Day to range the Wood,
Kill e're they eat, nor taſt unconquer'd Food.
No Sports, but what belong to War they know,
To break the ſtubborn Colt, to bend the Bow.
Our youth, of Labour patient, earn their Bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal Diet fed.
From Ploughs and Harrows ſent to ſeek Renown,
They fight in Fields, and ſtorm the ſhaken Town.

No part of Life from Toils of War is free;
No change in Age, or diff'rence in Degree.
We plow, and till in Arms; our Oxen feel,
Inſtead of Goads, the Spur, and pointed Steel:
Th' inverted Lance makes Furrows in the Plain;
Ev'n time that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
The Body, not the Mind: Nor can controul
Th' immortal Vigour, or abate the Soul.
Our Helms defend the Young, diſguiſe the Grey:
We live by Plunder, and delight in Prey.
Your Veſts embroyder'd with rich Purple ſhine;
In Sloth you Glory, and in Dances join.
Your Veſts have ſweeping Sleeves: With female Pride,
Your Turbants underneath your Chins are ty'd.
Go, *Phrygians*, to your *Dindymus* agen;
Go, leſs than Women, in the Shapes of Men.
Go, mix'd with Eunuchs, in the Mother's Rites,
Where with unequal Sound the Flute invites.
Sing, dance, and howl by turns in *Ida*'s Shade;
Reſign the War to Men, who know the Martial Trade.
This foul Reproach, *Aſcanius* cou'd not hear
With Patience, or a vow'd Revenge forbear.
At the full ſtretch of both his Hands, he drew,
And almoſt join'd the Horns of the tough Eugh.
But firſt, before the Throne of *Jove* he ſtood;
And thus with lifted Hands invok'd the God.
My firſt Attempt, great *Jupiter* ſucceed;
An annual Off'ring in thy Grove ſhall bleed:
A ſnow-white Steer, before thy Altar led,
Who like his Mother bears aloft his Head,
Buts with his threatning Brows, and bellowing ſtands,
And dares the Fight, and ſpurns the yellow Sands.
Jove bow'd the Heav'ns, and lent a gracious Ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidſt the clear.

Sounded at once the Bow; and ſwiftly flies
The feather'd Death, and hiſſes thro' the Skies.
The Steel thro' both his Temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the Ground, *Numanus* lay.
Go now, vain Boaſter, and true Valour ſcorn;
The *Phrygians* twice ſubdu'd, yet make this third Return.
Aſcanius ſaid no more: The *Trojans* ſhake
The Heav'ns with Shouting, and new Vigour take.
Apollo then beſtrode a Golden Cloud,
To view the feats of Arms, and fighting Crowd;
And thus the beardleſs Victor, he beſpoke aloud.
Advance Illuſtrious Youth, increaſe in Fame,
And wide from Eaſt to Weſt extend thy Name.
Offspring of Gods thy ſelf; and *Rome* ſhall owe
To thee, a Race of Demigods below.
This is the Way to Heav'n: The Pow'rs Divine
From this beginning date the *Julian* Line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious Heirs,
The conquer'd War is due; and the vaſt World is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy Name. He ſaid,
And plunging downward ſhot his radiant Head;
Diſpell'd the breathing Air, that broke his Flight,
Shorn of his Beams, a Man to Mortal ſight.
Old *Butes* Form he took, *Anchiſes* Squire,
Now left to rule *Aſcanius*, by his Sire:
His wrinkled Viſage, and his hoary Hairs,
His Meen, his Habit, and his Arms he wears;
And thus ſalutes the Boy, too forward for his Years.
Suffice it thee, thy Father's worthy Son,
The warlike Prize thou haſt already won:
The God of Archers gives thy Youth a part
Of his own Praiſe; nor envies equal Art.
Now tempt the War no more. He ſaid, and flew
Obſcure in Air, and vaniſh'd from their view.

The *Trojans*, by his Arms, their Patron know;
And hear the twanging of his Heav'nly Bow.
Then duteous Force they uſe; and *Phœbus* Name,
To keep from Fight, the Youth too fond of Fame.
Undaunted they themſelves no Danger ſhun:
From Wall to Wall, the Shouts and Clamours run.
They bend their Bows; they whirl their Slings around:
Heaps of ſpent Arrows fall; and ſtrew the Ground;
And Helms, and Shields, and ratling Arms reſound.
The Combate thickens, like the Storm that flies
From Weſtward, when the Show'ry Kids ariſe:
Or patt'ring Hail comes pouring on the Main,
When *Jupiter* deſcends in harden'd Rain.
Or bellowing Clouds burſt with a ſtormy Sound,
And with an armed Winter ſtrew the Ground.
Pand'rus and *Bitias*, Thunder-bolts of War,
Whom *Hiera*, to bold *Alcanor* bare
On *Ida*'s Top, two Youths of Height and Size,
Like Firrs that on their Mother Mountain riſe;
Preſuming on their Force, the Gates unbar,
And of their own Accord invite the War.
With Fates averſe, againſt their King's Command,
Arm'd on the right, and on the left they ſtand;
And flank the Paſſage: Shining Steel they wear,
And waving Creſts, above their Heads appear.
Thus two tall Oaks, that *Padus* Banks adorn,
Liſt up to Heav'n their leafy Heads unſhorn;
And overpreſs'd with Nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whiſtling Winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a Tyde of *Latians*, when they ſee
The Gate ſet open, and the Paſſage free.
Bold *Quercens*, with raſh *Tmarus* ruſhing on;
Equicolus, that in bright Armour ſhone,

And *Hæmon* firſt, but ſoon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended Paſs they dye.
Theſe with Succeſs are fir'd, and thoſe with Rage;
And each on equal Terms at length ingage.
Drawn from their Lines, and iſſuing on the Plain,
The *Trojans* hand to hand the Fight maintain.
Fierce *Turnus* in another Quarter fought,
When ſuddenly th' unhop'd for News was brought;
The Foes had left the faſtneſs of their Place,
Prevail'd in Fight, and had his Men in Chace.
He quits th' Attack, and, to prevent their Fate,
Runs, where the Gyant Brothers guard the Gate.
The firſt he met, *Antiphates* the brave,
But baſe begotten on a *Theban* Slave;
Sarpedon's Son he ſlew: The deadly Dart
Found Paſſage thro' his Breaſt, and pierc'd his Heart.
Fix'd in the Wound th' *Italian* Cornel ſtood;
Warm'd in his Lungs, and in his vital Blood.
Aphidnus next, and *Erymanthus* dies,
And *Meropes*, and the Gygantick Size
Of *Bitias*, threat'ning with his ardent Eyes.
Not by the feeble Dart he fell oppreſs'd,
A Dart were loſt, within that roomy Breaſt;
But from a knotted Lance, large, heavy, ſtrong;
Which roar'd like Thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two Bull-hides th' impetuous Force withhold;
Nor Coat of double Male, with Scales of Gold.
Down ſunk the Monſter-Bulk, and preſs'd the Ground;
His Arms and clatt'ring Shield, on the vaſt Body ſound.
Not with leſs Ruin, than the *Bajan* Mole,
(Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to controul,)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky Wall,
Prone to the Deep the Stones disjointed fall,

Of the vaſt Pile; the ſcatter'd Ocean flies;
Black Sands, diſcolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud ariſe.
The frighted Billows rowl, and ſeek the Shores:
Then trembles *Prochyta*, then *Iſchia* roars:
Typhœus thrown beneath, by *Jove*'s Command,
Aſtoniſh'd at the Flaw, that ſhakes the Land,
Soon ſhifts his weary Side, and ſcarce awake,
With Wonder feels the weight preſs lighter on his Back.
The Warrior God the *Latian* Troops inſpir'd;
New ſtrung their Sinews, and their Courage fir'd:
But chills the *Trojan* Hearts with cold Affright;
Then black Deſpair precipitates their Flight.
When *Pandarus* beheld his Brother kill'd,
The Town with Fear, and wild Confuſion fill'd,
He turns the Hindges of the Heavy Gate
With both his Hands; and adds his Shoulders to the weight.
Some happier Friends, within the Walls inclos'd;
The reſt ſhut out, to certain Death expos'd.
Fool as he was, and frantick in his Care,
T' admit young *Turnus*, and include the War.
He thruſt amid the Crowd, ſecurely bold;
Like a fierce Tyger pent amid the Fold.
Too late his blazing Buckler they deſcry;
And ſparkling Fires that ſhot from either Eye:
His mighty Members, and his ample Breaſt,
His ratt'ling Armour, and his Crimſon Creſt.
Far from that hated Face the *Trojans* fly;
All but the Fool who ſought his Deſtiny.
Mad *Pandarus* ſteps forth, with Vengeance vow'd
For *Bitias*'s Death, and threatens thus aloud.
Theſe are not *Ardea*'s Walls, nor this the Town
Amata proffers with *Lavinia*'s Crown:
'Tis hoſtile Earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of ſafe Return by flight are left.

To whom with Count'nance calm, and Soul ſedate,
Thus *Turnus*: Then begin; and try thy Fate:
My Meſſage to the Ghoſt of *Priam* bear,
Tell him a new *Achilles* ſent thee there.
A Lance of tough ground-Aſh the *Trojan* threw,
Rough in the Rind, and knotted as it grew,
With his full force he whirl'd it firſt around;
But the ſoft yielding Air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial *Juno* turn'd the Courſe before;
And fix'd the wand'ring Weapon in the door.
But hope not thou, ſaid *Turnus*, when I ſtrike,
To ſhun thy Fate, our Force is not alike:
Nor thy Steel temper'd by the *Lemnian* God:
Then riſing, on his utmoſt ſtretch he ſtood:
And aim'd from high: the full deſcending blow
Cleaves the broad Front, and beardleſs Cheeks in two:
Down ſinks the Giant with a thund'ring ſound,
His pond'rous Limbs oppreſs the trembling ground;
Blood, Brains, and Foam, guſh from the gaping Wound.
Scalp, Face, and Shoulders, the keen Steel divides;
And the ſhar'd Viſage hangs on equal ſides.
The *Trojans* fly from their approaching Fate:
And had the Victor then ſecur'd the Gate,
And, to his Troops without, unclos'd the Barrs;
One lucky Day had ended all his Wars.
But boiling Youth, and blind Deſire of Blood,
Puſh'd on his Fury, to purſue the Crowd:
Hamſtring'd behind unhappy *Gyges* dy'd;
Then *Phalaris* is added to his ſide:
The pointed Jav'lins from the dead he drew,
And their Friends Arms againſt their Fellows threw.
Strong *Halys* ſtands in vain; weak *Phlegys* flies;
Saturnia, ſtill at hand, new Force and Fire ſupplies.

To Mr. John Closterman.

Then *Halius*, *Prytanis*, *Alcander* fall;
(Ingag'd againſt the Foes who ſcal'd the Wall:)
But whom they fear'd without, they found within:
At laſt, tho' late, by *Linceus* he was ſeen.
He calls new Succours, and aſſaults the Prince,
But weak his Force, and vain is their Defence.
Turn'd to the right, his Sword the Heroe drew;
And at one blow the bold Aggreſſor ſlew.
He joints the Neck: And with a ſtroke ſo ſtrong
The Helm flies off; and bears the Head along.
Next him, the Huntſman *Amycus* he kill'd,
In Darts, invenom'd, and in Poyſon skill'd.
Then *Clytius* fell beneath his fatal Spear,
And *Creteus*, whom the Muſes held ſo dear:
He fought with Courage, and he ſung the fight:
Arms were his buis'neſs, Verſes his delight.
The *Trojan* Chiefs behold, with Rage and Grief,
Their ſlaughter'd Friends, and haſten their Relief.
Bold *Mneſtheus* rallies firſt the broken Train,
Whom brave *Sereſthus*, and his Troop ſuſtain.
To ſave the living, and revenge the dead;
Againſt one Warriour's Arms all *Troy* they led.
O, void of Senſe and Courage, *Mneſtheus* cry'd,
Where can you hope your Coward Heads to hide?
Ah, where beyond theſe Rampires can you run!
One Man, and in your Camp inclos'd, you ſhun!
Shall then a ſingle Sword ſuch Slaughter boaſt,
And paſs unpuniſh'd from a Num'rous Hoaſt?
Forſaking Honour, and renouncing Fame,
Your Gods, your Country, and your King you ſhame.
This juſt Reproach their Vertue does excite,
They ſtand, they joyn, they thicken to the Fight.
Now *Turnus* doubts, and yet diſdains to yield;
But with ſlow paces meaſures back the Field.

And Inches to the Walls, where *Tyber*'s Tide,
Waſhing the Camp, defends the weaker ſide.
The more he loſes, they advance the more;
And tread in ev'ry Step he trod before.
They ſhout, they bear him back, and whom by Might
They cannot Conquer, they oppreſs with Weight.
As compaſs'd with a Wood of Spears around,
The Lordly Lyon, ſtill maintains his Ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his diſtended Paws, and ſhakes his Mane;
He loſes while in vain he preſſes on,
Nor will his Courage let him dare to run:
So *Turnus* fares; and unreſolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and juſt recedes from fight.
Yet twice, inrag'd, the Combat he renews;
Twice breaks, and twice his broken Foes purſues:
But now they ſwarm; and with freſh Troops ſupply'd,
Come rowling on, and ruſh from ev'ry ſide.
Nor *Juno*, who ſuſtain'd his Arms before,
Dares with new ſtrength ſuffice th' exhauſted ſtore.
For *Jove*, with ſour Commands, ſent *Iris* down,
To force th' Invader from the frighted Town.
With Labour ſpent, no longer can he wield
The heavy Fauchion, or ſuſtain the Shield:
O'rewhelm'd with Darts, which from afar they fling,
The Weapons round his hollow Temples ring:
His golden Helm gives way: with ſtony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his Brows.
His Creſt is raſh'd away; his ample Shield
Is falſify'd, and round with Jav'lins fill'd.
The Foe now faint, the *Trojans* overwhelm:
And *Mneſtheus* lays hard load upon his Helm.
Sick ſweat ſucceeds, he drops at ev'ry pore,
With driving Duſt his Cheeks are paſted o're.

Shorter

Shorter and ſhorter ev'ry Gaſp he takes,
And vain Efforts, and hurtleſs Blows he makes.
Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the Flood, and made the Waters fly.
The yellow God, the welcome Burthen bore,
And wip'd the Sweat, and waſh'd away the Gore:
Then gently wafts him to the farther Coaſt;
And ſends him ſafe to chear his anxious Hoaſt.

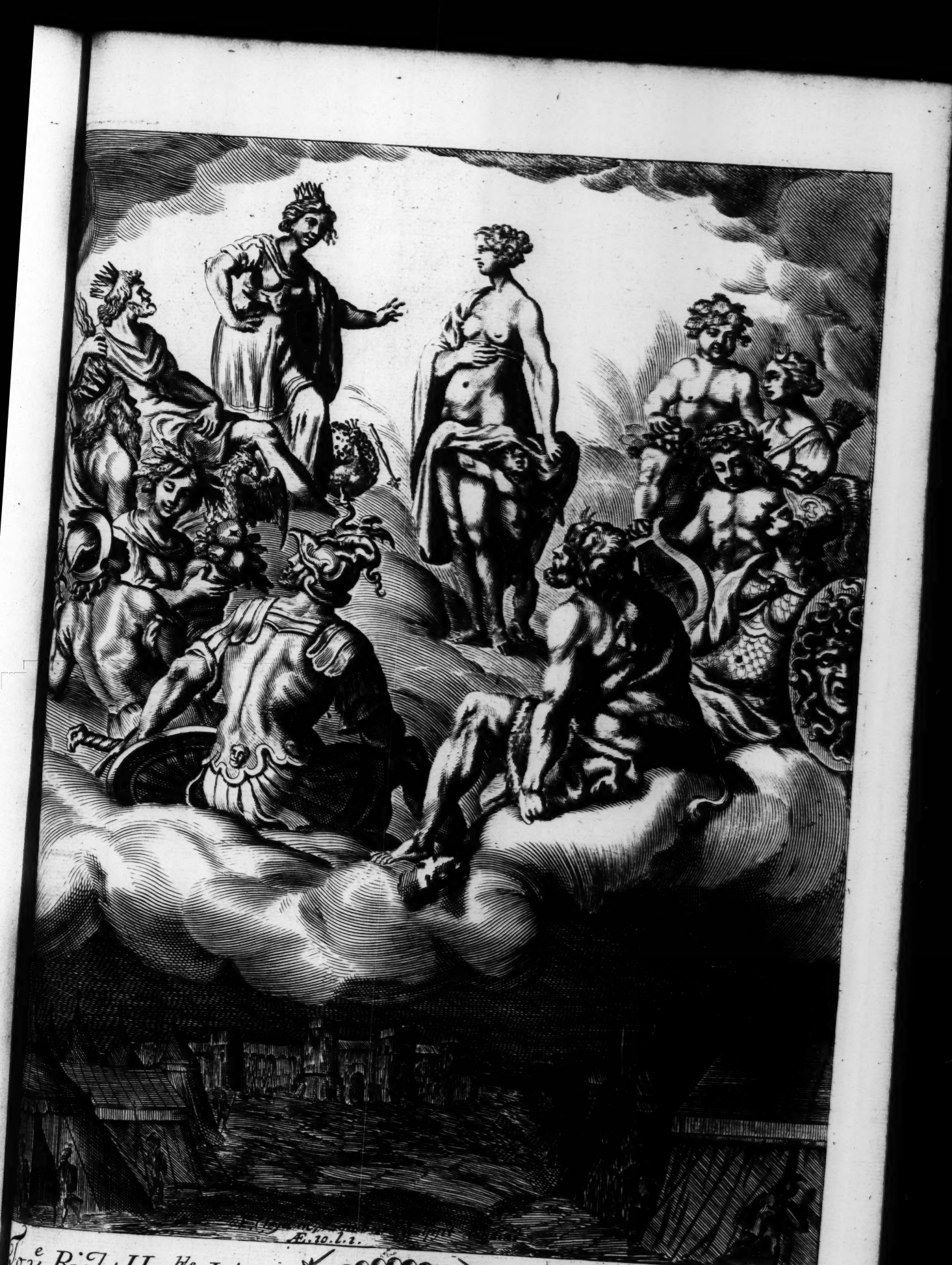
The Tenth Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

Jupiter *calling a Council of the Gods, forbids them to engage in either Party. At* Æneas's *return there is a bloody Battel:* Turnus *killing* Pallas; Æneas, Lauſus *and* Mezentius. Mezentius *is deſcrib'd as an Atheiſt;* Lauſus *as a pious and virtuous Youth: The different Actions and Death of theſe two, are the Subject of a Noble Epiſode.*

THE Gates of Heav'n unfold; *Jove* ſummons all
The Gods to Council, in the Common Hall.
Sublimely ſeated, he ſurveys from far
The Fields, the Camp, the Fortune of the War;
And all th' inferior World: From firſt to laſt
The Sov'raign Senate in Degrees are plac'd.
Then thus th' Almighty Sire began. Ye Gods,
Natives, or Denizons, of bleſt Abodes;
From whence theſe Murmurs, and this change of Mind,
This backward Fate from what was firſt deſign'd?
Why this protracted War? When my Commands
Pronounc'd a Peace, and gave the *Latian* Lands.
What Fear or Hope on either part divides
Our Heav'ns, and arms our Pow'rs on diff'rent ſides?
A lawful Time of War at length will come,
(Nor need your haſte anticipate the Doom,)
When *Carthage* ſhall contend the World with *Rome*:
Shall force the rigid Rocks, and *Alpine* Chains;
And like a Flood come pouring on the Plains.
Then is your time for Faction and Debate,
For partial Favour, and permitted Hate.
Let now your immature Diſſention ceaſe;
Sit quiet, and compoſe your Souls to Peace.

Thus



A. 10. l. 1.

To y^e Right Hon.^ble Iohn L.^d Viscount Fitzharding & Beare-haven and Baron Berkley of Rathdonne & in y^e Kingdom of Ireland & Master of y^e Horse to Her Royall Highness the Princess Anne of Denmark

Thus *Jupiter* in few unfolds the Charge:
But lovely *Venus* thus replies at large.
O Pow'r immenſe, Eternal Energy!
(For to what elſe Protection can we fly,)
Seeſt thou the proud *Rutulians*, how they dare
In Fields, unpuniſh'd, and inſult my Care?
How lofty *Turnus* vaunts amidſt his Train,
In ſhining Arms, triumphant on the Plain?
Ev'n in their Lines and Trenches they contend;
And ſcarce their Walls the *Trojan* Troops defend:
The Town is fill'd with Slaughter, and o'refloats,
With a red Deluge, their increaſing Moats.
Æneas ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a Camp expos'd, without Defence.
This endleſs outrage ſhall they ſtill ſuſtain?
Shall *Troy* renew'd be forc'd, and fir'd again?
A ſecond Siege my baniſh'd Iſſue fears,
And a new *Diomede* in Arms appears.
One more audacious Mortal will be found;
And I thy Daughter wait another Wound.
Yet, if with Fates averſe, without thy Leave,
The *Latian* Lands my Progeny receive;
Bear they the Pains of violated Law,
And thy Protection from their Aid withdraw.
But if the Gods their ſure Succeſs foretel,
If thoſe of Heav'n conſent with thoſe of Hell,
To promiſe *Italy*; who dare debate
The Pow'r of *Jove*, or fix another Fate?
What ſhou'd I tell of Tempeſts on the Main,
Of *Eolus* uſurping *Neptune*'s Reign?
Of *Iris* ſent; with *Bachanalian* Heat,
T' inſpire the Matrons, and deſtroy the Fleet.
Now *Juno* to the *Stygian* Sky deſcends,
Sollicites Hell for Aid, and arms the Fiends.

That new Example wanted yet above:
An Act that well became the Wife of *Jove*.
Alecto, rais'd by her, with Rage inflames
The peaceful Boſoms of the *Latian* Dames.
Imperial Sway no more exalts my Mind:
(Such hopes I had indeed, while Heav'n was kind)
Now let my happier Foes poſſeſs my place,
Whom *Jove* prefers before the *Trojan* Race;
And conquer they, whom you with Conqueſt grace.
Since you can ſpare, from all your wide Command,
No ſpot of Earth, no hoſpitable Land,
Which may my wand'ring Fugitives receive;
(Since haughty *Juno* will not give you leave)
Then, Father, (if I ſtill may uſe that Name)
By ruin'd *Troy*, yet ſmoking from the Flame,
I beg you let *Aſcanius*, by my Care,
Be freed from Danger, and diſmiſs'd the War:
Inglorious let him live, without a Crown;
The Father may be caſt on Coaſts unknown,
Strugling with Fate; but let me ſave the Son.
Mine is *Cythera*, mine the *Cyprian* Tow'rs;
In thoſe Receſſes, and thoſe ſacred Bow'rs,
Obſcurely let him reſt; his Right reſign
To promis'd Empire, and his *Julian* Line.
Then *Carthage* may th' *Auſonian* Towns deſtroy,
Nor fear the Race of a rejected Boy.
What profits it my Son, to ſcape the Fire,
Arm'd with his Gods, and loaded with his Sire;
To paſs the Perils of the Seas and Wind,
Evade the *Greeks*, and leave the War behind;
To reach th' *Italian* Shores: If after all,
Our ſecond *Pergamus* is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high Deſires,
And hover'd o're his ill extinguiſh'd Fires.

To *Simois* Banks the Fugitives reſtore,
And give them back to War, and all the Woes before.
Deep indignation ſwell'd *Saturnia*'s Heart:
And muſt I own, ſhe ſaid, my ſecret Smart?
What with more decence were in ſilence kept,
And but for this unjuſt Reproach had ſlept?
Did God, or Man, your Fav'rite Son adviſe,
With War unhop'd the *Latians* to ſurpriſe?
By Fate you boaſt, and by the Gods Decree,
He left his Native Land for *Italy*:
Confeſs the Truth; by mad *Caſſandra*, more
Than Heav'n inſpir'd, he ſought a foreign Shore!
Did I perſwade to truſt his ſecond *Troy*,
To the raw Conduct of a beardleſs Boy?
With Walls unfiniſh'd, which himſelf forſakes,
And thro' the Waves a wand'ring Voyage takes?
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The *Tuſcan* Aid, and arm a quiet Land?
Did I or *Iris* give this mad Advice,
Or made the Fool himſelf the fatal Choice?
You think it hard, the *Latians* ſhou'd deſtroy
With Swords your *Trojans*, and with Fires your *Troy*:
Hard and unjuſt indeed, for Men to draw
Their Native Air, nor take a foreign Law:
That *Turnus* is permitted ſtill to live,
To whom his Birth a God and Goddeſs give:
But yet 'tis juſt and lawful for your Line,
To drive their Fields, and Force with Fraud to join.
Realms, not your own, among your Clans divide,
And from the Bridegroom tear the promis'd Bride!
Petition, while you publick Arms prepare;
Pretend a Peace, and yet provoke a War.
'Twas giv'n to you, your darling Son to ſhrowd,
To draw the Daſtard from the fighting Crowd;
And for a Man obtend an empty Cloud.

From flaming Fleets you turn'd the Fire away,
And chang'd the Ships to Daughters of the Sea.
But 'tis my Crime, the Queen of Heav'n offends,
If ſhe preſume to ſave her ſuff'ring Friends.
Your Son, not knowing what his Foes decree,
You ſay is abſent: Abſent let him be.
Yours is *Cythera*, yours the *Cyprian* Tow'rs,
The ſoft Receſſes, and the Sacred Bow'rs.
Why do you then theſe needleſs Arms prepare,
And thus provoke a People prone to War?
Did I with Fire the *Trojan* Town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd Race?
Was I the Cauſe of Miſchief or the Man,
Whoſe lawleſs Luſt the fatal War began?
Think on whoſe Faith th' Adult'rous Youth rely'd;
Who promis'd, who procur'd the *Spartan* Bride?
When all th' united States of *Greece* combin'd,
To purge the World of the perfidious Kind;
Then was your time to fear the *Trojan* Fate:
Your Quarrels and Complaints are now too late.
Thus *Juno*. Murmers riſe, with mix'd Applauſe;
Juſt as they favour, or diſlike the Cauſe:
So Winds, when yet unfledg'd in Woods they lie,
In whiſpers firſt their tender Voices try:
Then iſſue on the Main with bellowing rage,
And Storms to trembling Mariners preſage.
Then thus to both reply'd th' Imperial God,
Who ſhakes Heav'ns Axels with his awful Nod.
(When he begins, the ſilent Senate ſtand
With Rev'rence, liſt'ning to the dread Command:
The Clouds diſpel; the Winds their Breath reſtrain;
And the huſh'd Waves lie flatted on the Main.)
Cœleſtials! Your attentive Ears incline;
Since, ſaid the God, the *Trojans* muſt not join
In wiſh'd Alliance with the *Latian* Line;

Since endleſs jarrings, and immortal Hate,
Tend but to diſcompoſe our happy State;
The War henceforward be reſign'd to Fate.
Each to his proper Fortune ſtand or fall,
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, *Trojans*, are the ſame to me;
And both ſhall draw the Lots their Fates decree.
Let theſe aſſault, if Fortune be their Friend;
And if ſhe favours thoſe, let thoſe defend:
The Fates will find their way. The Thunderer ſaid;
And ſhook the ſacred Honours of his Head;
Atteſting *Styx*, th' Inviolable Flood,
And the black Regions of his Brother God
Trembled the Poles of Heav'n; and Earth confeſs'd the Nod.
This end the Seſſions had: The Senate riſe,
And to his Palace wait their Sov'raign thro' the Skies.
Mean time, intent upon their Siege, the Foes
Within their Walls the *Trojan* Hoaſt incloſe:
They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry Gate:
Renew the Fires, and urge their happy Fate.
Th' *Æneans* wiſh in vain their wanted Chief,
Hopeleſs of flight, more hopeleſs of Relief:
Thin on the Tow'rs they ſtand; and ev'n thoſe few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected Crew:
Yet in the face of Danger ſome there ſtood:
The two bold Brothers of *Sarpedon*'s Blood,
Aſius, and *Acmon*: both th' *Aſſaraci*;
Young *Hæmon*, and tho' young, reſolv'd to dye.
With theſe were *Clarus* and *Thymetes* join'd;
Tibris and *Caſtor*, both of *Lycian* Kind.
From *Acmon*'s Hands a rowling Stone there came,
So large, it half deſerv'd a Mountain's Name:
Strong ſinew'd was the Youth, and big of Bone,
His Brother *Mneſtheus* cou'd not more have done:
Or the great Father of th' intrepid Son.

Some Firebrands throw, ſome flights of Arrows ſend;
And ſome with Darts, and ſome with Stones defend.
Amid the Preſs appears the beauteous Boy,
The Care of *Venus*, and the Hope of *Troy*.
His lovely Face unarm'd, his Head was bare,
In ringlets o're his Shoulders hung his Hair.
His forehead circled with a Diadem;
Diſtinguiſh'd from the Crow'd he ſhines a Gem,
Enchas'd in Gold, or Poliſh'd Iv'ry ſet,
Amidſt the meaner foil of ſable Jett.
Nor *Iſmarus* was wanting to the War,
Directing Ointed Arrows from afar;
And Death with Poyſon arm'd: In *Lydia* born,
Where plenteous Harveſts the fat Fields adorn:
Where proud *Pactolus* floats the fruitful Lands,
And leaves a rich manure of Golden Sands.
There *Capys*, Author of the *Capuan* Name:
And there was *Mneſtheus* too increas'd in Fame:
Since *Turnus* from the Camp He caſt with ſhame.
Thus Mortal War was wag'd on either ſide,
Mean time the Heroe cuts the Nightly Tyde.
For, anxious, from *Evander* when he went,
He ſought the *Tyrrhene* Camp, and *Tarchon*'s Tent;
Expos'd the Cauſe of coming to the Chief;
His Name, and Country told, and ask'd Relief:
Propos'd the Terms; his own ſmall ſtrength declar'd,
What Vengeance proud *Mezentius* had prepar'd:
What *Turnus*, bold and violent, deſign'd;
Then ſhew'd the ſlipp'ry ſtate of Humane-kind,
And fickle Fortune; warn'd him to beware:
And to his wholſom Counſel added Pray'r.
Tarchon, without delay, the Treaty ſigns;
And to the *Trojan* Troops the *Tuſcan* joins.

They

They ſoon ſet ſail; nor now the Fates withſtand;
Their Forces truſted with a Foreign Hand.
Æneas leads; upon his Stern appear
Two Lyons carv'd, which riſing *Ida* bear:
Ida, to wand'ring *Trojans* ever dear.
Under their grateful Shade *Æneas* ſate,
Revolving Wars Events, and various Fate.
His left young *Pallas* kept, fix'd to his ſide,
And oft of Winds enquir'd, and of the Tyde:
Oft of the Stars, and of their wat'ry Way;
And what he ſuffer'd both by Land and Sea.
Now ſacred Siſters open all your Spring,
The *Tuſcan* Leaders, and their Army ſing;
Which follow'd great *Æneas* to the War:
Their Arms, their Numbers, and their Names declare.
A thouſand Youths brave *Maſſicus* obey,
Born in the *Tyger*, thro' the foaming Sea;
From *Aſium* brought, and *Coſa*, by his Care;
For Arms, light Quivers, Bows, and Shafts they bear.
Fierce *Abas* next, his Men bright Armour wore;
His Stern, *Apollo*'s Golden Statue bore.
Six hundred *Populonea* ſent along,
All skill'd in Martial Exerciſe, and ſtrong.
Three hundred more for Battel *Ilva* joins,
An Iſle renown'd for Steel, and unexhauſted Mines.
Aſylas on his Prow the third appears,
Who Heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring Stars:
From offer'd Entrails Prodigies expounds,
And Peals of Thunder, with preſaging Sounds.
A thouſand Spears in warlike Order ſtand,
Sent by the *Piſans* under his Command.
Fair *Aſtur* follows in the wat'ry Field,
Proud of his manag'd Horſe, and painted Shield.

Graviſca noiſom from the neighb'ring Fen,
And his own *Cære* ſent three hundred Men:
With thoſe which *Minio*'s Fields, and *Pyrgi* gave;
All bred in Arms, unanimous and brave.
Thou Muſe the Name of *Cyniras* renew,
And brave *Cupavo* follow'd but by few:
Whoſe Helm confeſs'd the Lineage of the Man,
And bore, with Wings diſplay'd, a ſilver Swan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd Anceſtry,
Whoſe Forms, and Fortunes in his Enſigns fly.
For *Cycnus* lov'd unhappy *Phaeton*,
And ſung his Loſs in Poplar Groves, alone;
Beneath the Siſter ſhades to ſoooth his Grief;
Heav'n heard his Song, and haſten'd his Relief:
And chang'd to ſnowy Plumes his hoary Hair,
And wing'd his Flight, to chant aloft in Air.
His Son *Cupavo* bruſh'd the briny Flood;
Upon his Stern a brawny *Centaur* ſtood,
Who heav'd a Rock, and threat'ning ſtill to throw,
With lifted Hands, alarm'd the Seas below:
They ſeem'd to fear the formidable Sight,
And rowl'd their Billows on, to ſpeed his Flight.
Ocnus was next, who led his Native Train,
Of hardy Warriors, thro' the wat'ry Plain.
The Son of *Manto*, by the *Tuſcan* Stream,
From whence the *Mantuan* Town derives the Name.
An ancient City, but of mix'd Deſcent,
Three ſev'ral Tribes compoſe the Government:
Four Towns are under each; but all obey
The *Mantuan* Laws, and own the *Tuſcan* Sway.
Hate to *Mezentius*, arm'd five hundred more,
Whom *Mincius* from his Sire *Benacus* bore;
(*Mincius* with Wreaths of Reeds his forehead cover'd o're.)

These

Theſe grave *Auletes* leads. A hundred ſweep,
With ſtretching Oars at once the glaſſy deep:
Him, and his Martial Train, the *Triton* bears,
High on his Poop the Sea-green God appears:
Frowning he ſeems his crooked Shell to ſound,
And at the Blaſt the Billows dance around.
A hairy Man above the Waſte he ſhows,
A *Porpoiſe* Tail beneath his Belly grows;
And ends a Fiſh: His Breaſt the Waves divides,
And Froth and Foam augment the murm'ring Tides.
Full thirty Ships tranſport the choſen Train,
For *Troy*'s Relief, and ſcour the briny Main.
Now was the World forſaken by the Sun,
And *Phœbe* half her nightly Race had run.
The careful Chief, who never clos'd his Eyes,
Himſelf the Rudder holds, the Sails ſupplies.
A Choir of *Nereids* meet him on the Flood,
Once his own Gallies, hewn from *Ida*'s Wood:
But now as many Nymphs the Sea they ſweep,
As rode before tall Veſſels on the Deep.
They know him from afar; and, in a Ring,
Incloſe the Ship that bore the *Trojan* King.
Cymodoce, whoſe Voice excell'd the reſt,
Above the Waves advanc'd her ſnowy Breaſt,
Her right Hand ſtops the Stern, her left divides
The curling Ocean, and corrects the Tides:
She ſpoke for all the Choir; and thus began,
With pleaſing Words to warn th' unknowing Man.
Sleeps our lov'd Lord? O Goddeſs-born! awake,
Spread ev'ry Sail, purſue your wat'ry Track;
And haſte your Courſe. Your Navy once were we,
From *Ida*'s Height deſcending to the Sea:
'Till *Turnus*, as at Anchor fix'd we ſtood,
Preſum'd to violate our holy Wood.

Then loos'd from Shore we fled his Fires prophane;
(Unwillingly we broke our Maſter's Chain)
And ſince have ſought you thro' the *Tuſcan* Main.
The mighty Mother chang'd our Forms to theſe,
And gave us Life Immortal in the Seas.
But young *Aſcanius*, in his Camp diſtreſs'd,
By your inſulting Foes is hardly preſs'd.
Th' *Arcadian* Horſemen, and *Etrurian* Hoaſt
Advance in order on the *Latian* Coaſt:
To cut their way the *Daunian* Chief deſigns,
Before their Troops can reach the *Trojan* Lines.
Thou, when the roſie Morn reſtores the Light,
Firſt arm thy Souldiers for th' enſuing Fight:
Thy ſelf the fated Sword of *Vulcan* wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable Shield.
To Morrow's Sun, unleſs my Skill be vain,
Shall ſee huge heaps of Foes in Battel ſlain.
Parting, ſhe ſpoke; and with Immortal Force,
Puſh'd on the Veſſel in her wat'ry Courſe:
(For well ſhe knew the Way) impell'd behind,
The Ship flew forward, and outſtrip'd the Wind.
The reſt make up: Unknowing of the cauſe
The Chief admires their Speed, and happy Omens draws.
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on Heav'n his Eyes;
Hear thou, great Mother of the Deities!
With Turrets crown'd, (on *Ida*'s holy Hill,
Fierce Tygers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy Will.)
Firm thy own Omens, lead us on to fight,
And let thy *Phrygians* conquer in thy right.
He ſaid no more. And now renewing Day
Had chas'd the Shadows of the Night away.
He charg'd the Souldiers with preventing Care,
Their Flags to follow, and their Arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' enſuing Fight, and bad 'em hope the War:

Now

Now, from his lofty Poop, he view'd below
His Camp incompaſs'd, and th' incloſing Foe.
His blazing Shield imbrac'd, he held on high;
The Camp receive the ſign, and with loud Shouts reply.
Hope arms their Courage: From their Tow'rs they throw
Their Darts with double Force, and drive the Foe.
Thus, at the ſignal giv'n, the Cranes ariſe
Before the ſtormy South, and blacken all the Skies.
King *Turnus* wonder'd at the Fight renew'd;
'Till, looking back, the *Trojan* Fleet he view'd:
The Seas with ſwelling Canvaſs cover'd o're;
And the ſwift Ships deſcending on the Shore.
The *Latians* ſaw from far, with dazl'd Eyes,
The radiant Creſt that ſeem'd in Flames to riſe,
And dart diffuſive Fires around the Field;
And the keen glitt'ring of the Golden Shield.
Thus threatning Comets, when by Night they riſe,
Shoot ſanguine Streams, and ſadden all the Skies:
So *Sirius*, flaſhing forth ſiniſter Lights,
Pale humane kind with Plagues, and with dry Famine frights.
Yet *Turnus*, with undaunted Mind is bent
To man the Shores, and hinder their Deſcent:
And thus awakes the Courage of his Friends.
What you ſo long have wiſh'd, kind Fortune ſends:
In ardent Arms to meet th' invading Foe:
You find, and find him at Advantage now.
Yours is the Day, you need but only dare:
Your Swords will make you Maſters of the War.
Your Sires, your Sons, your Houſes, and your Lands,
And deareſt Wifes, are all within your Hands.
Be mindful of the Race from whence you came;
And emulate in Arms your Fathers Fame.
Now take the Time, while ſtagg'ring yet they ſtand
With Feet unfirm; and prepoſſeſs the Strand:

Fortune

Fortune befriends the bold. Nor more he ſaid,
But ballanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
Then theſe elects, the Landing to prevent;
And thoſe he leaves to keep the City pent.
Mean time the *Trojan* ſends his Troops aſhore:
Some are by Boats expos'd, by Bridges more.
With lab'ring Oars they bear along the Strand,
Where the Tide languiſhes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon obſerves the Coaſt with careful Eyes,
And where no Foord he finds, no Water fryes,
Nor Billows with unequal Murmurs roar;
But ſmoothly ſlide along, and ſwell the Shoar;
That Courſe he ſteer'd, and thus he gave command,
Here ply your Oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the Veſſel that her Keel may wound
This hated Soil, and furrow hoſtile Ground.
Let me ſecurely land, I ask no more,
Then ſink my Ships, or ſhatter on the Shore.
This fiery Speech inflames his fearful Friends,
They tug at ev'ry Oar; and ev'ry Stretcher bends:
They run their Ships aground, the Veſſels knock,
(Thus forc'd aſhore) and tremble with the ſhock.
Tarchon's alone was loſt, that ſtranded ſtood,
Stuck on a Bank, and beaten by the Flood.
She breaks her Back, the looſen'd Sides give way,
And plunge the *Tuſcan* Souldiers in the Sea.
Their broken Oars, and floating Planks withſtand
Their Paſſage, while they labour to the Land;
And ebbing Tides bear back upon th' uncertain Sand.
Now *Turnus* leads his Troops, without delay,
Advancing to the Margin of the Sea.
The Trumpets ſound: *Æneas* firſt aſſail'd
The Clowns new rais'd and raw; and ſoon prevail'd.

Great

To y^e Right Hon.^ble S.^r Robert Howard
Auditor of his Ma.^ties Exchequer, and one of y^e
Lords of his Maj.^ties most Hon.^ble Privy Councill

Great *Theron* fell, an Omen of the Fight:
Great *Theron* large of Limbs, of Gyant height.
He first in open Field defy'd the Prince,
But Armour ſcal'd with Gold was no Defence
Againſt the fated Sword, which open'd wide
His plated Shield, and pierc'd his naked ſide.
Next, *Lycas* fell; who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched Mother rip'd and torn:
Sacred, O *Phœbus!* from his Birth to thee,
For his beginning Life from biting Steel was free.
Not far from him was *Gyas* laid along,
Of monſt'rous Bulk; with *Ciſſeus* fierce and ſtrong:
Vain Bulk and Strength; for when the Chief aſſail'd,
Nor Valour, nor *Herculean* Arms avail'd;
Nor their fam'd Father, wont in War to go
With great *Alcides*, while he toil'd below.
The noiſie *Pharos* next receiv'd his Death,
Æneas writh'd his Dart, and ſtopp'd his bawling Breath.
Then wretched *Cydon* had receiv'd his Doom,
Who courted *Clytius* in his beardleſs Bloom,
And ſought with luſt obſcene polluted Joys:
The *Trojan* Sword had cur'd his love of Boys,
Had not his ſev'n bold Brethren ſtop'd the Courſe
Of the fierce Champion, with united Force.
Sev'n Darts were thrown at once, and ſome rebound
From his bright Shield, ſome on his Helmet ſound:
The reſt had reach'd him, but his Mother's Care
Prevented thoſe, and turn'd aſide in Air.
The Prince then call'd *Acbates*, to ſupply
The Spears, that knew the way to Victory.
Thoſe fatal Weapons, which inur'd to Blood,
In *Grecian* Bodies under *Ilium* ſtood:
Not one of thoſe my Hand ſhall toſs in vain
Againſt our Foes, on this contended Plain.

He

He ſaid: Then ſeiz'd a mighty Spear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with Fate, thro' *Mæon*'s Buckler flew:
Pierc'd all the brazen Plates, and reach'd his Heart:
He ſtagger'd with intolerable Smart.
Alcanor ſaw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping Hand, his Brother to ſuſtain.
A ſecond Spear, which kept the former Courſe,
From the ſame Hand, and ſent with equal Force,
His right Arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft
His uſe of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then *Numitor*, from his dead Brother drew
Th' ill-omend Spear, and at the *Trojan* threw:
Preventing Fate directs the Lance awry,
Which glancing, only mark'd *Achates* Thigh.
In Pride of Youth the *Sabine Clauſus* came,
And from afar, at *Driops* took his Aim.
The Spear flew hiſſing thro' the middle Space,
And pierc'd his Throat, directed at his Face:
It ſtop'd at once the Paſſage of his Wind,
And the free Soul to flitting Air reſign'd:
His Forehead was the firſt that ſtruck the Ground;
Life-blood, and Life ruſh'd mingl'd thro' the Wound.
He ſlew three Brothers of the *Borean* Race,
And three, whom *Iſmarus*, their Native Place,
Had ſent to War, but all the Sons of *Thrace*.
Haleſus next, the bold *Aurunci* leads;
The Son of *Neptune* to his Aid ſucceeds,
Conſpicuous on his Horſe: On either Hand
Theſe fight to keep, and thoſe to win the Land.
With mutual Blood th' *Auſonian* Soil is dy'd,
While on its Borders each their Claim decide.
As wint'ry Winds contending in the Sky,
Wth equal force of Lungs their Titles try.

They

They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of Heav'n
Stands without Motion, and the Tyde undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither ſide to yield;
They long ſuſpend the Fortune of the Field.
Both Armies thus perform what Courage can:
Foot ſet to Foot, and mingled Man to Man.
But in another part, th' *Arcadian* Horſe,
With ill Succeſs ingage the *Latin* Force.
For where th' impetuous Torrent ruſhing down,
Huge craggy Stones, and rooted Trees had thrown:
They left their Courſers, and unus'd to Fight
On Foot, were ſcatter'd in a ſhameful flight.
Pallas, who with Diſdain and Grief, had view'd
His Foes purſuing, and his Friends purſu'd;
Us'd Threatnings mix'd with Pray'rs, his laſt Reſſource;
With theſe to move their Minds, with thoſe to fire their Force.
Which way, Companions! Whether wou'd you run?
By you your ſelves, and mighty Battels won;
By my great Sire, by his eſtabliſh'd Name,
And early promiſe of my Future Fame;
By my Youth emulous of equal Right,
To ſhare his Honours, ſhun ignoble Flight.
Truſt not your Feet, your Hands muſt hew your way
Thro' yon black Body, and that thick Array:
'Tis thro' that forward Path that we muſt come:
There lies our Way, and that our Paſſage home.
Nor Pow'rs above, nor Deſtinies below,
Oppreſs our Arms; with equal Strength we go;
With Mortal Hands to meet a Mortal Foe.
See on what Foot we ſtand: A ſcanty Shore;
The Sea behind, our Enemies before:
No Paſſage left, unleſs we ſwim the Main;
Or forcing theſe, the *Trojan* Trenches gain.

This ſaid, he ſtrode with eager haſte along,
And bore amidſt the thickeſt of the Throng.
Lagus, the firſt he met, with Fate to Foe,
Had heav'd a Stone of mighty weight to throw:
Stooping, the Spear deſcended on his Chine,
Juſt where the Bone diſtinguiſh'd either Loin:
It ſtuck ſo faſt, ſo deeply bury'd lay,
That ſcarce the Victor forc'd the Steel away.
Hisbon came on, but while he mov'd too ſlow
To wiſh'd Revenge, the Prince prevents his Blow:
For warding his at once, at once he preſs'd;
And plung'd the fatal Weapon in his Breaſt.
Then leud *Anchemolus* he laid in Duſt,
Who ſtain'd his Stepdam's Bed with impious Luſt.
And after him the *Daucian* Twins were ſlain,
Laris and *Thimbrus*, on the *Latian* Plain:
So wond'rous like in Feature, Shape, and Size,
As caus'd an Error in their Parents Eyes.
Grateful Miſtake! but ſoon the Sword decides
The nice Diſtinction, and their Fate divides.
For *Thimbrus* Head was lop'd: and *Laris* Hand
Diſmember'd, ſought its Owner on the Strand:
The trembling Fingers yet the Fauchion ſtrain,
And threaten ſtill th' intended Stroke in vain.
Now, to renew the Charge, th' *Arcadians* came:
Sight of ſuch Acts, and ſenſe of honeſt Shame,
And Grief, with Anger mix'd, their Minds inflame.
Then, with a caſual Blow was *Rhæteus* ſlain,
Who chanc'd, as *Pallas* threw, to croſs the Plain:
The flying Spear was after *Ilus* ſent,
But *Rhæteus* happen'd on a Death unmeant:
From *Teuthras*, and from *Tyres* while he fled,
The Lance, athwart his Body, laid him dead:

Rowl'd

Rowl'd from his Chariot with a Mortal Wound,
And intercepted Fate, he ſpurn'd the Ground.
As, when in Summer, welcome Winds ariſe,
The watchful Shepherd to the Foreſt flies,
And fires the midmoſt Plants; Contagion ſpreads,
And catching Flames infect the neighb'ring Heads;
Around the Foreſt flies the furious Blaſt,
And all the leafie Nation ſinks at laſt;
And *Vulcan* rides in Triumph o're the Waſt;
The Paſtor pleas'd with his dire Victory,
Beholds the ſatiate Flames in Sheets aſcend the Sky:
So *Pallas's* Troops their ſcatter'd Strength unite;
And pouring on their Foes, their Prince delight.
Haleſus came, fierce with deſire of Blood,
(But firſt collected in his Arms he ſtood)
Advancing then, he ply'd the Spear ſo well,
Ladon, *Demodocus*, and *Pheres* fell:
Around his Head he toſs'd his glitt'ring Brand,
And from *Strimonius* hew'd his better Hand,
Held up to guard his Throat: Then hurl'd a Stone
At *Thoas* ample Front, and pierc'd the Bone:
It ſtruck beneath the ſpace of either Eye,
And Blood, and mingled Brains, together fly.
Deep skill'd in future Fates, *Haleſus* Sire,
Did with the Youth to lonely Groves retire:
But when the Father's Mortal Race was run,
Dire Deſtiny laid hold upon the Son,
And haul'd him to the War: to find beneath
Th' *Evandrian* Spear, a memorable Death.
Pallas th' Encounter ſeeks, but e're he throws,
To *Tuſcan Tyber* thus addreſs'd his Vows:
O ſacred Stream direct my flying Dart;
And give to paſs the proud *Haleſus* Heart:

His Arms and Spoils thy holy Oak ſhall bear:
Pleas'd with the Bribe, the God receiv'd his Pray'r.
For while his Shield protects a Friend diſtreſs'd,
The Dart came driving on, and pierc'd his Breaſt.
But *Lauſus*, no ſmall portion of the War,
Permits not Panick Fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the Death of ſo renown'd a Knight;
But by his own Example chears the Fight.
Fierce *Abas* firſt he ſlew, *Abas*, the ſtay
Of *Trojan* Hopes, and hind'rance of the Day.
The *Phrygian* Troops eſcap'd the *Greeks* in vain,
They, and their mix'd Allies, now load the Plain.
To the rude ſhock of War both Armies came,
Their Leaders equal, and their Strength the ſame.
The Rear ſo preſs'd the Front, they cou'd not wield
Their angry Weapons, to diſpute the Field.
Here *Pallas* urges on, and *Lauſus* there,
Of equal Youth and Beauty both appear,
But both by Fate forbid to breath their Native Air.
Their Congreſs in the Field great *Jove* withſtands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater Hands.
Mean time *Juturna* warns the *Daunian* Chief
Of *Lauſus* Danger, urging ſwift Relief.
With his driv'n Chariot he divides the Crowd,
And making to his Friends, thus calls aloud:
Let none preſume his needleſs Aid to join;
Retire, and clear the Field, the Fight is mine:
To this right Hand is *Pallas* only due:
Oh were his Father here my juſt Revenge to view!
From the forbidden Space his Men retir'd;
Pallas, their Awe, and his ſtern Words admir'd:
Survey'd him o're and o're with wond'ring ſight,
Struck with his haughty Meen, and tow'ring Height.

Then to the King; your empty Vaunts forbear:
Succeſs I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.
Alive or dead, I ſhall deſerve a Name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the ſame.
He ſaid, and to the void advanc'd his Pace;
Pale Horror ſate on each *Arcadian* Face.
Then *Turnus*, from his Chariot leaping light,
Addreſs'd himſelf on Foot to ſingle Fight.
And, as a Lyon, when he ſpies from far
A Bull, that ſeems to meditate the War;
Bending his Neck, and ſpurning back the Sand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly Stand:
Imagine eager *Turnus* not more ſlow,
To ruſh from high on his unequal Foe.
Young *Pallas*, when he ſaw the Chief advance
Within due diſtance of his flying Lance;
Prepares to charge him firſt: Reſolv'd to try
If Fortune wou'd his want of Force ſupply.
And thus to Heav'n and *Hercules* addreſs'd.
Alcides, once on Earth *Evander*'s Gueſt,
His Son adjures you by thoſe Holy Rites,
That hoſpitable Board, thoſe Genial Nights;
Aſſiſt my great Attempt to gain this Prize,
And let proud *Turnus* view, with dying Eyes,
His raviſh'd Spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain Requeſt;
Alcides mourn'd: And ſtifled Sighs within his Breaſt.
Then *Jove*, to ſooth his Sorrow, thus began:
Short bounds of Life are ſet to Mortal Man,
'Tis Vertues work alone to ſtretch the narrow Span.
So many Sons of Gods in bloody Fight,
Around the Walls of *Troy*, have loſt the Light:
My own *Sarpedon* fell beneath his Foe,
Nor I, his mighty Sire, cou'd ward the Blow.

Ev'n

Ev'n *Turnus* ſhortly ſhall reſign his Breath;
And ſtands already on the Verge of Death.
This ſaid, the God permits the fatal Fight,
But from the *Latian* Fields averts his ſight.
Now with full Force his Spear young *Pallas* threw;
And having thrown, his ſhining Fauchion drew:
The Steel juſt graz'd along the Shoulder Joint,
And mark'd it ſlightly with the glancing Point.
Fierce *Turnus* firſt to nearer diſtance drew,
And poiz'd his pointed Spear before he threw:
Then, as the winged Weapon whiz'd along;
See now, ſaid he, whoſe Arm is better ſtrung.
The Spear kept on the fatal Courſe, unſtay'd
By Plates of Ir'n, which o're the Shield were laid:
Thro' folded Braſs, and tough Bull-hides it paſs'd,
His Corſlet pierc'd, and reach'd his Heart at laſt.
In vain the Youth tugs at the broken Wood,
The Soul comes iſſuing with the vital Blood:
He falls; his Arms upon his Body ſound;
And with his bloody Teeth he bites the Ground.
Turnus beſtrode the Corps: *Arcadians* hear,
Said he; my Meſſage to your Maſter bear:
Such as the Sire deſerv'd, the Son I ſend:
It coſts him dear to be the *Phrygians* Friend.
The lifeleſs Body, tell him, I beſtow
Unask'd, to reſt his wand'ring Ghoſt below.
He ſaid, and trampled down with all the Force
Of his left Foot, and ſpurn'd the wretched Corſe:
Then ſnatch'd the ſhining Belt, with Gold inlaid;
The Belt *Eurytion*'s artful Hands had made:
Where fifty fatal Brides, expreſs'd to fight,
All, in the compaſs of one mournful Night,
Depriv'd their Bridegrooms of returning Light.

In

Æt. 10. 1. 690. P. Lely Pinx. Lombart Sculpsit Londini.

To Sr. John Leveson Gover of Trentham in Staffordshire Baronet

In an ill Hour inſulting *Turnus* tore
Thoſe Golden Spoils, and in a worſe he wore.
O Mortals! blind in Fate, who never know
To bear high Fortune, or endure the low!
The Time ſhall come, when *Turnus*, but in vain,
Shall wiſh untouch'd the Trophies of the ſlain:
Shall wiſh the fatal Belt were far away;
And curſe the dire Remembrance of the Day.
The ſad *Arcadians* from th' unhappy Field,
Bear back the breathleſs Body on a Shield.
O Grace and Grief of War! at once reſtor'd
With Praiſes to thy Sire, at once deplor'd.
One Day firſt ſent thee to the fighting Field,
Beheld whole heaps of Foes in Battel kill'd;
One Day beheld thee dead, and born upon thy Shield.
This diſmal News, not from uncertain Fame,
But ſad Spectators, to the Heroe came:
His Friends upon the brink of Ruin ſtand,
Unleſs reliev'd by his victorious Hand.
He whirls his Sword around, without delay,
And hews through adverſe Foes an ample Way;
To find fierce *Turnus*, of his Conqueſt proud:
Evander, *Pallas*, all that Friendſhip ow'd
To large Deſerts, are preſent to his Eyes;
His plighted Hand, and hoſpitable Ties.
Four Sons of *Sulmo*, four whom *Ufens* bred,
He took in fight, and living Victims led,
To pleaſe the Ghoſt of *Pallas*; and expire
In Sacrifice, before his Fun'ral Fire.
At *Magus* next he threw: He ſtoop'd below
The flying Spear, and ſhun'd the promis'd Blow.
Then creeping, claſp'd the Hero's Knees, and pray'd:
By young *Iulus*, by thy Father's Shade,

O ſpare my Life, and ſend me back to ſee
My longing Sire, and tender Progeny.
A lofty Houſe I have, and Wealth untold,
In Silver Ingots, and in Bars of Gold:
All theſe, and Sums beſides, which ſee no Day,
The Ranſom of this one poor Life ſhall pay.
If I ſurvive, ſhall *Troy* the leſs prevail?
A ſingle Soul's too light to turn the Scale.
He ſaid. The Heroe ſternly thus reply'd:
Thy Barrs, and Ingots, and the Sums beſide,
Leave for thy Childrens Lot. Thy *Turnus* broke
All Rules of War, by one relentleſs Stroke
When *Pallas* fell: So deems, nor deems alone,
My Father's Shadow, but my living Son.
Thus having ſaid, of kind Remorſe bereft,
He ſeiz'd his Helm, and drag'd him with his left:
Then with his right Hand, while his Neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his ſhining Fauchion ſheath'd.
Apollo's Prieſt, *Emonides*, was near,
His holy Fillets on his Front appear;
Glitt'ring in Arms he ſhone amidſt the Crowd;
Much of his God, more of his Purple proud:
Him the fierce *Trojan* follow'd thro' the Field;
The holy Coward fell: and forc'd to yield,
The Prince ſtood o're the Prieſt; and, at one Blow,
Sent him an Off'ring to the Shades below.
His Arms *Sereſthus* on his Shoulders bears,
Deſign'd a Trophee to the God of Wars.
Vulcanian Cæculus renews the Fight;
And *Umbro* born upon the Mountains Height.
The Champion chears his Troops t'encounter thoſe:
And ſeeks Revenge himſelf on other Foes.
At *Anxur*'s Shield he drove, and at the Blow,
Both Shield and Arm to Ground together go.

Anxur

Anxur had boaſted much of magick Charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable Arms;
So made by mutter'd Spells: And from the Spheres,
Had Life ſecur'd, in vain, for length of Years.
Then *Tarquitus* the Field in Triumph trod;
A Nymph his Mother, and his Sire a God.
Exulting in bright Arms he braves the Prince;
With his protended Lance he makes defence.
Bears back his feeble Foe; then preſſing on,
Arreſts his better Hand, and drags him down.
Stands o're the proſtrate Wretch, and as he lay,
Vain Tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray:
Mows off his Head, the Trunk a Moment ſtood,
Then ſunk, and rowl'd along the Sand in Blood.
The vengeful Victor thus upbraids the ſlain;
Lye there, proud Man unpity'd, on the Plain:
Lye there, inglorious, and without a Tomb,
Far from thy Mother, and thy Native Home:
Expos'd to ſavage Beaſts, and Birds of Prey;
Or thrown for Food to Monſters of the Sea.
On *Lycas* and *Antæus* next he ran,
Two Chiefs of *Turnus*, and who led his Van.
They fled for Fear; with theſe he chas'd along,
Camers the yellow Lock'd, and *Numa* ſtrong,
Both great in Arms, and both were fair, and young:
Camers, was Son to *Volſcens* lately ſlain;
In Wealth ſurpaſſing all the *Latian* Train,
And in *Amycla* fix'd his ſilent, eaſie Reign.
And as *Ægeon*, when with Heav'n he ſtrove,
Stood oppoſite in Arms to mighty *Jove*;
Mov'd all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War,
Defy'd the forky Lightning from afar:
At fifty Mouths his flaming Breath expires,
And Flaſh for Flaſh returns, and Fires for Fires:

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At fifty Mouths his flaming Breath expires,
And Flaſh for Flaſh returns, and Fires for Fires:

In his right Hand as many Swords he wields,
And takes the Thunder on as many Shields:
With Strength like his the *Trojan* Heroe ſtood,
And ſoon the Fields with falling Corps were ſtrowd,
When once his Fauchion found the Taſte of Blood.
With Fury ſcarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Againſt *Niphæus*, whom four Courſers drew.
They, when they ſee the fiery Chief advance,
And puſhing at their Cheſts his pointed Lance;
Wheel'd with ſo ſwift a Motion, mad with Fear,
They threw their Maſter headlong from the Chair:
They ſtare, they ſtart, nor ſtop their Courſe before
They bear the bounding Chariot to the Shore.
Now *Lucagus*, and *Liger* ſcour the Plains,
With two white Steeds, but *Liger* holds the Reins,
And *Lucagus* the lofty Seat maintains.
Bold Brethren both, the former wav'd in Air
His flaming Sword; *Æneas* couch'd his Spear,
Unus'd to Threats, and more unus'd to Fear.
Then *Liger* thus. Thy Confidence is vain
To ſcape from hence, as from the *Trojan* Plain:
Nor theſe the Steeds which *Diomede* beſtrode,
Nor this the Chariot where *Achilles* rode:
Nor *Venus*'s Veil is here, nor *Neptune*'s Shield:
Thy fatal Hour is come; and this the Field.
Thus *Liger* vainly vaunts: The *Trojan* Peer
Return'd his anſwer with his flying Spear
As *Lucagus* to laſh his Horſes bends,
Prone to the Wheels, and his left Foot protends:
Prepar'd for Fight, the fatal Dart arrives,
And thro' the borders of his Buckler drives.
Paſs'd through; and pierc'd his Groin, the deadly Wound,
Caſt from his Chariot, rowl'd him on the Ground.

Whom

Whom thus the Chief upbraids with ſcornful ſpight:
Blame not the ſlowneſs of your Steeds in flight;
Vain Shadows did not force their ſwift Retreat:
But you your ſelf forſake your empty Seat.
He ſaid, and ſeiz'd at once the looſen'd Rein,
(For *Liger* lay already on the Plain,
By the ſame Shock) then, ſtretching out his Hands,
The Recreant thus his wretched Life demands.
Now by thy ſelf, O more than Mortal Man!
By her and him from whom thy Breath began,
Who form'd thee thus Divine, I beg thee ſpare
This forfeit Life, and hear thy Suppliant's Pray'r.
Thus much he ſpoke, and more he wou'd have ſaid,
But the ſtern Heroe turn'd aſide his Head,
And cut him ſhort. I hear another Man,
You talk'd not thus before the Fight began;
Now take your turn: And, as a Brother ſhou'd,
Attend your Brother to the *Stygian* Flood:
Then thro' his Breaſt his fatal Sword he ſent,
And the Soul iſſu'd at the gaping Vent.
As Storms the Skies, and Torrents tear the Ground,
Thus rag'd the Prince, and ſcatter'd Deaths around:
At length *Aſcanius*, and the *Trojan* Train,
Broke from the Camp, ſo long beſieg'd in vain.
Mean time the King of Gods and Mortal Man,
Held Conference with his Queen, and thus began:
My Siſter Goddeſs, and well pleaſing Wife,
Still think you *Venus*'s Aid ſupports the Strife;
Suſtains her *Trojans*: Or themſelves alone,
With inborn Valour force their Fortune on?
How fierce in Fight, with Courage undecay'd;
Judge if ſuch Warriors want immortal Aid.
To whom the Goddeſs, with the charming Eyes,
Soft in her Tone ſubmiſſively replies.

Why, O my Sov'raign Lord, whoſe Frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your Anger bear;
Why urge you thus my Grief? When if I ſtill,
(As once I was) were Miſtreſs of your Will:
From your Almighty Pow'r, your pleaſing Wife
Might gain the Grace of lengthning *Turnus*'s Life:
Securely ſnatch him from the fatal Fight,
And give him to his aged Father's ſight.
Now let him periſh, ſince you hold it good,
And glut the *Trojans* with his pious Blood.
Yet from our Lineage he derives his Name,
And in the fourth degree, from God *Pilumnus* came:
Yet he devoutly pays you Rites Divine,
And offers daily Incenſe at your Shrine.
Then ſhortly thus the Sov'raign God reply'd;
Since in my Pow'r and Goodneſs you confide;
If for a little Space, a lengthen'd Span,
You beg Reprieve for this expiring Man:
I grant you leave to take your *Turnus* hence,
From Inſtant Fate, and can ſo far diſpenſe.
But if ſome ſecret Meaning lies beneath,
To ſave the ſhort-liv'd Youth from deſtin'd Death:
Or if a farther Thought you entertain,
To change the Fates; you feed your hopes in vain.
To whom the Goddeſs thus, with weeping Eyes,
And what if that Requeſt your Tongue denies,
Your Heart ſhou'd grant; and not a ſhort Reprieve,
But length of certain Life to *Turnus* give.
Now ſpeedy Death attends the guiltleſs Youth,
If my preſaging Soul divines with Truth.
Which, O! I wiſh might err thro' cauſeleſs Fears,
And you, (for you have Pow'r) prolong his Years.
Thus having ſaid, involv'd in Clouds, ſhe flies,
And drives a Storm before her thro' the Skies.

Swift

Swift ſhe deſcends, alighting on the Plain,
Where the fierce Foes a dubious Fight maintain.
Of Air condens'd, a Spectre ſoon ſhe made,
And what *Æneas* was, ſuch ſeem'd the Shade.
Adorn'd with *Dardan* Arms, the Phantom bore
His Head aloft, a Plumy Creſt he wore:
This Hand appear'd a ſhining Sword to wield,
And that ſuſtain'd an imitated Shield:
With manly Meen He ſtalk'd along the Ground;
Nor wanted Voice bely'd, nor vaunting Sound.
(Thus haunting Ghoſts appear to waking Sight,
Or dreadful Viſions in our Dreams by Night.)
The Spectre ſeems the *Daunian* Chief to dare,
And flouriſhes his empty Sword in Air:
At this advancing *Turnus* hurl'd his Spear;
The Phantom wheel'd, and ſeem'd to fly for Fear.
Deluded *Turnus* thought the *Trojan* fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty Fancy fed.
Whether, O Coward, (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he ſpoke to Wind, and chas'd a Cloud;)
Why thus forſake your Bride? Receive from me
The fated Land you ſought ſo long by Sea.
He ſaid, and brandiſhing at once his Blade,
With eager Pace purſu'd the flying Shade.
By chance a Ship was faſten'd to the Shore,
Which from old *Cluſium* King *Oſinius* bore:
The Plank was ready laid for ſafe aſcent;
For ſhelter there the trembling Shadow bent:
And skip'd, and ſculk'd, and under Hatches went.
Exulting *Turnus*, with regardleſs haſte,
Aſcends the Plank, and to the Gally paſs'd:
Scarce had he reach'd the Prow, *Saturnia*'s Hand
The Haulſers cuts, and ſhoots the Ship from Land.

With

With Wind in Poop, the Veſſel plows the Sea,
And meaſures back with ſpeed her former Way.
Mean time *Æneas* ſeeks his abſent Foe,
And ſends his ſlaughter'd Troops to Shades below.
The guileful Phantom now forſook the ſhrowd,
And flew ſublime, and vaniſh'd in a Cloud.
Too late young *Turnus* the Deluſion found,
Far on the Sea, ſtill making from the Ground.
Then thankleſs for a Life redeem'd by Shame;
With Senſe of Honour ſtung, and forfeit Fame:
Fearful beſides of what in Fight had paſs'd,
His Hands, and hagger'd Eyes to Heav'n he caſt.
O *Jove!* he cry'd, for what offence have I
Deſerv'd to bear this endleſs Infamy;
Whence am I forc'd, and whether am I born;
How, and with what Reproach ſhall I return?
Shall ever I behold the *Latian* Plain,
Or ſee *Laurentum*'s lofty Tow'rs again?
What will they ſay of their deſerting Chief?
The War was mine, I fly from their Relief:
I led to Slaughter, and in Slaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying Groans receive.
Here over-match'd in Fight, in heaps they dye,
There ſcatter'd o're the Fields ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O Earth! and draw me down alive,
Or, oh ye pitying Winds, a Wretch relieve;
On Sands or Shelves the ſplitting Veſſel drive:
Or ſet me Shipwrack'd on ſome deſart Shore,
Where no *Rutulian* Eyes may ſee me more:
Unknown to Friends, or Foes, or conſcious Fame,
Leſt ſhe ſhould follow, and my flight proclaim.
Thus *Turnus* rav'd, and various Fates revolv'd,
The Choice was doubtful, but the Death reſolv'd.

And now the Sword, and now the Sea took place:
That to revenge, and this to purge Diſgrace.
Sometimes he thought to ſwim the ſtormy Main,
By ſtretch of Arms the diſtant Shore to gain:
Thrice he the Sword aſſay'd, and thrice the Flood;
But *Juno* mov'd with Pity both withſtood:
And thrice repreſs'd his Rage: ſtrong Gales ſupply'd,
And puſh'd the Veſſel o're the ſwelling Tide.
At length ſhe lands him on his Native Shores,
And to his Father's longing Arms reſtores.
Mean time, by *Jove*'s Impulſe, *Mezentius* arm'd:
Succeeding *Turnus* with his ardor warm'd
His fainting Friends, reproach'd their ſhameful flight,
Repell'd the Victors, and renew'd the Fight.
Againſt their King the *Tuſcan* Troops conſpire,
Such is their Hate, and ſuch their fierce deſire
Of wiſh'd Revenge: On him, and him alone,
All Hands employ'd, and all their Darts are thrown.
He, like a ſolid Rock by Seas inclos'd,
To raging Winds and roaring Waves oppos'd;
From his proud Summit looking down, diſdains
Their empty Menace, and unmov'd remains.
Beneath his Feet fell haughty *Hebrus* dead,
Then *Latagus*; and *Palmus* as he fled:
At *Latagus* a weighty Stone he flung,
His Face was flatted, and his Helmet rung.
But *Palmus* from behind receives his Wound,
Hamſtring'd he falls, and grovels on the Ground:
His Creſt and Armor from his Body torn,
Thy Shoulders, *Lauſus*, and thy Head adorn.
Evas and *Mymas*, both of *Troy*, he ſlew,
Mymas his Birth from fair *Theano* drew:
Born on that fatal Night, when, big with Fire,
The Queen produc'd young *Paris* to his Sire.

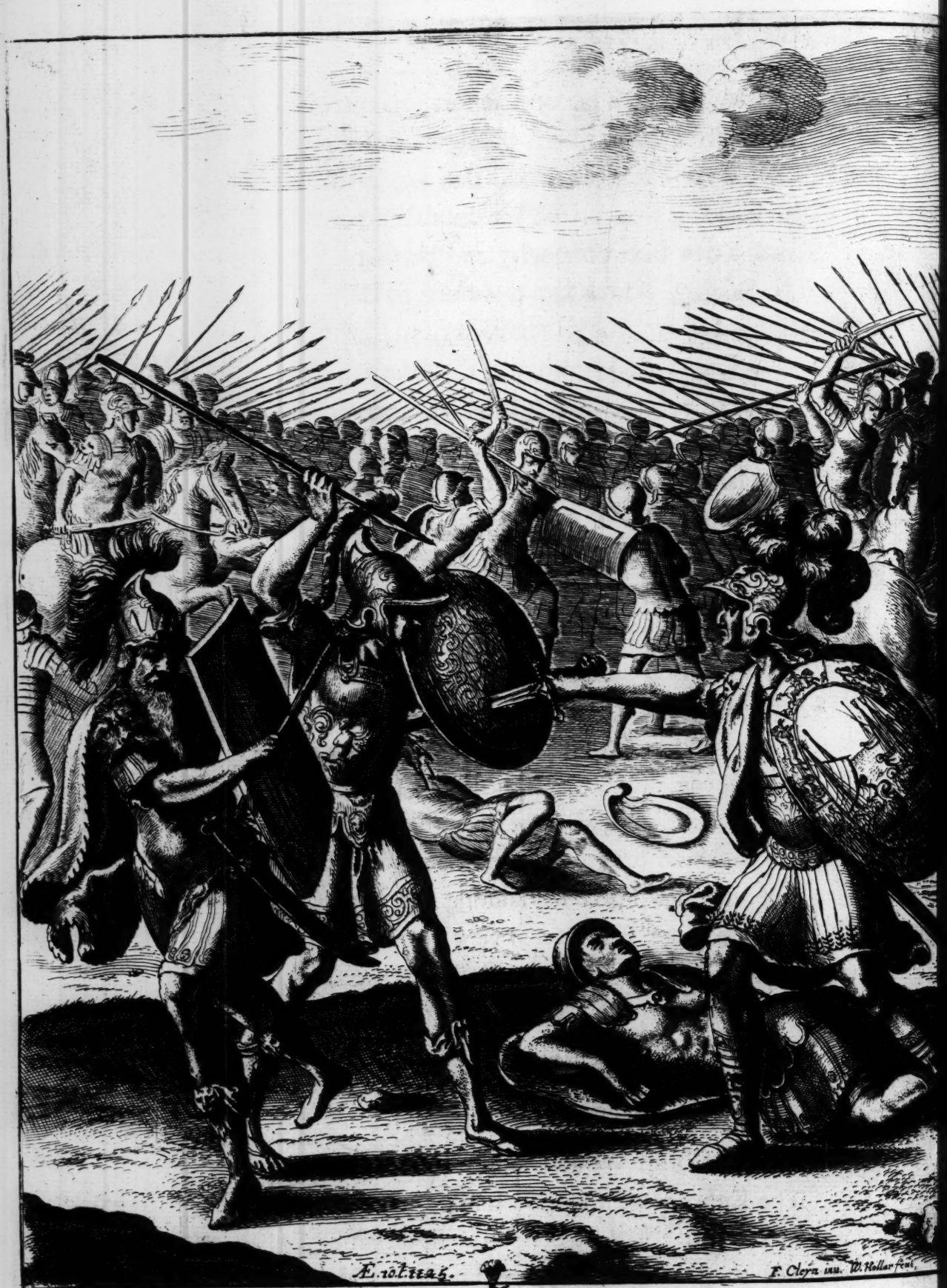
But *Paris* in the *Phrygian* Fields was ſlain,
Unthinking *Mymas* on the *Latian* Plain.
And as a ſavage Boar on Mountains bred,
With foreſt Maſt, and fatning Marſhes fed;
When once he ſees himſelf in Toils inclos'd,
By Huntſmen and their eager Hounds oppos'd:
He whets his Tusks, and turns, and dares the War:
Th' Invaders dart their Jav'lins from afar;
All keep aloof, and ſafely ſhout around,
But none preſumes to give a nearer Wound.
He frets and froths, erects his briſtled Hide,
And ſhakes a Grove of Lances from his Side:
Not otherwiſe the Troops, with Hate inſpir'd,
And juſt Revenge, againſt the Tyrant fir'd;
Their Darts with Clamour at a diſtance drive:
And only keep the languiſh'd War alive.
From *Coritus*, came *Acron* to the Fight,
Who left his Spouſe betroath'd, and unconſummate Night.
Mezentius ſees him thro' the Squadrons ride,
Proud of the Purple Favours of his Bride.
Then, as a hungry Lyon, who beholds
A Gameſom Goat, who friſks about the Folds;
Or beamy ſtag that grazes on the Plain:
He runs, he roars, he ſhakes his riſing Mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy Jaws,
The Prey lyes panting underneath his Paws:
He fills his famiſh'd Maw, his Mouth runs o're
With unchew'd Morſels, while he churns the Gore:
So proud *Mezentius* ruſhes on his Foes,
And firſt unhappy *Acron* overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he ſpurns the ſwarthy Ground,
The Lance beſmear'd with Blood, lies broken in the wound.
Then with Diſdain the haughty Victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the Wretch purſu'd:

Nor

Nor thought the Daſtard's Back deſerv'd a Wound,
But running gain'd th' Advantage of the Ground.
Then turning ſhort, he met him Face to Face,
To give his Victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal Fight oppreſs'd:
Mezentius fix'd his Foot upon his Breaſt,
And reſted Lance: And thus aloud he cries,
Lo here the Champion of my Rebels lies.
The Fields around with *Io Pæan* ring,
And peals of Shouts applaud the conqu'ring King.
At this the vanquiſh'd, with his dying Breath,
Thus faintly ſpoke, and propheſy'd in Death:
Nor thou, proud Man, unpuniſh'd ſhalt remain;
Like Death attends thee on this fatal Plain.
Then, ſourly ſmiling, thus the King reply'd,
For what belongs to me let *Jove* provide:
But dye thou firſt, whatever Chance enſue:
He ſaid, and from the Wound the Weapon drew:
A hov'ring Miſt came ſwimming o're his ſight,
And ſeal'd his Eyes in everlaſting Night.
By *Cædicus*, *Alcathous* was ſlain,
Sacrator laid *Hydaſpes* on the Plain:
Orſes the ſtrong to greater Strength muſt yield;
He, with *Parthenius*, were by *Rapo* kill'd.
Then brave *Meſſapus Ericetes* ſlew,
Who from *Lycaon*'s Blood his Lineage drew.
But from his headſtrong Horſe his Fate he found,
Who threw his Maſter as he made a bound,
The Chief alighting, ſtuck him to the Ground.
Then *Clonius* hand to hand, on Foot aſſails,
The *Trojan* ſinks, and *Neptune*'s Son prevails.
Agis the *Lycian* ſtepping forth with Pride,
To ſingle Fight the boldeſt Foe defy'd.

Whom *Tuſcan Valerus* by Force o'recame,
And not bely'd his mighty Father's Fame.
Salius to Death the great *Antronius* ſent,
But the ſame Fate the Victor underwent:
Slain by *Nealces* Hand, well skill'd to throw
The flying Dart, and draw the far-deceiving Bow.
Thus equal Deaths are dealt with equal Chance;
By turns they quit their Ground, by turns advance:
Victors, and vanquiſh'd, in the various Field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The Gods from Heav'n ſurvey the fatal Strife,
And mourn the Miſeries of Human Life.
Above the reſt two Goddeſſes appear
Concern'd for each: Here *Venus*, *Juno* there:
Amidſt the Crowd Infernal *Atè* ſhakes
Her Scourge aloft, and Creſt of hiſſing Snakes.
Once more the proud *Mezentius*, with Diſdain,
Brandiſh'd his Spear, and ruſh'd into the Plain:
Where tow'ring in the midmoſt Ranks he ſtood,
Like tall *Orion* ſtalking o're the Flood:
When with his brawny Breaſt he cuts the Waves,
His Shoulders ſcarce the topmoſt Billow laves.
Or like a Mountain Aſh, whoſe Roots are ſpread,
Deep fix'd in Earth, in Clouds he hides his Head.
The *Trojan* Prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntleſs undertook the doubtful War.
Collected in his Strength, and like a Rock,
Poiz'd on his Baſe, *Mezentius* ſtood the Shock.
He ſtood, and meaſuring firſt with careful Eyes,
The ſpace his ſpear cou'd reach, aloud he cries:
My ſtrong right Hand, and Sword, aſſiſt my Stroke;
(Thoſe only Gods *Mezentius* will invoke)
His Armour from the *Trojan* Pyrate torn,
By my triumphant *Lauſus* ſhall be worn.

He



To Sr: Charles Orby Baronet of Burton
Pedvarden in ye County of Lincolne

He ſaid, and with his utmoſt force he threw
The maſſy Spear, which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the Cœleſtial Shield that ſtop'd the courſe;
But glancing thence, the yet unbroken Force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The Side and Bowels fam'd *Anthores* fix'd.
Anthores had from *Argos* travell'd far,
Alcides Friend, and Brother of the War:
'Till tir'd with Toils, fair *Italy* he choſe,
And in *Evander*'s Palace ſought Repoſe:
Now falling by another's Wound, his Eyes
He caſts to Heav'n, on *Argos* thinks, and dyes.
The pious *Trojan* then his Jav'lin ſent,
The Shield gave way: Thro' treble Plates it went
Of ſolid Braſs, of Linnen trebly rowl'd,
And three Bull-hides which round the Buckler rowl'd.
All theſe it paſs'd, reſiſtleſs in the Courſe,
Tranſpierc'd his Thigh, and ſpent its dying Force.
The gaping Wound guſh'd out a Crimſon Flood;
The *Trojan*, glad with ſight of hoſtile Blood,
His Fauchion drew, to cloſer Fight addreſs'd,
And with new Force his fainting Foe oppreſs'd.
His Father's Peril *Lauſus* view'd with Grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his Relief.
And here, Heroick Youth, 'tis here I muſt
To thy immortal Memory be juſt;
And ſing an Act ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity will ſcarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with his Wound, and uſeleſs for the Fight,
The Father ſought to ſave himſelf by Flight:
Incumber'd, ſlow he drag'd the Spear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his Buckler hung.
The pious Youth, reſolv'd on Death, below
The lifted Sword, ſprings forth to face the Foe;
Protects his Parent, and prevents the Blow.

Shouts of Applauſe ran ringing thro' the Field,
To ſee the Son the vanquiſh'd Father ſhield:
All fir'd with gen'rous Indignation ſtrive;
And with a ſtorm of Darts, to diſtance drive
The *Trojan* Chief; who held at Bay from far,
On his *Vulcanian* Orb ſuſtain'd the War.
As when thick Hail comes ratling in the Wind,
The Plowman, Paſſenger, and lab'ring Hind,
For ſhelter to the neighb'ring Covert fly;
Or hous'd, or ſafe in hollow Caverns lye:
But that o'reblown, when Heav'n above 'em ſmiles,
Return to Travel, and renew their Toils:
Æneas thus o'rewhelm'd on ev'ry ſide,
The ſtorm of Darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to *Lauſus* loud with friendly threatning cry'd.
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain Death, and Rage
In raſh Attempts, beyond thy tender Age:
Betray'd by pious Love? Nor thus forborn
The Youth deſiſts, but with inſulting Scorn
Provokes the ling'ring Prince: Whoſe Patience tyr'd,
Gave Place, and all his Breaſt with Fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their ſharpen'd Sheers;
And lifted high the flaming Sword appears:
Which full deſcending, with a frightful ſway,
Thro' Shield and Corſlet forc'd th' impetuous Way,
And bury'd deep in his fair Boſom lay.
The purple Streams thro' the thin Armour ſtrove,
And drench'd th' imbroider'd Coat his Mother wove:
And Life at length forſook his heaving Heart,
Loath from ſo ſweet a Manſion to depart.
But when, with Blood, and Paleneſs all o'reſpread,
The pious Prince beheld young *Lauſus* dead;
He griev'd, he wept, the ſight an Image brought
Of his own filial Love; a ſadly pleaſing Thought.

Then

Then ſtretch'd his Hand to hold him up, and ſaid,
Poor hapleſs Youth! what Praiſes can be paid
To love ſo great, to ſuch tranſcendent Store
Of early Worth, and ſure Preſage of more?
Accept what e're *Æneas* can afford,
Untouch'd thy Arms, untaken be thy Sword:
And all that pleas'd thee living ſtill remain
Inviolate, and ſacred to the ſlain.
Thy Body on thy Parents I beſtow,
To reſt thy Soul, at leaſt if Shadows know,
Or have a ſenſe of human Things below.
There to thy fellow Ghoſts with Glory tell,
'Twas by the great *Æneas* hand I fell.
With this his diſtant Friends he beckons near,
Provokes their Duty, and prevents their Fear:
Himſelf aſſiſts to lift him from the Ground,
With clotted Locks, and Blood that well'd from out the Wound.
Mean time his Father, now no Father, ſtood,
And waſh'd his Wounds by *Tyber*'s yellow Flood:
Oppreſs'd with Anguiſh, panting, and o'reſpent,
His fainting Limbs againſt an Oak he leant.
A Bough his Brazen Helmet did ſuſtain,
His heavier Arms lay ſcatter'd on the Plain.
A choſen Train of Youth around him ſtand,
His drooping Head was reſted on his hand:
His griſly Beard his penſive Boſom ſought,
And all on *Lauſus* ran his reſtleſs thought.
Careful, concern'd his Danger to prevent,
He much enquir'd, and many a Meſſage ſent
To warn him from the Field: Alas! in vain,
Behold his mournful Followers bear him ſlain:
O're his broad Shield ſtill guſh'd the yawning Wound,
And drew a bloody Trail along the Ground.

Far

Far off he heard their Cries, far off divin'd
The dire Event, with a foreboding Mind.
With Duſt he ſprinkled firſt his hoary Head,
Then both his lifted hands to Heav'n he ſpread;
Laſt, the dear Corps embracing, thus he ſaid.
What Joys, alas! cou'd this frail Being give,
That I have been ſo covetous to live?
To ſee my Son, and ſuch a Son, reſign
His Life a Ranſom for preſerving mine?
And am I then preſerv'd, and art thou loſt?
How much too dear has that Redemption coſt!
'Tis now my bitter Baniſhment I feel;
This is a Wound too deep for time to heal.
My Guilt thy growing Virtues did defame;
My Blackneſs blotted thy unblemiſh'd Name.
Chas'd from a Throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul Miſdeeds, were Puniſhments too mild;
I ow'd my People theſe, and from their hate,
With leſs Reſentment cou'd have born my Fate.
And yet I live, and yet ſuſtain the ſight
Of hated Men, and of more hated Light:
But will not long. With that he rais'd from Ground
His fainting Limbs, that ſtagger'd with his Wound.
Yet with a Mind reſolv'd, and unappal'd
With Pains or Perils, for his Courſer call'd:
Well mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himſelf did dreſs,
With daily Care, and mounted with Succeſs;
His Aid in Arms, his Ornament in Peace.
Soothing his Courage with a gentle Stroke,
The Steed ſeem'd ſenſible, while thus he ſpoke.
O *Rhœbus* we have liv'd too long for me,
(If Life and Long were Terms that cou'd agree)
This Day thou either ſhalt bring back the Head,
And bloody Trophees of the *Trojan* dead:

This

This Day thou either ſhalt revenge my Woe
For murther'd *Lauſus*, on his cruel Foe;
Or if inexorable Fate deny
Our Conqueſt, with thy conquer'd Maſter dye:
For after ſuch a Lord, I reſt ſecure,
Thou wilt no foreign Reins, or *Trojan* Load endure.
He ſaid: And ſtraight th' officious Courſer kneels
To take his wonted Weight. His Hands he fills
With pointed Jav'lins: On his Head he lac'd
His glitt'ring Helm, which terribly was grac'd
With Waving Horſe-hair, nodding from afar;
Then ſpurr'd his thund'ring Steed amidſt the War.
Love, Anguiſh, Wrath, and Grief, to Madneſs wrought,
Deſpair, and ſecret Shame, and conſcious thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppreſs'd,
Rowl'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breaſt.
Then loud he call'd *Æneas* thrice by Name,
The loud repeated Voice to glad *Æneas* came.
Great *Jove*, he ſaid, and the far-ſhooting God,
Inſpire thy Mind to make thy Challenge good.
He ſpoke no more, but haſten'd, void of Fear,
And threaten'd with his long protended Spear.
To whom *Mezentius* thus. Thy Vaunts are vain,
My *Lauſus* lies extended on the Plain:
He's loſt! thy Conqueſt is already won,
The wretched Sire is murther'd in the Son.
Nor Fate I fear, but all the Gods defy,
Forbear thy Threats, my Buſ'neſs is to dye;
But firſt receive this parting Legacy.
He ſaid: And ſtraight a whirling Dart he ſent:
Another after, and another went.
Round in a ſpacious Ring he rides the Field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield:
Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Æneas* wheel'd.

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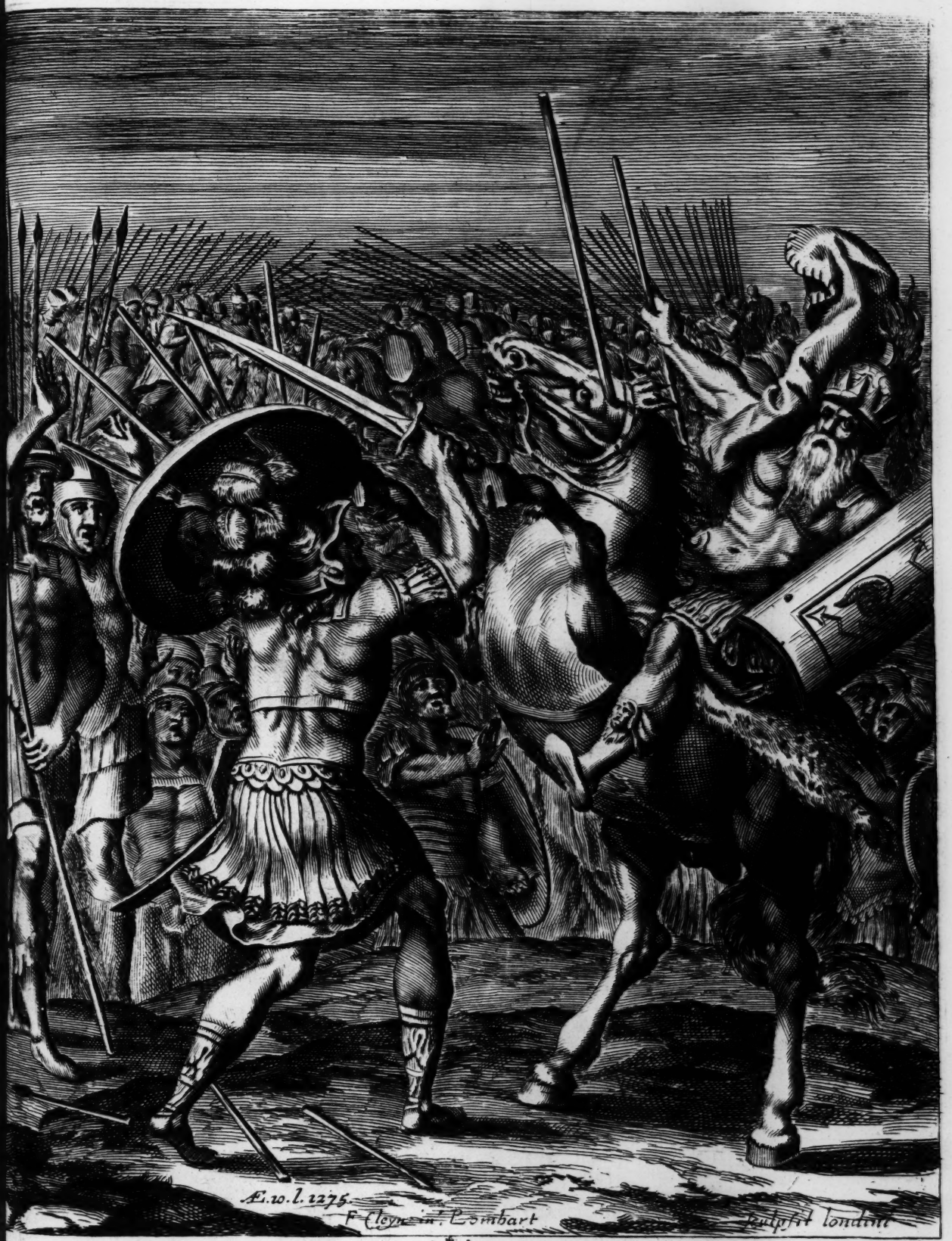
He ſaid: And ſtraight a whirling Dart he ſent:
Another after, and another went.
Round in a ſpacious Ring he rides the Field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield:
Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Æneas* wheel'd.

Turn'd

Turn'd as he turn'd; the Golden Orb withſtood
The Strokes, and bore about an Iron Wood.
Impatient of Delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone:
To wrench the Darts which in his Buckler light,
Urg'd, and o're-labour'd in unequal Fight:
At length reſolv'd, he throws with all his Force,
Full at the Temples of the Warrior Horſe.
Juſt where the Stroke was aim'd, th' unerring Spear
Made way, and ſtood transfix'd thro' either Ear.
Seiz'd with unwonted Pain, ſurpriz'd with Fright,
The wounded Steed curvets; and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his Feet before: His Hoofs behind
Spring up in Air aloft, and laſh the Wind.
Down comes the Rider headlong from his height,
His Horſe came after with unweildy weight:
And flound'ring forward, pitching on his Head,
His Lord's incumber'd Shoulder overlaid.
From either Hoaſt the mingl'd Shouts, and Cries,
Of *Trojans* and *Rutulians* rend the Skies.
Æneas haſt'ning, wav'd his fatal Sword
High o're his head, with this reproachful Word.
Now, where are now thy Vaunts, the fierce Diſdain
Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty Strain?
Strugling, and wildly ſtaring on the Skies,
With ſcarce recover'd Sight, he thus replies.
Why theſe inſulting Words, this waſte of Breath,
To Souls undaunted, and ſecure of Death?
'Tis no Diſhonour for the Brave to dye,
Nor came I here with hope of Victory:
Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that deſign,
As I had us'd my Fortune, uſe thou thine.
My dying Son contracted no ſuch Band;
The Gift is hateful from his Murd'rer's hand



To Tho: Hopkins of ye Middle Temple Esqr.

For this, this only Favour let me ſue,
(If Pity can to conquer'd Foes be due)
Refuſe it not: But let my Body have,
The laſt Retreat of Human Kind, a Grave.
Too well I know th' inſulting People's Hate;
Protect me from their Vengeance after Fate:
This Refuge for my poor Remains provide,
And lay my much lov'd *Lauſus* by my ſide:
He ſaid, and to the Sword his Throat apply'd.
The Crimſon Stream diſtain'd his Arms around,
And the diſdainful Soul came ruſhing thro' the Wound.

The Eleventh Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

Æneas *erects a Trophy of the Spoils of* Mezentius; *grants a Truce for burying the dead; and ſends home the Body of* Pallas *with great Solemnity.* Latinus *calls a Council to propoſe offers of Peace to* Æneas, *which occaſions great Animoſity betwixt* Turnus *and* Drances: *In the mean time there is a ſharp Engagement of the Horſe; wherein* Camilla *ſignalizes her ſelf; is kill'd: And the* Latine *Troops are entirely defeated.*

SCarce had the roſie Morning rais'd her Head
Above the Waves, and left her wat'ry Bed;
The Pious Chief, whom double Cares attend
For his unbury'd Souldiers, and his Friend:
Yet firſt to Heav'n perform'd a Victor's Vows;
He bar'd an ancient Oak of all her Boughs:
Then on a riſing Ground the Trunk he plac'd;
Which with the Spoils of his dead Foe he grac'd.
The Coat of Arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
Now on a naked Snag in Triumph born,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A Trophy ſacred to the God of War.
Above his Arms, fix'd on the leafleſs Wood,
Appear'd his Plumy Creſt, beſmeard with Blood;
His brazen Buckler on the left was ſeen;
Trunchions of ſhiver'd Lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his Corſlet, bor'd;
And to the Neck was ty'd his unavailing Sword.
A Crowd of Chiefs incloſe the Godlike Man: ——
Who thus, conſpicuous in the midſt, began.
Our Toils, my Friends, are crown'd with ſure Succeſs;
The greater Part perform'd, atchieve the leſs.

Now

...y Right Noble Charles Duke of
...f Shrewsbury Wexford & Water-
...lackmere Gifford of Brimsfield &c
...ost Hon.ble Privy Councill Principall
...of y most Noble Order

Shrewsbury Marquis of Alton Earle
ford, Baron Talbot Strange of
One of the Lords of his Ma.ties
Secretary of State, and Knight
of the Garter.

Now follow chearful to the trembling Town;
Preſs but an Entrance, and preſume it won.
Fear is no more: For fierce *Mezentius* lies,
As the firſt Fruits of War, a Sacrifice.
Turnus ſhall fall extended on the Plain;
And in this Omen is already ſlain.
Prepar'd in Arms purſue your happy Chance;
That none unwarn'd may plead his Ignorance:
And I, at Heav'n's appointed Hour, may find
Your warlike Enſigns waving in the Wind.
Mean time the Rites and Fun'ral Pomps prepare,
Due to your dead Companions of the War:
The laſt Reſpect the living can beſtow,
To ſhield their Shadows from Contempt below.
That conquer'd Earth be theirs for which they fought;
And which for us with their own blood they bought.
But firſt the Corps of our unhappy Friend,
To the ſad City of *Evander* ſend:
Who not inglorious in his Ages bloom
Was hurry'd hence by too ſevere a Doom.
Thus, weeping while he ſpoke, he took his Way,
Where, new in Death, lamented *Pallas* lay:
Acætes watch'd the Corps; whoſe Youth deſerv'd
The Father's Truſt, and now the Son he ſerv'd
With equal Faith, but leſs auſpicious Care:
Th' Attendants of the ſlain, his Sorrow ſhare.
A Troop of *Trojans* mix'd with theſe appear,
And mourning Matrons with diſhevell'd Hair.
Soon as the Prince appears, they raiſe a Cry;
All beat their Breaſts, and Echoes rend the Sky.
They rear his drooping Forehead from the Ground;
But when *Æneas* view'd the griſly Wound
Which *Pallas* in his Manly Boſom bore,
And the fair Fleſh diſtain'd with Purple Gore:

Firſt, melting into Tears, the pious Man
Deplor'd ſo ſad a ſight, then thus began.
Unhappy Youth! When Fortune gave the reſt
Of my full Wiſhes, ſhe refus'd the beſt!
She came; but brought not thee along; to bleſs
My longing Eyes, and ſhare in my Succeſs:
She grudg'd thy ſafe Return the Triumphs due
To proſp'rous Valour, in the publick View.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy Father lent
Thy needleſs Succour with a ſad Conſent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' *Etrurian* Land,
And ſent me to poſſeſs a large Command.
He warn'd, and from his own Experience told,
Our Foes were warlike, diſciplin'd, and bold:
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich Odours on his loaded Altars burn;
While we, with vain officious Pomp, prepare
To ſend him back his Portion of the War;
A bloody breathleſs Body: which can owe
No farther Debt, but to the Pow'rs below.
The wretched Father, e're his Race is run,
Shall view the Fun'ral Honours of his Son.
Theſe are my Triumphs of the *Latian* War;
Fruits of my plighted Faith, and boaſted Care.
And yet, unhappy Sire, thou ſhalt not ſee
A Son, whoſe Death diſgrac'd his Anceſtry:
Thou ſhalt not bluſh, old Man, however griev'd:
Thy *Pallas* no diſhoneſt Wound receiv'd.
He dy'd no Death to make thee wiſh, too late,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to ſee his ſhameful Fate:
But what a Champion has th' *Auſonian* Coaſt,
And what a Friend haſt thou, *Aſcanius*, loſt!
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the Word around,
To raiſe the breathleſs Body from the the Ground;

And

And choſe a thouſand Horſe, the flow'r of all
His warlike Troops, to wait the Funeral:
To bear him back, and ſhare *Evander*'s Grief;
(A well becoming, but a weak Relief.)
Of Oaken Twigs they twiſt an eaſie Bier;
Then on their Shoulders the ſad Burden rear.
The Body on this Rural Herſe is born,
Strewd Leaves and Funeral Greens the Bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely Flow'r,
New cropt by Virgin Hands, to dreſs the Bow'r;
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to Mother Earth or the green Stem ſhall owe.
Then two fair Veſts, of wond'rous Work and Coſt,
Of Purple woven, and with Gold emboſs'd,
For Ornament the *Trojan* Heroe brought,
Which with her Hands *Sidonian Dido* wrought.
One Veſt array'd the Corps, and one they ſpread
O're his clos'd Eyes, and wrap'd around his Head:
That when the yellow Hair in Flame ſhou'd fall,
The catching Fire might burn the Golden Caul.
Beſides, the Spoils of Foes in Battel ſlain,
When he deſcended on the *Latian* Plain:
Arms, Trappings, Horſes, by the Herſe are led
In long Array, (th' Archievments of the Dead.)
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy Captives, marching in the Rear:
Appointed Off'rings in the Victor's Name,
To ſprinkle with their Blood, the Fun'ral Flame.
Inferior Trophees by the Chiefs are born;
Gantlets and Helms, their loaded hands adorn:
And fair Inſcriptions fix'd, and Titles read,
Of *Latian* Leaders conquer'd by the Dead.
Acates on his Pupil's Corps attends,
With feeble Steps; ſupported by his Friends:

Pauſing

Pauſing at every Pace; in Sorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their Arms he ſinks upon the Ground.
Where grov'ling, while he lies in deep Deſpair,
He beats his Breaſt, and rends his hoary Hair.
The Champion's Chariot next is ſeen to rowl,
Beſmear'd with hoſtile blood, and honourably foul.
To cloſe the Pomp, *Æthon*, the Steed of State,
Is led, the Fun'rals of his Lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his Trappings, with a ſullen Pace
He walks, and the big Tears run rowling down his Face.
The Lance of *Pallas*, and the Crimſon Creſt,
Are born behind; the Victor ſeiz'd the reſt.
The March begins: The Trumpets hoarſly ſound,
The Pikes and Lances trail along the Ground.
Thus while the *Trojan* and *Arcadian* Horſe,
To *Pallantean* Tow'rs direct their Courſe,
In long Proceſſion rank'd; the pious Chief
Stop'd in the Rear, and gave a vent to Grief.
The publick Care, he ſaid, which War attends
Diverts our preſent Woes, at leaſt ſuſpends:
Peace with the *Manes* of great *Pallas* dwell;
Hail holy Relicks, and a laſt farewel!
He ſaid no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
Reſtrain'd his Tears, and to the Camp return'd.
Now Suppliants, from *Laurentum* ſent, demand
A Truce, with Olive Branches in their hand.
Obteſt his Clemency, and from the Plain
Beg leave to draw the Bodies of their ſlain.
They plead, that none thoſe common Rites deny
To conquer'd Foes, that in fair Battel dye.
All cauſe of Hate was ended in their Death;
Nor cou'd he War with Bodies void of Breath.
A King, they hop'd, wou'd hear a King's Requeſt:
Whoſe Son he once was call'd, and once his Gueſt.

Their

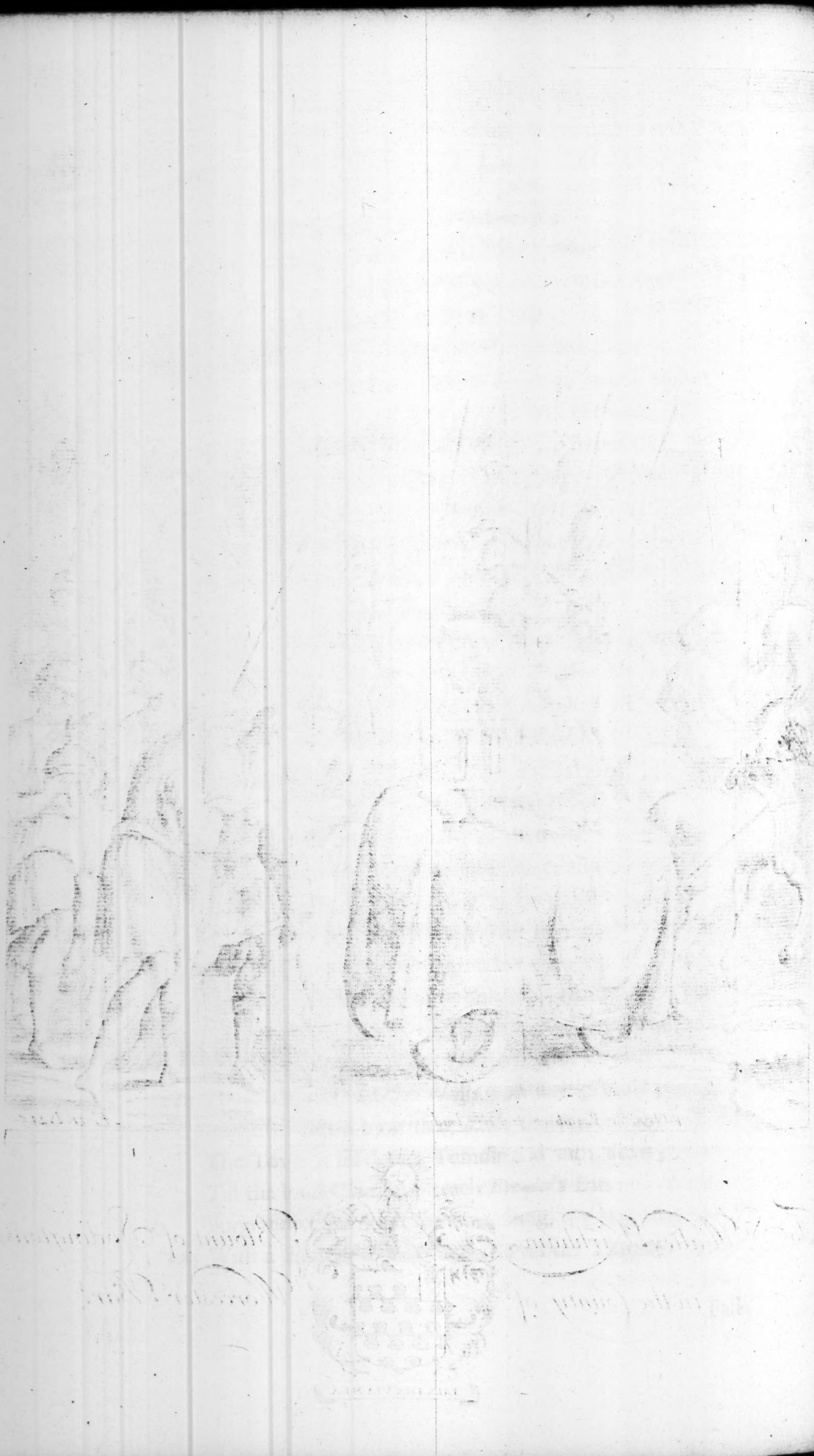
Their Suit, which was too juſt to be deny'd,
The Heroe grants, and farther thus reply'd:
O *Latian* Princes, how ſevere a Fate
In cauſeleſs Quarrels has involv'd your State!
And arm'd againſt an unoffending Man,
Who ſought your Friendſhip e're the War began!
You beg a Truce, which I wou'd gladly give,
Not only for the ſlain, but thoſe who live.
I came not hether but by Heav'n's Command,
And ſent by Fate to ſhare the *Latian* Land.
Nor wage I Wars unjuſt; your King deny'd
My proffer'd Friendſhip, and my promis'd Bride.
Left me for *Turnus*; *Turnus* then ſhould try
His Cauſe in Arms, to Conquer or to dye.
My Right and his are in diſpute: The ſlain
Fell without fault, our Quarrel to maintain.
In equal Arms let us alone contend;
And let him vanquiſh, whom his Fates befriend.
This is the way, ſo tell him, to poſſeſs
The Royal Virgin, and reſtore the Peace.
Bear this my Meſſage back; with ample leave
That your ſlain Friends may Fun'ral Rights receive.
Thus having ſaid, th' Embaſſadors amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
Drances, their Chief, who harbour'd in his Breaſt
Long hate to *Turnus*, as his Foe profeſs'd,
Broke ſilence firſt, and to the Godlike Man,
With graceful action bowing, thus began.
Auſpicious Prince, in Arms a mighty Name,
But yet whoſe Actions far tranſcend your Fame;
Wou'd I your Juſtice or your Force expreſs,
Thought can but equal; and all Words are leſs:
Your Anſwer we ſhall thankfully relate,
And Favours granted to the *Latian* State:

If wiſh'd Succeſs our Labour ſhall attend,
Think Peace concluded, and the King your Friend:
Let *Turnus* leave the Realm to your Command;
And ſeek Alliance in ſome other Land:
Build you the City which your Fates aſſign;
We ſhall be proud in the great Work to join.
Thus *Drances*; and his Words ſo well perſwade
The reſt impower'd, that ſoon a Truce is made.
Twelve days the term allow'd: And during thoſe,
Latians and *Trojans*, now no longer Foes,
Mix'd in the Woods, for Fun'ral Piles prepare,
To fell the Timber, and forget the War.
Loud Axes thro' the groaning Groves reſound:
Oak, Mountain Aſh, and Poplar, ſpread the Ground:
Firrs fall from high: and ſome the Trunks receive,
In Loaden Wains, with Wedges ſome they cleave.
And now the Fatal News, by Fame is blown
Thro' the ſhort Circuit of th' *Arcadian* Town,
Of *Pallas* ſlain: By Fame, which juſt before
His Triumphs on diſtended Pinions bore.
Ruſhing from out the Gate, the People ſtand,
Each with a Fun'ral Flambeau in his hand:
Wildly they ſtare, diſtracted with amaze:
The Fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
That caſt a ſullen Splendor on their Friends,
(The marching Troop which their dead Prince attends.)
Both Parties meet: They raiſe a dolcful Cry:
The Matrons from the Walls with ſhrieks reply;
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted Sky.
The Town is fill'd with Tumult and with Tears;
Till the loud Clamours reach *Evander's* Ears:
Forgetful of his State, he runs along,
With a diſorder'd pace, and cleaves the Throng:

Falls

To Sr. Walter Kirkham, Blount of Sodington in the County of Worcester Bar.t

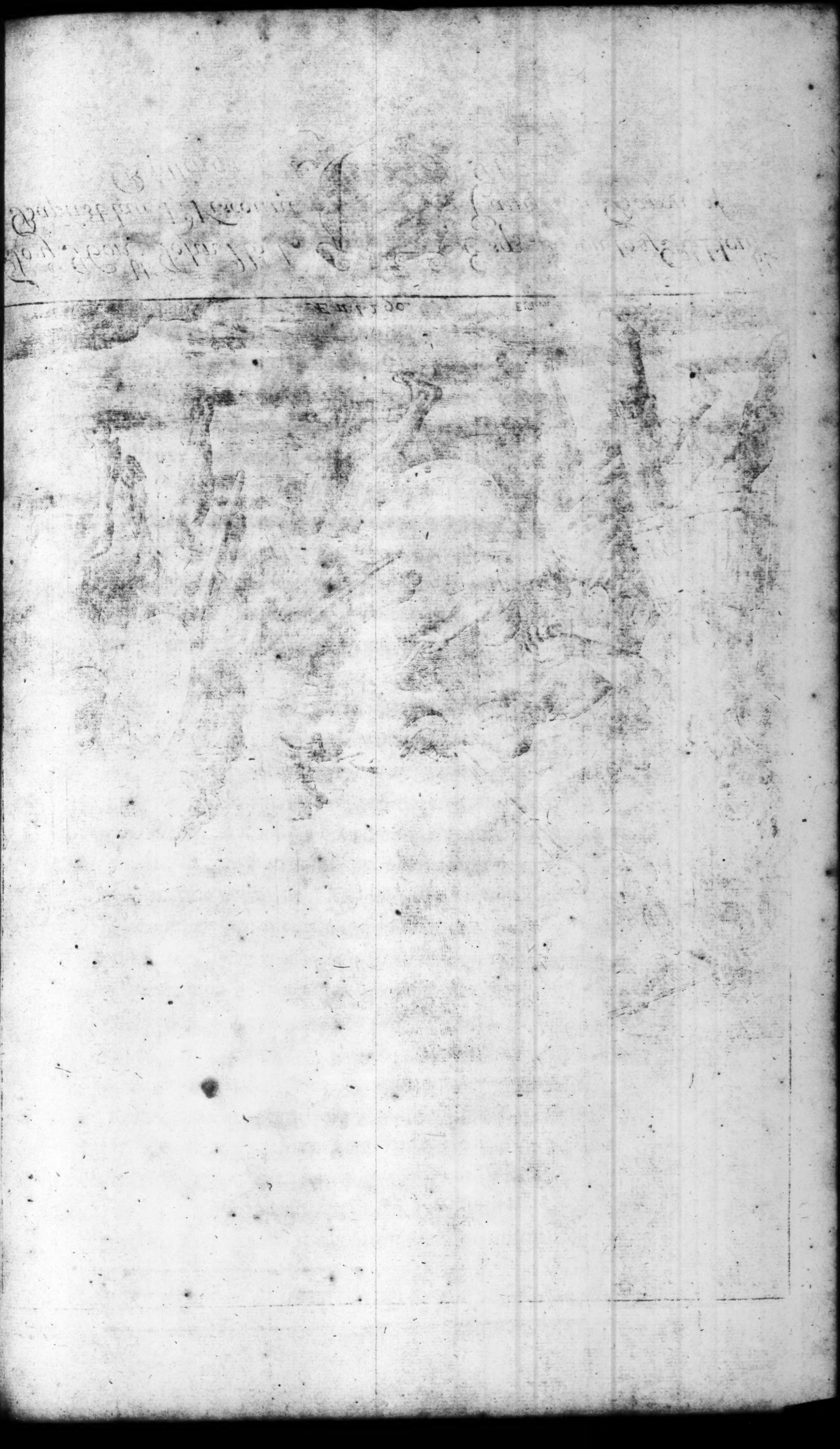
LUX TUA VIA MEA



Falls on the Corps, and groaning there he lies,
With ſilent Grief that ſpeaks but at his Eyes:
Short Sighs and Sobs ſucceed; 'till Sorrow breaks
A paſſage, and at once he weeps and ſpeaks.
O *Pallas!* thou haſt fail'd thy plighted Word!
To fight with Caution, not to tempt the Sword:
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What Perils youthful Ardour wou'd purſue:
That boiling Blood wou'd carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in Dangers, raw to War!
O curſt Eſſay of Arms, diſaſt'rous Doom,
Prelude of bloody Fields, and Fights to come!
Hard Elements of unauſpicious War,
Vain Vows to Heav'n, and unavailing Care!
Thrice happy thou, dear Partner of my Bed,
Whoſe holy Soul the Stroke of Fortune fled:
Præſcious of Ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the dregs of Life by Fate aſſign'd.
Beyond the Goal of Nature I have gon;
My *Pallas* late ſate out, but reach'd too ſoon.
If, for my League againſt th' *Auſonian* State,
Amidſt their Weapons I had found my Fate,
(Deſerv'd from them,) then I had been return'd
A breathleſs Victor, and my Son had mourn'd.
Yet will I not my *Trojan* Friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' Alliance I ſo gladly made.
'Twas not his Fault my *Pallas* fell ſo young,
But my own Crime for having liv'd too long.
Yet, ſince the Gods had deſtin'd him to dye,
At leaſt he led the way to Victory:
Firſt for his Friends he won the fatal Shore,
And ſent whole Herds of ſlaughter'd Foes before:
A Death too great, too glorious to deplore.

Nor will I add new Honours to thy Grave;
Content with thoſe the *Trojan* Heroe gave.
That Funeral Pomp thy *Phrygian* Friends deſign'd;
In which the *Tuſcan* Chiefs, and Army join'd:
Great Spoils, and Trophees gain'd by thee, they bear:
Then let thy own Atchievments be thy ſhare.
Even thou, O *Turnus*, hadſt a Trophy ſtood,
Whoſe mighty Trunk had better grac'd the Wood,
If *Pallas* had arriv'd, with equal length
Of Years, to match thy Bulk with equal Strength.
But why, unhappy Man, doſt thou detain
Theſe Troops, to view the Tears thou ſhedſt in vain!
Go, Friends, this Meſſage to your Lord relate;
Tell him, that if I bear my bitter Fate,
And after *Pallas* Death, live ling'ring on,
'Tis to behold his Vengeance for my Son.
I ſtay for *Turnus*; whoſe devoted Head
Is owing to the living and the dead:
My Son and I expect it from his Hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more: But I would gladly go,
To greet my *Pallas* with ſuch News below.
The Morn had now diſpell'd the Shades of Night;
Reſtoring Toils, when ſhe reſtor'd the Light:
The *Trojan* King, and *Tuſcan* Chief, command
To raiſe the Piles, along the winding Strand:
Their Friends convey the dead to Funeral Fires;
Black ſmould'ring Smoke from the green Wood expires;
The Light of Heav'n is choak'd, and the new Day retires.
Then thrice around the kindled Piles they go:
(For ancient Cuſtom had ordain'd it ſo)
Thrice Horſe and Foot about the Fires are led,
And thrice with loud Laments they hail the dead.

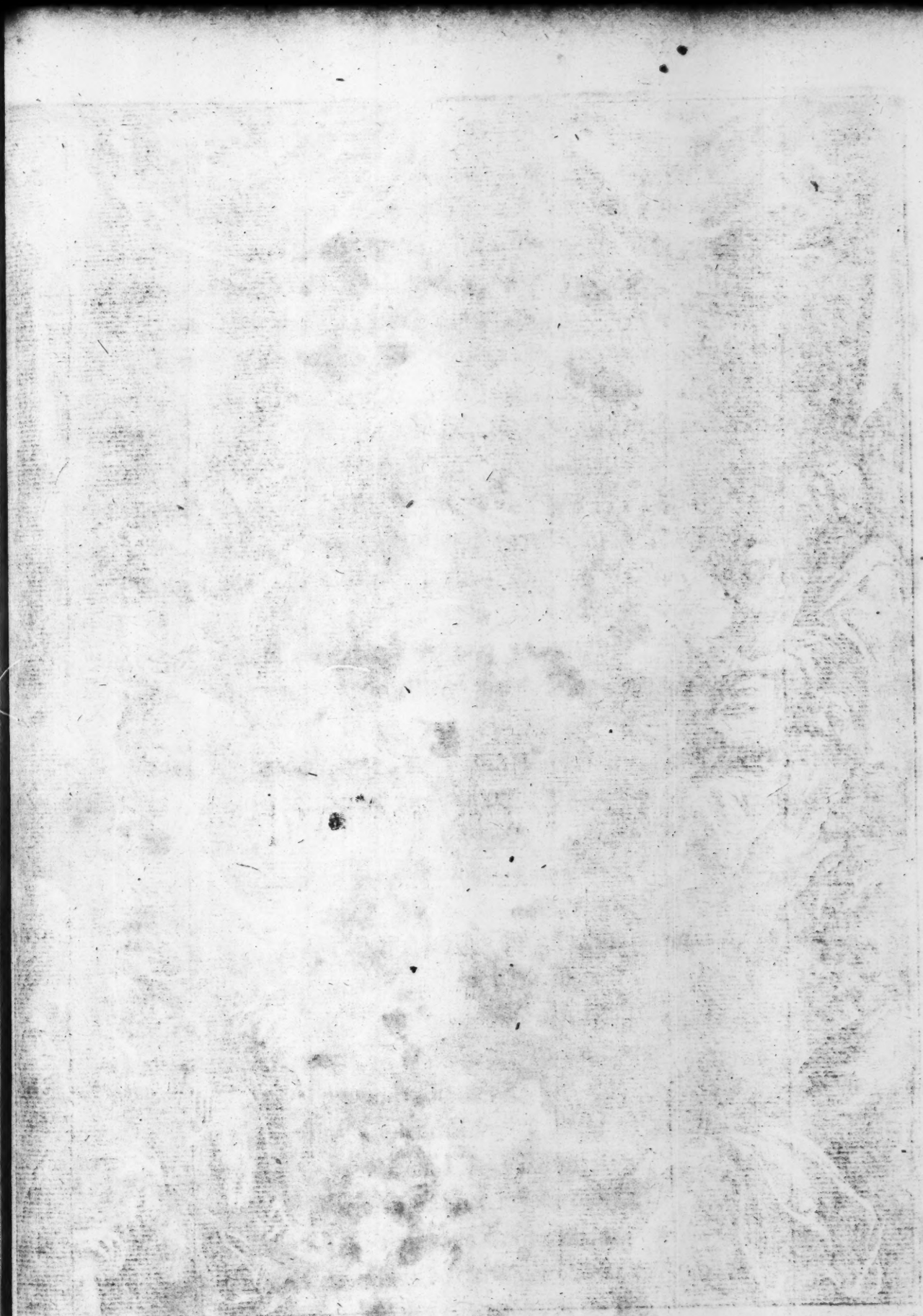
To y^e Hon^ble John Noel Esq^r 2^d Son to y^e R^t Hon^ble Baptist late L^d Viscount Campden Baron of Ridlington & Ilmington

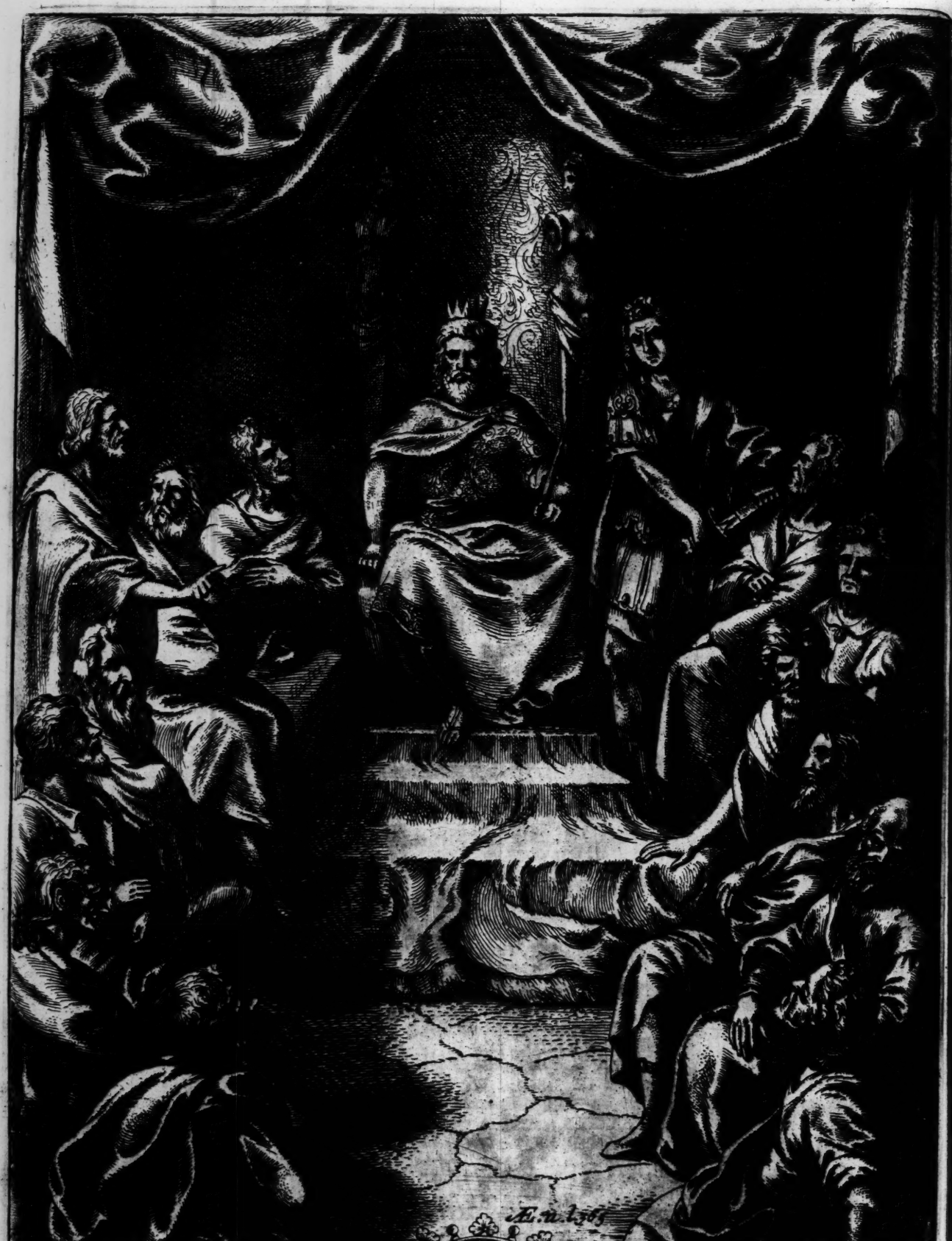


Tears trickling down their Breaſts bedew the Ground;
And Drums and Trumpets mix their mournful Sound.
Amid the Blaze, their pious Brethren throw
The Spoils, in Battel taken from the Foe:
Helms, Bitts emboſs'd, and Swords of ſhining Steel,
One caſts a Target, one a Chariot Wheel:
Some to their Fellows their own Arms reſtore;
The Fauchions which in luckleſs Fight they bore:
Their Bucklers pierc'd, their Darts beſtow'd in vain,
And ſhiver'd Lances gather'd from the Plain.
Whole Herds of offer'd Bulls about the Fire,
And briſtled Boars, and wooly Sheep expire.
Around the Piles a careful Troop attends,
To watch the waſting Flames, and weep their burning Friends.
Ling'ring along the Shore, 'till dewy Night,
New decks the Face of Heaven with ſtarry Light.
The conquer'd *Latians*, with like Pious Care,
Piles without number for their Dead prepare;
Part, in the Places where they fell, are laid;
And part are to the neighb'ring Fields convey'd.
The Corps of Kings, and Captains of Renown,
Born off in State, are bury'd in the Town:
The reſt, unhonour'd, and without a Name,
Are caſt a common heap to feed the Flame.
Trojans and *Latians* vie with like deſires:
To make the Field of Battel ſhine with Fires:
And the promiſcuous Blaze to Heav'n aſpires.
Now had the Morning thrice renew'd the Light,
And thrice diſpell'd the Shadows of the Night;
When thoſe who round the waſted Fires remain,
Perform the laſt ſad Office to the ſlain;
They rake the yet warm Aſhes, from below;
Theſe, and the Bones unburn'd, in Earth beſtow:

These Relicks with their Country Rites they grace;
And raise a mount of Turf to mark the place.
But in the Palace of the King, appears
A Scene more solemn, and a Pomp of Tears.
Maids, Matrons, Widows, mix their common Moans:
Orphans their Sires, and Sires lament their Sons.
All in that Universal Sorrow share,
And curse the Cause of this unhappy War.
A broken League, a Bride unjustly sought,
A Crown usurp'd, which with their Blood is bought!
These are the Crimes, with which they load the Name
Of *Turnus*, and on him alone exclaim.
Let him, who lords it o're th' *Ausonian* Land,
Engage the *Trojan* Heroe hand to hand:
His is the Gain, our Lot is but to serve:
'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he shoud deserve.
This *Drances* aggravates; and adds, with spight,
His Foe expects, and dares him to the Fight.
Nor *Turnus* wants a Party to support
His Cause and Credit, in the *Latian* Court.
His former Acts secure his present Fame;
And the Queen shades him with her mighty Name.
While thus their factious Minds with fury burn;
The Legats from th' *Ætolian* Prince return:
Sad News they bring, that after all the Cost,
And Care employ'd their Embassy is lost:
That *Diomede* refus'd his Aid in War;
Unmov'd with Presents, and as deaf to Pray'r.
Some new Alliance must elsewhere be sought;
Or Peace with *Troy* on hard Conditions bought.
Latinus, sunk in Sorrow, finds too late,
A Foreign Son is pointed out by Fate:
And till *Æneas* shall *Lavinia* wed,
The wrath of Heav'n is hov'ring o're his Head.

The





Rem nulli obscuram nostra nec vocis egentem
Consulis O bone Rex Cunctis se fare fatentur
Quid fortuna ferat populis sed dicere nusquam
Det libertatem fande statusque remittat

Cujus ob auspicium infaustum moresque sinistros
Diram equidem, licet arma mihi mortemque minetur
Lumina tot cecidisse ducum totamque videmus
Consedisse urbem luctu

To ye most Hon.ble John Marquiss of Normanby
Earle of Mulgrave & K.t of ye most noble Order of ye Garter

The Gods, he ſaw, eſpous'd the juſter ſide,
When late their Titles in the Field were try'd:
Witneſs the freſh Laments, and Fun'ral Tears undry'd.
Thus, full of anxious Thought, he ſummons all
The *Latian* Senate to the Council Hall:
The Princes come, commanded by their Head,
And crowd the Paths that to the Palace lead.
Supream in Pow'r, and reverenc'd for his Years,
He takes the Throne, and in the midſt appears:
Majeſtically ſad, he ſits in State,
And bids his Envoys their Succeſs relate.
When *Venulus* began, the murmuring Sound
Was huſh'd, and ſacred Silence reign'd around.
We have, ſaid he, perform'd your high Command;
And paſs'd with Peril a long Tract of Land:
We reach'd the Place deſir'd, with Wonder fill'd,
The *Grecian* Tents, and riſing Tow'rs beheld.
Great *Diomede* has compaſs'd round with Walls
The City, which *Argyripa* he calls;
From his own *Argos* nam'd: We touch'd, with Joy,
The Royal Hand that raz'd unhappy *Troy*.
When introduc'd, our Preſents firſt we bring,
Then crave an inſtant Audience from the King:
His Leave obtain'd, our Native Soil we name;
And tell th' important Cauſe for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we ſpoke;
Then, with ſoft Accents, and a pleaſing Look,
Made this return. *Auſonian* Race, of old
Renown'd for Peace, and for an Age of Gold,
What Madneſs has your alter'd Minds poſſeſs'd,
To change for War hereditary Reſt?
Sollicit Arms unknown, and tempt the Sword,
(A needleſs Ill your Anceſtors abhorr'd?)

We;

We; (for my ſelf I ſpeak, and all the Name
Of *Grecians*, who to *Troy*'s Deſtruction came;)
Omitting thoſe who were in Battel ſlain,
Or born by rowling *Simois* to the Main:
Not one but ſuffer'd, and too dearly bought
The Prize of Honour which in Arms he ſought.
Some doom'd to Death, and ſome in Exile driv'n,
Out-caſts, abandon'd by the Care of Heav'n:
So worn, ſo wretched, ſo deſpis'd a Crew,
As ev'n old *Priam* might with Pity view.
Witneſs the Veſſels by *Minerva* toſs'd
In Storms, the vengeful *Capharæan* Coaſt;
Th' *Eubæan* Rocks! The Prince, whoſe Brother led
Our Armies to revenge his injur'd Bed,
In *Egypt* loſt; *Ulyſſes*, with his Men,
Have ſeen *Charybdis*, and the *Cyclops* Den:
Why ſhou'd I name *Idomeneus*, in vain
Reſtor'd to Scepters, and expell'd again?
Or young *Achilles* by his Rival ſlain?
Ev'n he, the King of Men, the foremoſt Name
Of all the *Greeks*, and moſt renown'd by Fame,
The proud Revenger of another's Wife,
Yet by his own Adult'reſs loſt his Life;
Fell at his Threſhold, and the Spoils of *Troy*,
The foul Polluters of his Bed enjoy.
The Gods have envy'd me the ſweets of Life,
My much lov'd Country, and my more lov'd Wife:
Baniſh'd from both, I mourn; while in the Sky
Transform'd to Birds, my loſt Companions fly:
Hov'ring about the Coaſts they make their Moan;
And cuff the Cliffs with Pinions not their own.
What ſqualid Spectres, in the dead of Night,
Break my ſhort Sleep, and skim before my ſight!

I might have promis'd to my ſelf thoſe Harms,
Mad as I was, when I with Mortal Arms
Preſum'd againſt Immortal Pow'rs to move;
And violate with Wounds the Queen of Love.
Such Arms, this Hand ſhall never more employ;
No Hate remains with me to ruin'd *Troy*.
I war not with its Duſt; nor am I glad
To think of paſt Events, or good or bad.
Your Preſents I return: What e're you bring
To buy my Friendſhip, ſend the *Trojan* King.
We met in fight, I know him to my Coſt;
With what a whirling force his Lance he toſs'd:
Heav'ns what a ſpring was in his Arm, to throw:
How high he held his Shield, and roſe at ev ry blow!
Had *Troy* produc'd two more, his Match in Might,
They would have chang'd the Fortune of the Fight:
Th' Invaſion of the *Greeks* had been return'd:
Our Empire waſted, and our Cities burn'd.
The long Defence the *Trojan* People made,
The War protracted, and the Siege delay'd,
Were due to *Hector*'s and this Heroe's hand:
Both brave alike, and equal in Command;
Æneas not inferior in the Field,
In pious reverence to the Gods, excell'd.
Make peace, ye *Latians*, and avoid with Care
Th' impending Dangers of a fatal War.
He ſaid no more; but with this cold Excuſe,
Refus'd th' Alliance, and advis'd a Truce.
Thus *Venulus* concluded his Report.
A Jarring Murmur fill'd the factious Court:
As when a Torrent rowls with rapid force,
And daſhes o're the Stones that ſtop the Courſe;
The Flood, conſtrain'd within a ſcanty ſpace,
Roars horrible along th' uneaſie race:

White

White foam in gath'ring Eddies floats around:
The rocky Shores rebellow to the ſound.
The Murmur ceas'd: Then from his lofty Throne
The King invok'd the Gods, and thus begun.
I wiſh, ye *Latins*, what we now debate
Had been reſolv'd before it was too late:
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our laſt Neceſſity,
To have been earlier wiſe; than now to call
A Council, when the Foe ſurrounds the Wall.
O Citizens! we wage unequal War,
With men, not only Heav'n's peculiar Care,
But Heav'n's own Race: Unconquer'd in the Field,
Or Conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What Hopes you had in *Diomede*, lay down:
Our Hopes muſt center on our ſelves alone.
Yet thoſe how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You ſee too well; nor need my Words explain.
Vanquiſh'd without reſſource; laid flat by Fate,
Factions within, a Foe without the Gate;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
With manly Force, and with undaunted Hearts:
With our united Strength the War we wag'd;
With equal Numbers, equal Arms engag'd:
You ſee th' Event——Now hear what I propoſe,
To ſave our Friends, and ſatisfie our Foes:
A Tract of Land the *Latins* have poſſeſs'd
Along the *Tyber*, ſtretching to the Weſt,
Which now *Rutulians* and *Aurunсans* till:
And their mix'd Cattle graze the fruitful Hill;
Thoſe Mountains fill'd with Firs, that lower Land,
If you conſent, the *Trojan* ſhall Command.
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common Country ſhare.

There let 'em build, and ſettle if they pleaſe;
Unleſs they chuſe once more to croſs the Seas,
In ſearch of Seats remote from *Italy*;
And from unwelcome Inmates ſet us free.
Then twice ten Gallies let us build with Speed,
Or twice as many more, if more they need;
Materials are at hand: A well-grown Wood
Runs equal with the Margin of the Flood:
Let them the Number, and the Form aſſign;
The Care and Coſt of all the Stores be mine.
To treat the Peace, a hundred Senators
Shall be commiſſion'd hence with ample Pow'rs;
With Olive crown'd: The Preſents they ſhall bear,
A Purple Robe, a Royal Iv'ry Chair;
And all the marks of Sway that *Latian* Monarchs wear;
And Sums of Gold. Among your ſelves debate
This great Affair, and ſave the ſinking State,
Then *Drances* took the word; who grudg'd, long ſince,
The riſing Glories of the *Daunian* Prince.
Factious and rich, bold at the Council Board,
But cautious in the Field, he ſhun'd the Sword;
A cloſs Caballer, and Tongue-valiant Lord.
Noble his Mother was, and near the Throne,
But what his Father's Parentage, unknown.
He roſe, and took th' Advantage of the Times,
To load young *Turnus* with invidious Crimes.
Such Truths, O King, ſaid he, your Words contain,
As ſtrike the Sence, and all Replies are vain.
Nor are your Loyal Subjects now to ſeek
What common Needs require; but fear to ſpeak.
Let him give leave of Speech, that haughty Man,
Whoſe Pride this unauſpicious War began:
For whoſe Ambition (let me dare to ſay,
Fear ſet apart, though Death is in my Way)

White foam in gath'ring Eddies floats around:
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For whoſe Ambition (let me dare to ſay,
Fear ſet apart, though Death is in my Way)

The Plains of *Latium* run with Blood around;
So many Valiant Heroes bite the Ground:
Dejected Grief in ev'ry Face appears;
A Town in Mourning, and a Land in Tears.
While he th' undoubted Author of our Harms,
The Man who menaces the Gods with Arms,
Yet, after all his Boasts, forsook the Fight,
And sought his safety in ignoble Flight.
Now, best of Kings, since you propose to send
Such bounteous Presents to your *Trojan* Friend;
Add yet a greater at our joint Request,
One which he values more than all the rest;
Give him the fair *Lavinia* for his Bride:
With that Alliance let the League be ty'd:
And for the bleeding Land a lasting Peace provide.
Let Insolence no longer awe the Throne,
But with a Father's Right bestow your own.
For this Maligner of the general Good,
If still we fear his Force, he must be woo'd:
His haughty Godhead we with Pray'rs implore,
Your Scepter to release, and our just Rights restore.
O cursed Cause of all our Ills, must we
Wage Wars unjust, and fall in Fight for thee!
What right hast thou to rule the *Latian* State,
And send us out to meet our certain Fate?
'Tis a destructive War; from *Turnus* Hand
Our Peace and publick safety we demand.
Let the fair Bride to the brave Chief remain;
If not, the Peace without the Pledge is vain.
Turnus, I know you think me not your Friend,
Nor will I much with your Belief contend:
I beg your Greatness not to give the Law
In other Realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.

Pity

Pity your own, or pity our Eſtate;
Nor twiſt our Fortunes with your ſinking Fate.
Your Intereſt is the War ſhou'd never ceaſe;
But we have felt enough, to wiſh the Peace:
A Land exhauſted to the laſt remains,
Depopulated Towns, and driven Plains.
Yet, if deſire of Fame, and thirſt of Pow'r,
A Beauteous Princeſs, with a Crown in Dow'r,
So fire your Mind, in Arms aſſert your Right;
And meet your Foe, who dares you to the Fight.
Mankind, it ſeems, is made for you alone;
We, but the Slaves who mount you to the Throne:
A baſe ignoble Crowd, without a Name,
Unwept, unworthy of the Fun'ral Flame:
By Duty bound to forfeit each his Life,
That *Turnus* may poſſeſs a Royal Wife.
Permit not, Mighty Man, ſo mean a Crew
Shou'd ſhare ſuch Triumphs; and detain from you
The Poſt of Honour, your undoubted Due:
Rather alone your matchleſs Force employ;
To merit, what alone you muſt enjoy.
These Words, ſo full of Malice, mix'd with Art,
Inflam'd with Rage the youthful Hero's Heart.
Then groaning from the bottom of his Breaſt,
He heav'd for Wind, and thus his Wrath expreſs'd.
You, *Drances*, never want a Stream of Words,
Then, when the Publick Need requires our Swords.
Firſt in the Council-hall to ſteer the State;
And ever foremoſt in a Tongue debate.
While our ſtrong Walls ſecure us from the Foe,
E're yet with Blood our Ditches overflow:
But let the potent Orator declaim,
And with the brand of Coward blot my Name;

Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal Hand
Has cover'd with more Corps the ſanguine Strand;
And high as mine his tow'ring Trophies ſtand.
If any Doubt remains who dares the moſt,
Let us decide it at the *Trojans* coſt:
And iſſue both abreſt, where Honour calls;
Foes are not far to ſeek without the Walls.
Unleſs his noiſie Tongue can only fight;
And Feet were giv'n him but to ſpeed his Flight.
I beaten from the Field? I forc'd away?
Who, but ſo known a Daſtard, dares to ſay?
Had he but ev'n beheld the Fight, his Eyes
Had witneſs'd for me what his Tongue denies:
What heaps of *Trojans* by this Hand were ſlain,
And how the bloody *Tyber* ſwell'd the Main.
All ſaw, but he, th' *Arcadian* Troops retire,
In ſcatter'd Squadrons, and their Prince expire.
The Gyant Brothers, in their Camp have found,
I was not forc'd with eaſe to quit my Ground.
Not ſuch the *Trojans* try'd me, when inclos'd,
I ſingly their united Arms oppos'd:
Firſt forc'd an Entrance through their thick Array;
Then, glutted with their Slaughter, freed my Way.
'Tis a deſtructive War? So let it be,
But to the *Phrygian* Pirate, and to thee.
Mean time proceed to fill the People's Ears
With falſe Reports, their Minds with panick Fears:
Extol the Strength of a twice conquer'd Race,
Our Foes encourage, and our Friends debaſe.
Believe thy Fables, and the *Trojan* Town
Triumphant ſtands, the *Grecians* are o'rethrown:
Suppliant at *Hector*'s Feet *Achilles* lyes;
And *Diomede* from fierce *Æneas* flies.

Say rapid *Aufidus* with awful Dread
Runs backward from the Sea, and hides his Head,
When the Great *Trojan* on his Bank appears:
For that's as true as thy diſſembl'd Fears.
Of my Revenge: Diſmiſs that Vanity,
Thou, *Drances*, art below a Death from me.
Let that vile Soul in that vile Body reſt;
The Lodging is well worthy of the Gueſt.
Now, Royal Father, to the preſent ſtate
Of our Affairs, and of this high Debate;
If in your Arms thus early you diffide,
And think your Fortune is already try'd;
If one Defeat has brought us down ſo low;
As never more in Fields to meet the Foe;
Then I conclude for Peace: 'Tis time to treat;
And lye like Vaſſals at the Victor's Feet.
But oh, if any ancient Blood remains,
One drop of all our Father's in our Veins;
That Man would I prefer before the reſt,
Who dar'd his Death with an undaunted Breaſt;
Who comely fell, by no diſhoneſt Wound,
To ſhun that ſight; and dying gnaw'd the Ground.
But if we ſtill have freſh Recruits in ſtore,
If our Confederates can afford us more;
If the contended Field we bravely fought;
And not a bloodleſs Victory was bought:
Their Loſſes equall'd ours, and for their ſlain,
With equal Fires they fill'd the ſhining Plain;
Why thus unforc'd ſhou'd we ſo tamely yield;
And e're the Trumpet ſounds, reſign the Field?
Good unexpected, Evils unforeſeen,
Appear by Turns, as Fortune ſhifts the Scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
Then fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again.

If

If *Diomede* refuſe his Aid to lend,
The great *Meſſapus* yet remains our Friend:
Tolumnius, who foretels Events, is ours;
Th' *Italian* Chiefs, and Princes, joyn their Pow'rs:
Nor leaſt in Number, nor in Name the laſt,
Your own brave Subjects have your Cauſe embrac'd.
Above the reſt, the *Volſcian Amazon*
Contains an Army in her ſelf alone:
And heads a Squadron, terrible to fight,
With glitt'ring Shields, in Brazen Armour bright.
Yet if the Foe a ſingle Fight demand,
And I alone the Publick Peace withſtand;
If you conſent, he ſhall not be refus'd,
Nor find a Hand to Victory unus'd.
This new *Achilles*, let him take the Field,
With fated Armour, and *Vulcanian* Shield;
For you, my Royal Father, and my Fame,
I, *Turnus*, not the leaſt of all my Name,
Devote my Soul. He calls me hand to hand,
And I alone will anſwer his Demand.
Drances ſhall reſt ſecure, and neither ſhare
The Danger, nor divide the Prize of War.
While they debate; nor theſe nor thoſe will yield;
Æneas draws his Forces to the Field:
And moves his Camp. The Scouts, with flying Speed
Return, and thro' the frighted City ſpread
Th' unpleaſing News, the *Trojans* are deſcry'd,
In Battel marching by the River ſide;
And bending to the Town. They take th' Allarm,
Some tremble, ſome are bold, all in Confuſion arm.
Th' impetuous Youth preſs forward to the Field;
They claſh the Sword, and clatter on the Shield:
The fearful Matrons raiſe a ſcreaming Cry;
Old feeble Men with fainter Groans reply:
A jarring Sound reſults, and mingles in the Sky.

Like that of Swans remurm'ring to the Floods;
Or Birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow Woods.
Turnus th' occaſion takes, and cries aloud,
Talk on, ye quaint Haranguers of the Crowd:
Declaim in praiſe of Peace, when Danger calls;
And the fierce Foes in Arms approach the Walls.
He ſaid, and turning ſhort, with ſpeedy Pace,
Caſts back a ſcornful Glance, and quits the Place.
Thou, *Voluſus*, the *Volſcian* Troops command
To mount; and lead thy ſelf our *Ardean* Band.
Meſſapus, and *Catillus*, poſt your Force
Along the Fields, to charge the *Trojan* Horſe.
Some guard the Paſſes, others man the Wall;
Drawn up in Arms, the reſt attend my Call.
They ſwarm from ev'ry Quarter of the Town;
And with diſorder'd haſte the Rampires crown.
Good old *Latinus*, when he ſaw, too late,
The gath'ring Storm, juſt breaking on the State,
Diſmiſs'd the Council, 'till a fitter time.
And own'd his eaſie Temper as his Crime:
Who, forc'd againſt his reaſon, had comply'd
To break the Treaty for the promis'd Bride.
Some help to ſink new Trenches, others aid
To ram the Stones, or raiſe the Paliſade.
Hoarſe Trumpets ſound th' Alarm: Around the Walls
Runs a diſtracted Crew, whom their laſt Labour calls.
A ſad Proceſſion in the Streets is ſeen,
Of Matrons that attend the Mother Queen:
High in her Chair ſhe ſits, and at her ſide,
With downcaſt Eyes appears the fatal Bride.
They mount the Cliff, where *Pallas*'s Temple ſtands;
Pray'rs in their Mouths, and Preſents in their Hands:
With Cenſers, firſt they ſume the ſacred Shrine;
Then in this common Supplication joyn.

O Patroneſs of Arms, unſpotted Maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy *Latins* Aid:
Break ſhort the Pirat's Lance; pronounce his Fate,
And lay the *Phrygian* low before the Gate.
Now *Turnus* arms for Fight: His Back and Breaſt,
Well temper'd Steel, and ſcaly Braſs inveſt:
The Cuiſhes, which his brawny Thighs infold,
Are mingled Metal damask'd o're with Gold.
His faithful Fauchion ſits upon his ſide;
Nor Caſque, nor Creſt, his manly Features hide:
But bare to view, amid ſurrounding Friends,
With Godlike Grace, he from the Tow'r deſcends.
Exulting in his Strength, he ſeems to dare
His abſent Rival, and to promiſe War.
Freed from his Keepers, thus with broken Reins,
The wanton Courſer prances o're the Plains:
Or in the Pride of Youth o'releaps the Mounds;
And ſnuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds.
Or ſeeks his wat'ring in the well known Flood,
To quench his Thirſt, and cool his fiery Blood:
He ſwims luxuriant, in the liquid Plain,
And o're his Shoulder flows his waving Mane:
He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his Head on high;
Before his ample Cheſt the frothy Waters fly.
Soon as the Prince appears without the Gate,
The *Volcians*, with their Virgin Leader, wait
His Laſt Commands. Then with a graceful Meen,
Lights from her lofty Steed, the Warrior Queen:
Her Squadron imitates, and each deſcends;
Whoſe common Sute *Camilla* thus commends.
If Sence of Honour, if a Soul ſecure
Of inborn Worth, that can all Teſts endure,
Can promiſe ought; or on it ſelf rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer or to dye:

Then

Then, I alone, ſuſtain'd by theſe, will meet
The *Tyrrhene* Troops, and promiſe their Defeat.
Ours be the Danger, ours the ſole Renown;
You, Gen'ral, ſtay behind, and guard the Town.
Turnus a while ſtood mute, with glad Surprize,
And on the fierce Virago fix'd his Eyes:
Then thus return'd: O Grace of *Italy*,
With what becoming Thanks can I reply!
Not only Words lye lab'ring in my Breaſt;
But Thought it ſelf is by thy Praiſe oppreſt.
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
My Toils, my Hazard, and my Fame, with thine.
The *Trojan*, (not in Stratagem unskill'd,)
Sends his light Horſe before to ſcour the Field:
Himſelf, through ſteep Aſcents, and thorny Brakes,
A larger Compaſs to the City takes.
This news my Scouts confirm: And I prepare
To foil his Cunning, and his Force to dare.
With choſen Foot his Paſſage to forelay;
And place an Ambuſh in the winding way.
Thou, with thy *Volſcians*, face the *Tuſcan* Horſe:
The brave *Meſſapus* ſhall thy Troops inforce;
With thoſe of *Tibur*; and the *Latian* Band:
Subjected all to thy Supream Command.
This ſaid, he warns *Meſſapus* to the War:
Then ev'ry Chief exhorts, with equal Care.
All thus encourag'd, his own Troops he joins,
And haſtes to proſecute his deep Deſigns.
Inclos'd with Hills, a winding Valley lies,
By Nature form'd for Fraud, and fitted for Surprize:
A narrow Track, by Human Steps untrode,
Leads, thro' perplexing Thorns, to this obſcure abode.
High o're the Vale a ſteepy Mountain ſtands;
Whence the ſurveying Sight the neather Ground commands.

The top is level: an offenſive Seat
Of War; and from the War a ſafe Retreat.
For, on the right, and left, is room to preſs
The Foes at hand, or from afar diſtreſs:
To drive 'em headlong downward; and to pour
On their deſcending backs, a ſtony ſhow'r.
Thither Young *Turnus* took the well known way;
Poſſeſs'd the Paſs, and in blind Ambuſh lay.
Mean time, *Latonian Phœbe* from the Skies,
Beheld th' approaching War with hateful Eies.
And call'd the light-foot *Opis* to her aid,
Her moſt belov'd, and ever truſty Maid.
Then with a ſigh began: *Camilla* goes
To meet her Death, amidſt her Fatal Foes.
The Nymph I lov'd of all my Mortal Train;
Inveſted with *Diana*'s Arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindneſs for the Virgin, new,
'Twas born with Her, and with her Years it grew:
Her Father *Metabus*, when forc'd away
From old *Privernum*, for Tyrannick ſway;
Snatch'd up, and ſav'd from his prevailing Foes,
This tender Babe, Companion of his Woes.
Caſmilla was her Mother; but he drown'd,
One hiſſing Letter in a ſofter ſound,
And call'd *Camilla*. Thro the Woods, he flies;
Wrap'd in his Robe the Royal Infant lies.
His Foes in ſight, he mends his weary pace;
With ſhouts and clamours they purſue the Chace.
The Banks of *Amaſene* at length he gains;
The raging Flood his farther flight reſtrains:
Rais'd o're the Borders with unuſual Rains.
Prepar'd to Plunge into the Stream, He fears:
Not for himſelf, but for the Charge he bears.

Anxious

Anxious he ſtops a while; and thinks in haſte;
Then, deſp'rate in Diſtreſs, reſolves at laſt.
A knotty Lance of well-boil'd Oak he bore;
The middle part with Cork he cover'd o're:
He clos'd the Child within the hollow Space;
With Twigs of bending Oſier bound the Caſe.
Then pois'd the Spear, heavy with Human Weight;
And thus invok'd my Favour for the Freight.
Accept, great Goddeſs of the Woods, he ſaid,
Sent by her Sire, this dedicated Maid:
Thro' Air ſhe flies a Suppliant to thy Shrine;
And the firſt Weapons that ſhe knows, are thine.
He ſaid; and with full Force the Spear he threw:
Above the ſounding Waves *Camilla* flew.
Then, preſs'd by Foes, he ſtemm'd the ſtormy Tyde;
And gain'd, by ſtreſs of Arms, the farther Side.
His faſten'd Spear he pull'd from out the Ground;
And, Victor of his Vows, his Infant Nymph unbound.
Nor after that, in Towns which Walls incloſe,
Wou'd truſt his hunted Life amidſt his Foes.
But rough, in open Air he choſe to lye:
Earth was his Couch, his Cov'ring was the Sky.
On Hills unſhorn, or in a deſart Den,
He ſhunn'd the dire Society of Men.
A Shepherd's ſolitary Life he led:
His Daughter with the Milk of Mares he fed;
The Dugs of Bears, and ev'ry Salvage Beaſt,
He drew, and thro' her Lips the Liquor preſs'd.
The little *Amazon* cou'd ſcarcely go,
He loads her with a Quiver and a Bow:
And, that ſhe might her ſtagg'ring Steps command,
He with a ſlender Jav'lin fills her Hand:
Her flowing Hair no golden Fillet bound;
Nor ſwept her trayling Robe the duſty Ground.

Inſtead of theſe, a Tyger's Hide o'reſpread
Her Back and Shoulders, faſten'd to her Head.
The flying Dart ſhe firſt attempts to fling;
And round her tender Temples toſs'd the Sling:
Then, as her Strength with Years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in Air the ſoaring Swan:
And from the Clouds to fetch the Heron and the Crane.
The *Tuſcan* Matrons with each other vy'd,
To bleſs their Rival Sons with ſuch a Bride:
But ſhe diſdains their Love; to ſhare with me
The Silvan Shades, and vow'd Virginity.
And oh! I wiſh, contented with my Cares
Of Salvage Spoils, ſhe had not ſought the Wars:
Then had ſhe been of my Cœleſtial Train;
And ſhun'd the Fate that dooms her to be ſlain.
But, ſince oppoſing Heav'n's Decree, ſhe goes
To find her Death among forbidden Foes;
Haſte with theſe Arms, and take thy ſteepy flight,
Where, with the Gods averſe, the *Latins* fight:
This Bow to thee, this Quiver, I bequeath,
This choſen Arrow to revenge her Death:
By what e're Hand *Camilla* ſhall be ſlain,
Or of the *Trojan*, or *Italian* Train,
Let him not paſs unpuniſh'd from the Plain.
Then, in a hollow Cloud, my ſelf will Aid,
To bear the breathleſs Body of my Maid:
Unſpoil'd ſhall be her Arms, and unprophan'd
Her holy Limbs with any Human Hand:
And in a Marble Tomb laid in her Native Land.
She ſaid: The faithful Nymph deſcends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the ſounding Sky;
Black Clouds and ſtormy Winds around her Body fly.
By this, the *Trojan* and the *Tuſcan* Horſe,
Drawn up in Squadrons, with united Force,

Approach

Approach the Walls; the ſprightly Courſers bound;
Preſs forward on their Bits, and ſhift their Ground:
Shields, Arms, and Spears, flaſh horribly from far;
And the Fields glitter with a waving War.
Oppos'd to theſe, come on with furious force,
Meſſapus, *Coras*, and the *Latian* Horſe;
Theſe in the Body plac'd, on either hand
Suſtain'd, and clos'd by fair *Camilla*'s Band.
Advancing in a Line, they couch their Spears;
And leſs and leſs the middle Space appears.
Thick Smoke obſcures the Field: And ſcarce are ſeen
The neighing Courſers, and the ſhouting Men.
In diſtance of their Darts they ſtop their Courſe;
Then Man to Man they ruſh, and Horſe to Horſe.
The face of Heav'n their flying Jav'lins hide;
And Deaths unſeen are dealt on either ſide.
Tyrrhenus, and *Aconteus*, void of Fear,
By metled Courſers born in full Carreer,
Meet firſt oppos'd: and, with a mighty Shock,
Their Horſes Heads againſt each other knock.
Far from his Steed is fierce *Aconteus* caſt;
As with an Engin's force, or Lightning's blaſt:
He rowls along in Blood, and breaths his laſt.
The *Latin* Squadrons take a ſudden fright;
And fling their Shields behind, to ſave their Backs in flight.
Spurring at Speed to their own Walls they drew;
Cloſe in the rear the *Tuſcan* Troops purſue:
And urge their flight. *Aſylas* leads the Chaſe;
'Till ſeiz'd with Shame they wheel about and face:
Receive their Foes, and raiſe a threat'ning Cry:
The *Tuſcans* take their turn to fear and fly.
So ſwelling Surges, with a thund'ring Roar,
Driv'n on each others Backs, inſult the Shoar;

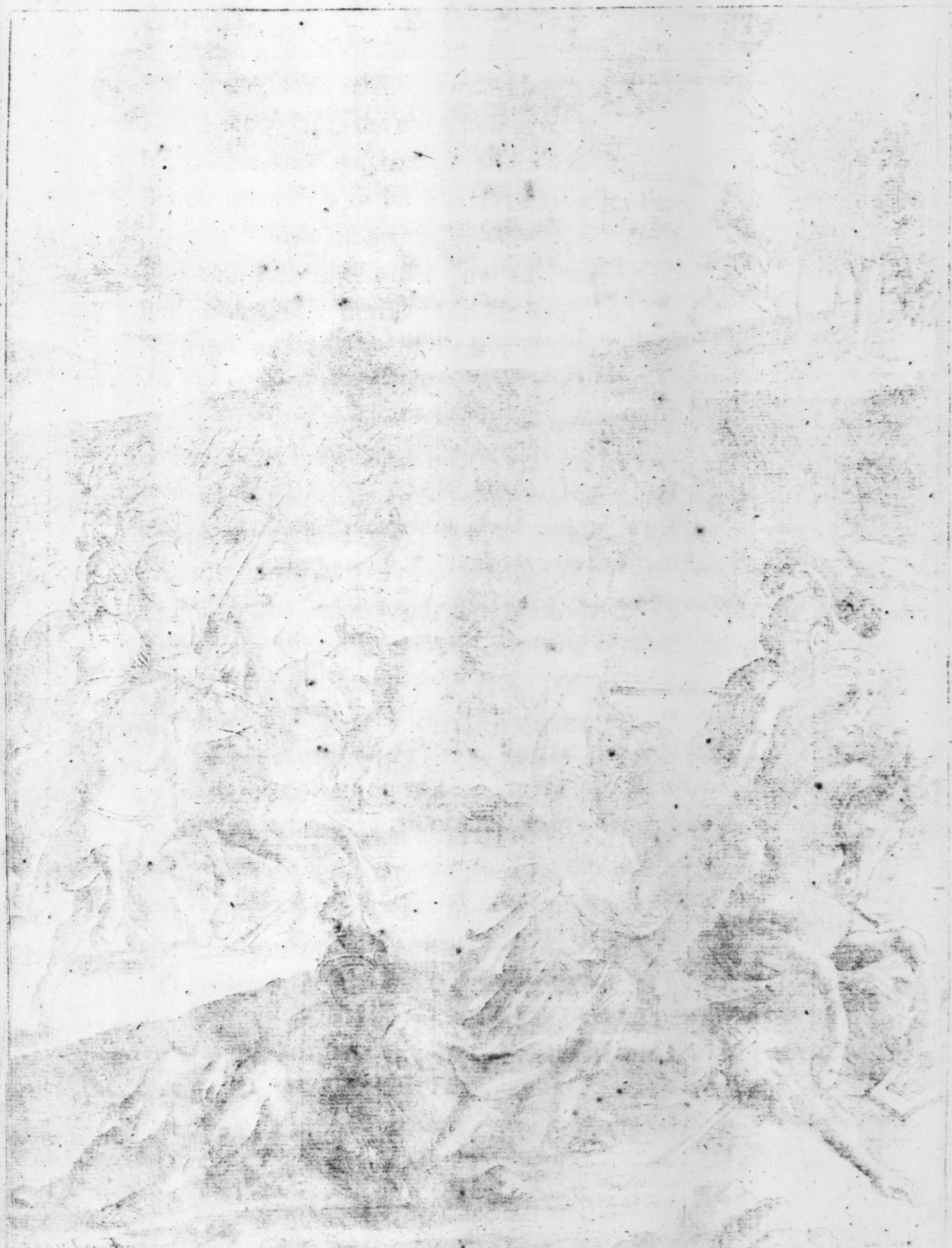
Bound

Bound o're the Rocks, incroach upon the Land;
And far upon the Beach eject the Sand.
Then backward with a Swing, they take their Way;
Repuls'd from upper Ground, and ſeek their Mother Sea:
With equal hurry quit th' invaded Shore;
And ſwallow back the Sand, and Stones they ſpew'd before.
Twice were the *Tuſcans* Maſters of the Field,
Twice by the *Latins*, in their turn repell'd.
Aſham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
Both Hoaſts reſolv'd, and mingled Man to Man:
Now dying Groans are heard, the Fields are ſtrow'd
With falling Bodies, and are drunk with Blood:
Arms, Horſes, Men, on heaps together lye:
Confus'd the Fight, and more confus'd the Cry.
Orſilochus, who durſt not preſs too near
Strong *Remulus*, at diſtance drove his Spear;
And ſtuck the Steel beneath his Horſes Ear:
The fiery Steed, impatient of the Wound,
Curvets, and ſpringing upward with a Bound,
His helpleſs Lord caſt backward on the Ground.
Catillus pierc'd *Iolas* firſt; then drew
His reeking Lance, and at *Herminius* threw:
The mighty Champion of the *Tuſcan* Crew,
His Neck and Throat unarm'd, his Head was bare,
But ſhaded with a length of yellow Hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,
A ſpacious mark for Swords, and for the flying Dart:
Acroſs the Shoulders came the feather'd Wound;
Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the Ground.
The Sands with ſtreaming Blood are ſanguine dy'd;
And Death with Honour, ſought on either ſide.
Reſiſtleſs through the War, *Camilla* rode;
In Danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with Blood.

One ſide was bare for her exerted Breſt;
One Shoulder with her painted Quiver preſs'd.
Now from afar her Fatal Jav'lins play;
Now with her Axe's edge ſhe hews her Way:
Diana's Arms upon her Shoulder ſound;
And when, too cloſely preſs'd, ſhe quits the Ground;
From her bent Bow ſhe ſends a backward Wound.
Her Maids, in Martial Pomp, on either ſide
Larina, *Tulla*, fierce *Tarpeia* ride;
Italians all: in Peace, their Queen's delight:
In War the bold Companions of the Fight.
So march'd the *Thracian Amazons* of old,
When *Thermodon* with bloody Billows rowl'd:
Such Troops as theſe in ſhining Arms were ſeen;
When *Theſeus* met in Fight their Maiden Queen.
Such to the Field *Penthiſilea* led,
From the fierce Virgin when the *Grecians* fled:
With ſuch, return'd Triumphant from the War;
Her Maids with Cries attend the loſty Carr:
They claſh with manly force their Moony Shields;
With Female Showts reſound the *Phrygian* Fields.
Who formoſt, and who laſt, Heroick Maid
On the cold Earth were by thy Courage laid?
Thy Spear, of Mountain Aſh, *Eumenius* firſt,
With fury driv'n, from ſide to ſide tranſpierc'd:
A purple Stream came ſpowting from the Wound;
Bath'd in his Blood he lies, and bites the Ground.
Lyris and *Pagaſus* at once ſhe ſlew;
The former, as the ſlacken'd Reins he drew,
Of his faint ſteed: the latter, as he ſtretch'd
His Arm to prop his Friend, the Jav'lin reach'd.
By the ſame Weapon, ſent from the ſame Hand,
Both fall together, and both ſpurn the Sand.

Amaſtrus

Amaſtrus next is added to the ſlain:
The reſt in Rout ſhe follows o're the Plain.
Tereus, *Harpalicus*, *Demophöon*,
And *Chromys*, at full Speed her Fury ſhun.
Of all her deadly Darts, not one ſhe loſt;
Each was attended with a *Trojan* Ghoſt.
Young *Ornithus* beſtrode a Hunter Steed,
Swift for the Chaſe, and of *Apulian* Breed:
Him, from afar, ſhe ſpy'd in Arms unknown;
O're his broad Back an Oxes hide was thrown:
His Helm a Wolf, whoſe gaping Jaws were ſpread,
A cov'ring for his Cheeks, and grinn'd around his Head.
He clench'd within his Hand an Iron Prong;
And tow'rd above the reſt, conſpicuous in the Throng.
Him ſoon ſhe ſingled from the flying Train,
And ſlew with eaſe: Then thus inſults the ſlain.
Vain Hunter didſt thou think thro' Woods to chaſe
The Savage Herd, a vile and trembling Race:
Here ceaſe thy Vaunts, and own my Victory;
A Woman-Warrior was too ſtrong for thee.
Yet if the Ghoſts demand the Conqu'ror's Name,
Confeſſing great *Camilla*, ſave thy Shame.
Then *Butes*, and *Orſilochus*, ſhe ſlew:
The bulkieſt Bodies of the *Trojan* Crew.
But *Butes* Breaſt to Breaſt: the Spear deſcends
Above the Gorget, where his Helmet ends;
And o're the Shield which his left Side defends.
Orſilochus and ſhe, their Courſers ply;
He ſeems to follow, and ſhe ſeems to fly.
But in a narrower Ring ſhe makes the Race;
And then he flies, and ſhe purſues the Chaſe.
Gath'ring at length on her deluded Foe,
She ſwings her Axe, and riſes to the Blow:



To the Right Hon.ble William Berkley
Baron Berkley of Stratton &c.t

Full on the Helm behind, with ſuch a ſway
The Weapon falls, the riven Steel gives way:
He groans, he roars, he ſues in vain for Grace;
Brains, mingled with his Blood, beſmear his Face.
Aſtoniſh'd *Aunus* juſt arrives by Chance,
To ſee his Fall, nor farther dares advance:
But fixing on the horrid Maid his Eye,
He ſtares, and ſhakes, and finds it vain to fly.
Yet like a true *Ligurian*, born to cheat,
(At leaſt while Fortune favour'd his Deceit)
Cries out aloud, what Courage have you ſhown,
Who truſt your Courſers Strength, and not your own?
Forego the vantage of your Horſe, alight,
And then on equal Terms begin the Fight:
It ſhall be ſeen, weak Woman, what you can,
When Foot to Foot, you combat with a Man.
He ſaid: She glows with Anger and Diſdain,
Diſmounts with ſpeed to dare him on the Plain;
And leaves her Horſe at large among her Train.
With her drawn Sword defies him to the Field;
And marching, lifts aloft her maiden Shield:
The Youth, who thought his Cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his Horſe, and urges all his Speed,
Adds the remembrance of the Spur, and hides
The goring Rowels in his bleeding Sides.
Vain Fool, and Coward, cries the lofty Maid,
Caught in the Train, which thou thy ſelf haſt laid!
On others practiſe thy *Ligurian* Arts;
Thin Stratagems, and Tricks of little Hearts
Are loſt on me. Nor ſhalt thou ſafe retire,
With vaunting Lyes to thy fallacious Sire.
At this, ſo faſt her flying Feet ſhe ſped,
That ſoon ſhe ſtrain'd beyond his Horſe's Head:

Then turning ſhort, at once ſhe ſeiz'd the Rein,
And laid the Boaſter grov'ling on the Plain.
Not with more eaſe the Falcon from above,
Truſſes, in middle Air, the trembling Dove:
Then Plumes the Prey, in her ſtrong Pounces bound;
The Feathers foul with Blood come tumbling to the ground.
Now mighty *Jove*, from his ſuperior height,
With his broad Eye ſurveys th' unequal Fight.
He fires the Breaſt of *Tarchon* with Diſdain;
And ſends him to redeem th' abandon'd Plain.
Betwixt the broken Ranks the *Tuſcan* rides,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe he chides:
Recalls each Leader, by his Name, from flight;
Renews their Ardour; and reſtores the Fight.
What Panick Fear has ſeiz'd your Souls, O ſhame,
O Brand perpetual of th' *Etrurian* Name;
Cowards incurable, a Woman's Hand
Drives, breaks, and ſcatters your ignoble Band!
Now caſt away the Sword, and quit the Shield:
What uſe of Weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your Female Foes, by Night,
Nor ſhun the Feaſt, when the full Bowls invite:
When to fat Off'rings the glad *Augur* calls;
And the ſhrill Horn-pipe ſounds to *Bacchanals*.
Theſe are your ſtudy'd Cares; your lewd Delight:
Swift to debauch; but ſlow to Manly Fight.
Thus having ſaid, he ſpurs amid the Foes;
Not managing the Life he meant to loſe.
The firſt he found he ſeiz'd, with headlong haſte,
In his ſtrong Gripe; and claſp'd around the Waſte:
'Twas *Venulus*; whom from his Horſe he tore,
And (laid athwart his own,) in Triumph bore.
Loud Shouts enſue: The *Latins* turn their Eyes,
And view th' unuſual fight with vaſt Surprize.

The fiery *Tarchon*, flying o're the Plains,
Preſs'd in his Arms the pond'rous Prey ſuſtains:
Then, with his ſhorten'd Spear, explores around
His jointed Arms, to fix a deadly Wound.
Nor leſs the Captive ſtruggles for his Life;
He writhes his Body to prolong the Strife:
And, fencing for his naked Throat, exerts
His utmoſt Vigour, and the point averts.
So ſtoops the yellow Eagle from on high,
And bears a ſpeckled Serpent thro' the Sky;
Faſt'ning his crooked Tallons on the Prey:
The Pris'ner hiſſes thro' the liquid Way,
Reſiſts the Royal Hawk, and tho' oppreſt,
She fights in Volumes, and erects her Creſt:
Turn'd to her Foe, ſhe ſtiffens ev'ry Scale;
And ſhoots her forky Tongue, and whisks her threat'ning Tail.
Againſt the Victour all Defence is weak;
Th' imperial Bird ſtill plies her with his Beak:
He tears her Bowels, and her Breaſt he gores;
Then claps his Pinions, and ſecurely ſoars.
Thus, thro' the midſt of circling Enemies,
Strong *Tarchon* ſnatch'd and bore away his Prize:
The *Tyrrhene* Troops, that ſhrunk before, now preſs
The *Latins*, and preſume the like Succeſs.
Then, *Aruns* doom'd to Death, his Arts aſſay'd
To murther, uneſpy'd, the *Volſcian* Maid,
This way, and that his winding Courſe he bends;
And whereſoe're ſhe turns, her Steps attends.
When ſhe retires victorious from the Chaſe,
He wheels about with Care, and ſhifts his place:
When ruſhing on, ſhe ſeeks her Foes in Fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her ſtill in ſight:
He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry Way
Unſeen to kill, and ſafely to betray.

Chloreus, the Prieſt of *Cybelè*, from far,
Glitt'ring in *Phrygian* Arms amidſt the War,
Was by the Virgin view'd: The Steed he preſs'd
Was proud with Trappings; and his brawny Cheſt
With Scales of guilded Braſs was cover'd o're:
A Robe of *Tyrian* Dye the Rider wore.
With deadly Wounds he gaul'd the diſtant Foe;
Gnoſſian his Shafts, and *Lycian* was his Bow:
A Golden Helm his Front, and head ſurrounds;
A guilded Quiver from his Shoulder ſounds.
Gold, weav'd with Linen, on his Thighs he wore:
With Flowers of Needlework diſtinguiſh'd o're:
With Golden Buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him, the fierce Maid beheld with ardent Eyes;
Fond and Ambitious of ſo Rich a Prize:
Or that the Temple might his Trophees hold,
Or elſe to ſhine her ſelf in *Trojan* Gold:
Blind in her haſte, ſhe chaſes him alone,
And ſeeks his Life, regardleſs of her own.
This lucky Moment the ſlye Traytor choſe:
Then, ſtarting from his Ambuſh up he roſe,
And threw, but firſt to Heav'n addreſs'd his Vows.
O Patron of *Soractes* high Abodes,
Phœbus the Ruling Pow'r among the Gods;
Whom firſt we ſerve, whole Woods of unctuous Pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy Glory ſhine;
By thee protected, with our naked Soles,
Thro' Flames unſing'd we march, and tread the kindled Coals:
Give me, propitious Pow'r, to waſh away
The Stains of this diſhonourable Day:
Nor Spoils, nor Triumph, from the Fact I claim;
But with my future Actions truſt my Fame.
Let me, by ſtealth, this Female Plague o'recome;
And from the Field, return inglorious home.

Apollo

To Arthur Mannaringe of Ightfield in the County of Salop Esqr.

Apollo heard, and granting half his Pray'r,
Shuffled in Winds the reſt, and toſs'd in empty Air.
He gives the Death deſir'd; his ſafe return,
By Southern Tempeſts to the Seas is born.
Now, when the Jav'lin whiz'd along the Skies,
Both Armies on *Camilla* turn'd their Eyes,
Directed by the Sound: Of either Hoſt,
Th' unhappy Virgin, tho' concern'd the moſt,
Was only deaf; ſo greedy was ſhe bent
On Golden Spoils, and on her Prey intent:
Till in her Pap the winged Weapon ſtood
Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple Blood.
Her ſad Attendants haſten to ſuſtain
Their dying Lady drooping on the Plain.
Far from their ſight the trembling *Aruns* flies,
With beating Heart, and Fear confus'd with Joys;
Nor dares he farther to purſue his Blow;
Or ev'n to bear the ſight of his expiring Foe.
As when the Wolf has torn a Bullocks Hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a Shepherd's Side:
Conſcious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quiv'ring Tail between his Thighs:
So, ſpeeding once, the Wretch no more attends;
But ſpurring forward herds among his Friends.
She wrench'd the Jav'lin with her dying Hands;
But wedg'd within her Breaſt the Weapon ſtands:
The Wood ſhe draws, the ſteely Point remains,
She ſtaggers in her Seat, with agonizing Pains:
A gath'ring Miſt o'reclouds her chearful Eyes;
And from her Cheeks the roſie Colour flies.
Then, turns to her, whom, of her Female Train,
She truſted moſt, and thus ſhe ſpeaks with Pain.
Acca, 'tis paſt! He ſwims before my ſight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.

Bear my laſt Words to *Turnus*, fly with ſpeed,
And bid him timely to my Charge ſucceed:
Repel the *Trojans*, and the Town relieve:
Farewel; and in this Kiſs my parting Breath receive.
She ſaid; and ſliding, ſunk upon the Plain;
Dying, her open'd Hand forſakes the Rein;
Short, and more ſhort, ſhe pants: by ſlow degrees
Her Mind the Paſſage from her Body frees.
She drops her Sword, ſhe nods her plumy Creſt;
Her drooping Head declining on her Breaſt:
In the laſt Sigh her ſtrugling Soul expires;
And murm'ring with Diſdain, to *Stygian* Sounds retires.
A Shout, that ſtruck the Golden Stars, enſu'd:
Deſpair and Rage, the languiſh'd Fight renew'd.
The *Trojan* Troops, and *Tuſcans* in a Line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd *Arcadians* join.
But *Cynthia*'s Maid, high ſeated, from afar
Surveys the Field, and fortune of the War:
Unmov'd a while, 'till proſtrate on the Plain,
Welt'ring in Blood, ſhe ſees *Camilla* ſlain;
And round her Corps, of Friends and Foes a fighting Train.
Then, from the bottom of her Breaſt, ſhe drew
A mournful Sigh, and theſe ſad Words enſue:
Too dear a Fine, ah much lamented Maid,
For warring with the *Trojans*, thou haſt paid!
Nor ought avail'd, in this unhappy Strife,
Diana's ſacred Arms, to ſave thy Life.
Yet unreveng'd thy Goddeſs will not leave
Her Vot'rys Death, nor with vain Sorrow grieve.
Branded the Wretch, and be his Name abhorr'd;
But after Ages ſhall thy Praiſe record.
Th' inglorious Coward ſoon ſhall preſs the Plain;
Thus vows thy Queen, and thus the Fates ordain.

High o're the Field, there ſtood a hilly Mound;
Sacred the Place, and ſpread with Oaks around;
Where, in a Marble Tomb, *Dercennus* lay,
A King that once in *Latium* bore the Sway.
The beauteous *Opis* thither bent her flight,
To mark the Traytor *Aruns*, from the height.
Him, in refulgent Arms ſhe ſoon eſpy'd,
Swoln with ſucceſs, and loudly thus ſhe cry'd.
Thy backward ſteps, vain Boaſter, are too late;
Turn, like a Man at length, and meet thy Fate.
Charg'd with my Meſſage to *Camilla* go;
And ſay I ſent thee to the Shades below;
An Honour undeſerv'd from *Cynthia's* Bow.
She ſaid: and from her Quiver choſe with ſpeed
The winged Shaft, predeſtin'd for the Deed:
Then, to the ſtubborn Eugh her ſtrength apply'd;
Till the far diſtant Horns approach'd on either ſide.
The Bow-ſtring touch'd her Breaſt, ſo ſtrong ſhe drew;
Whizzing in Air the fatal Arrow flew.
At once the twanging Bow, and ſounding Dart
The Traytor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
His flying Friends to foreign Fields bequeath.
The Conqu'ring Damſel, with expanded Wings,
The welcome Meſſage to her Miſtreſs brings.
Their Leader loſt, the *Volſcians* quit the Field;
And, unſuſtain'd, the Chiefs of *Turnus* yield.
The frighted Souldiers, when their Captains fly,
More on their ſpeed than on their Strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down:
And ſpur their Horſes headlong to the Town.
Driv'n by their Foes, and to their Fears reſign'd,
Not once they turn; but take their Wounds behind.

Theſe drop the Shield, and thoſe the Lance forego;
Or on their Shoulders bear the ſlacken'd Bow.
The Hooſs of Horſes with a ratling ſound,
Beat ſhort, and thick, and ſhake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of duſt, come rowling in the Sky,
And o're the darken'd Walls, and Rampires fly.
The trembling Matrons, from their lofty Stands,
Rend Heaven with Female Shrieks; and wring their Hands.
All preſſing on, Purſuers and purſu'd,
Are cruſh'd in Crowds, a mingled Multitude.
Some happy few eſcape: the Throng too late
Ruſh on for Entrance, till they choak the Gate.
Ev'n in the ſight of home, the wretched Sire
Looks on, and ſees his helpleſs Son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding Gates they cloſe:
But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes.
The vanquiſh'd cry; the Victors loudly ſhout;
Tis Terror all within; and Slaughter all without.
Blind in their Fear, they bounce againſt the wall,
Or to the Moats purſu'd, precipitate their fall.
The *Latian* Virgins, valiant with deſpair,
Arm'd on the Tow'rs the Common Danger ſhare:
So much of Zeal their Country's Cauſe inſpir'd;
So much *Camilla*'s great Example fir'd.
Poles, ſharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw;
With imitated Darts to gaul the Foe.
Their Lives, for Godlike freedom they bequeath;
And crow'd each other to be firſt in death.
Mean time, to *Turnus*, ambuſh'd in the ſhade,
With heavy tydings, came th' Unhappy Maid.
The *Volſcians* overthrown, *Camilla* kill'd,
The Foes entirely Maſters of the Field,
Like a reſiſtleſs Flood, come rowling on:
The cry goes off the Plain, and thickens to the Town.

Inflam'd

Inflam'd with Rage, (for ſo the Furies fire
The *Daunian*'s Breaſt, and ſo the Fates require,)
He leaves the hilly Paſs, the Woods in vain
Poſſeſs'd, and downward iſſues on the Plain:
Scarce was he gone, when to the Streights, now freed
From ſecret Foes, the *Trojan* Troops ſucceed.
Thro' the black Forreſt, and the ferny Brake,
Unknowingly ſecure, their Way they take.
From the rough Mountains to the Plain deſcend;
And there, in Order drawn, their Line extend.
Both Armies, now, in open Fields are ſeen:
Nor far the diſtance of the Space between.
Both to the City bend: *Æneas* ſees,
Thro' ſmoaking Fields, his haſt'ning Enemies.
And *Turnus* views the *Trojans* in Array,
And hears th' approaching Horſes proudly neigh.
Soon had their Hoaſts in bloody Battel join'd;
But weſtward to the Sea the Sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the Town, both Armies lye:
While Night with ſable Wings involves the Sky.

The Twelfth Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

Turnus *challenges* Æneas *to a ſingle Combat: Articles are agreed on, but broken by the* Rutili, *who wound* Æneas: *He is miraculouſly cur'd by* Venus, *forces* Turnus *to a Duel, and concludes the Poem with his Death.*

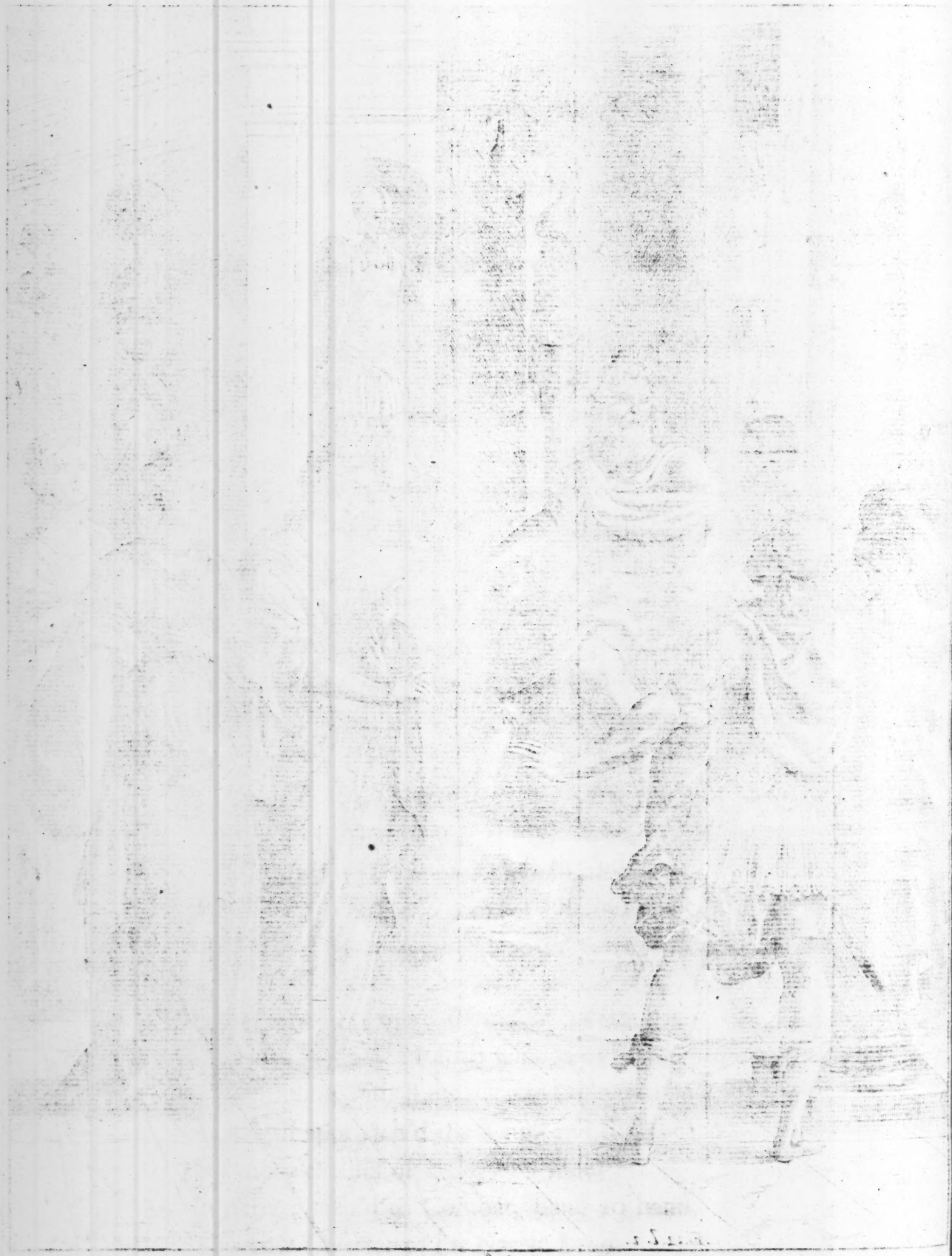
WHen *Turnus* ſaw the *Latins* leave the Field;
Their Armies broken, and their Courage quell'd;
Himſelf become the Mark of publick Spight,
His Honour queſtion'd for the promis'd Fight:
The more he was with Vulgar hate oppreſs'd;
The more his Fury boil'd within his Breaſt:
He rowz'd his Vigour for the laſt Debate;
And rais'd his haughty Soul, to meet his Fate.
As when the Swains the *Lybian* Lion chaſe,
He makes a ſour Retreat, nor mends his Pace;
But if the pointed Jav'lin pierce his Side,
The Lordly Beaſt returns with double Pride:
He wrenches out the Steel, he roars for Pain;
His ſides he laſhes, and erects his Mane.
So *Turnus* fares; his Eye-balls flaſh with Fire,
Through his wide Noſtrils Clouds of Smoke expire.
Trembling with Rage, around the Court he ran;
At length approach'd the King, and thus began.
No more excuſes or Delays: I ſtand
In Arms prepar'd to Combat, hand to hand,
This baſe Deſerter of his Native Land.
The *Trojan*, by his Word, is bound to take
The ſame Conditions which himſelf did make.

Renew

To y^e^ Right Hon^ble^
Earle of Chesterfield
the Kingdom

EXITUS ACTA PROBAT

Phillip Lord Stanhope
Baron of Shelford in
of England



Renew the Truce, the ſolemn Rites prepare;
And to my ſingle Virtue truſt the War.
The *Latians* unconcern'd ſhall ſee the Fight;
This Arm unaided ſhall aſſert your Right:
Then, if my proſtrate Body preſs the Plain,
To him the Crown, and beauteous Bride remain.
To whom the King ſedately thus reply'd;
Brave Youth, the more your Valour has been try'd,
The more becomes it us, with due Reſpect
To weigh the chance of War, which you neglect.
You want not Wealth, or a ſucceſſive Throne,
Or Cities, which your Arms have made your own;
My Towns and Treaſures are at your Command;
And ſtor'd with blooming Beauties is my Land:
Laurentum more than one *Lavinia* ſees,
Unmarry'd, fair, of Noble Families.
Now let me ſpeak; and you with Patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a Lover's Ear:
But ſound Advice, proceeding from a heart,
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudful Art.
The Gods, by Signs, have manifeſtly ſhown,
No Prince, *Italian* born, ſhould heir my Throne:
Oft have our Augurs, in Prediction skill'd,
And oft our Prieſts, a Foreign Son reveal'd.
Yet, won by Worth, that cannot be withſtood,
Brib'd by my Kindneſs to my kindred Blood,
Urg'd by my Wife, who wou'd not be deny'd;
I promis'd my *Lavinia* for your Bride:
Her from her plighted Lord by force I took;
All tyes of Treaties, and of Honour broke:
On your Account I wag'd an impious War,
With what Succeſs 'tis needleſs to declare;
I, and my Subjects feel, and you have had your Share.

Twice vanquiſh'd, while in bloody Fields we ſtrive,
Scarce in our Walls, we keep our Hopes alive:
The rowling Flood runs warm with human Gore;
The Bones of *Latians* glance the neighb'ring Shore:
Why put I not an end to this Debate,
Still unreſolv'd, and ſtill a Slave to Fate?
If *Turnus*'s Death a laſting Peace can give,
Why ſhou'd I not procure it, whilſt you live.
Shou'd I to doubtful Arms your Youth betray,
What wou'd my Kinſmen, the *Rutulians*, ſay?
And ſhou'd you fall in Fight, (which Heav'n defend)
How curſe the Cauſe, which haſten'd to his end,
The Daughter's Lover, and the Father's Friend?
Weigh in your Mind, the various Chance of War,
Pity your Parent's Age; and eaſe his Care.
Such balmy Words he pour'd, but all in vain;
The proffer'd Med'cine but provok'd the Pain.
The wrathful Youth diſdaining the Relief,
With intermitting Sobs, thus vents his Grief.
The care, O beſt of Fathers, which you take
For my Concerns, at my Deſire, forſake.
Permit me not to languiſh out my Days;
But make the beſt exchange of Life for Praiſe.
This Arm, this Lance, can well diſpute the Prize;
And the Blood follows, where the Weapon flies:
His Goddeſs Mother is not near, to ſhrowd
The flying Coward, with an empty Cloud.
But now the Queen, who fear'd for *Turnus* Life,
And loath'd the hard Conditions of the Strife,
Held him by Force; and, dying in his Death,
In theſe ſad Accents gave her Sorrow breath.
O *Turnus* I adjure thee by theſe Tears;
And what-e're price *Amata*'s Honour bears

Within

Within thy Breaſt, ſince thou art all my hope,
My ſickly Mind's repoſe, my ſinking Age's prop;
Since on the ſafety of thy Life alone,
Depends *Latinus*, and the *Latian* Throne:
Refuſe me not this one, this only Pray'r;
To wave the Combat, and purſue the War.
Whatever chance attends this fatal Strife,
Think it includes in thine *Amata*'s Life.
I cannot live a Slave; or ſee my Throne
Uſurp'd by Strangers, or a *Trojan* Son.
At this, a Flood of Tears *Lavinia* ſhed;
A crimſon Bluſh her beauteous Face o'reſpread;
Varying her Cheeks by Turns, with white and red.
The driving Colours, never at a ſtay,
Run here and there; and flush, and fade away.
Delightful change! Thus *Indian* Iv'ry ſhows,
Which with the bord'ring Paint of Purple glows;
Or Lillies damask'd by the neighb'ring Roſe.
The Lover gaz'd, and burning with deſire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the Fire:
Revenge, and jealous Rage, and ſecret Spight;
Rowl in his Breaſt, and rowze him to the Fight.
Then fixing on the Queen his ardent Eyes,
Firm to his firſt intent, he thus replies.
O Mother, do not by your Tears prepare
Such boding Omens, and prejudge the War.
Reſolv'd on Fight, I am no longer free
To ſhun my Death, if Heav'n my Death decree.
Then turning to the Herald, thus purſues;
Go, greet the *Trojan* with ungrateful News,
Denounce from me, that when to Morrows Light
Shall guild the Heav'ns, he need not urge the Fight:
The *Trojan* and *Rutulian* Troops, no more
Shall dye, with mutual Blood, the *Latian* Shore:

Our

Our ſingle Swords the Quarrel ſhall decide,
And to the Victor be the beauteous Bride.
He ſaid, and ſtriding on, with ſpeedy Pace,
He ſought his Courſers of the *Thracian* Race.
At his Approach, they toſs their Heads on high;
And proudly neighing, promiſe Victory.
The Sires of theſe *Orythia* ſent from far,
To grace *Pilumnus*, when he went to War.
The drifts of *Thracian* Snows were ſcarce ſo white,
Nor Northern Winds in fleetneſs match'd their Flight.
Officious Grooms ſtand ready by his Side;
And ſome with Combs their flowing Manes divide,
And others ſtroke their Cheſts, and gently ſooth their Pride.
He ſheath'd his Limbs in Arms; a temper'd Maſs
Of golden Metal thoſe, and Mountain Braſs.
Then to his Head his glitt'ring Helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful Fauchion to his ſide.
In his *Ætnean* Forge, the God of Fire
That Fauchion labour'd for the Hero's Sire:
Immortal Keenneſs on the Blade beſtow'd,
And plung'd it hiſſing in the *Stygian* Flood.
Prop'd on a Pillar, which the Ceiling bore,
Was plac'd the Lance *Auruncan Actor* wore;
Which with ſuch Force he brandiſh'd in his Hand,
The tough Aſh trembled like an Oſyer Wand.
Then cry'd, O pond'rous Spoil of *Actor* ſlain,
And never yet by *Turnus* toſs'd in vain,
Fail not this Day thy wonted Force: But go,
Sent by this Hand to pierce the *Trojan* Foe:
Give me to tear his Corſlet from his Breaſt,
And from that Eunuch Head, to rend the Creſt:
Drag'd in the Duſt, his frizled Hair to ſoil;
Hot from the vexing Ir'n, and ſmear'd with fragrant Oyl.

Thus

Thus while he raves, from his wide Noſtrils flies
A fiery Stream, and Sparkles from his Eyes.
So fares the Bull in his lov'd Female's ſight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:
He tries his goring Horns againſt a Tree;
And meditates his abſent Enemy:
He puſhes at the Winds, he digs the Strand
With his black Hoofs, and ſpurns the yellow Sand.
Nor leſs the *Trojan*, in his *Lemnian* Arms,
To future Fight his Manly Courage warms:
He whets his Fury, and with Joy prepares,
To terminate at once the ling'ring Wars.
To chear his Chiefs, and tender Son, relates
What Heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the Fates.
Then to the *Latian* King he ſends, to ceaſe
The Rage of Arms, and ratifie the Peace.
The Morn enſuing from the Mountain's height,
Had ſcarely ſpread the Skies with roſie Light;
Th' Etherial Courſers bounding from the Sea,
From out their flaming Noſtrils breath'd the Day:
When now the *Trojan* and *Rutulian* Guard,
In friendly Labour join'd, the Liſt prepar'd.
Beneath the Walls, they meaſure out the Space;
Then ſacred Altars rear, on ſods of Graſs;
Where, with Religious Rites, their common Gods they place.
In pureſt white, the Prieſts their Heads attire,
And living Waters bear, and holy Fire:
And o're their Linnen Hoods, and ſhaded Hair,
Long twiſted Wreaths of ſacred Vervain wear.
In Order iſſuing from the Town, appears
The *Latin* Legion, arm'd with pointed Spears;
And from the Fields, advancing on a Line,
The *Trojan* and the *Tuſcan* Forces join:

Their

Their various Arms afford a pleaſing Sight;
A peaceful Train they ſeem, in Peace prepar'd for Fight.
Betwixt the Ranks the proud Commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with Gold, and Veſts in Purple dy'd.
Here *Mneſtheus* Author of the *Memmian* Line,
And there *Meſſapus* born of Seed Divine.
The Sign is giv'n, and round the liſted Space,
Each Man in order fills his proper Place.
Reclining on their ample Shields, they ſtand;
And fix their pointed Lances in the Sand.
Now, ſtudious of the ſight, a num'rous Throng
Of either Sex promiſcuous, old and young,
Swarm from the Town: By thoſe who reſt behind,
The Gates and Walls, and Houſes tops are lin'd.
Mean time the Queen of Heav'n beheld the ſight,
With Eyes unpleas'd, from Mount *Albano*'s height:
(Since call'd *Albano*, by ſucceeding Fame,
But then an empty Hill, without a Name.)
She thence ſurvey'd the Field, the *Trojan* Pow'rs,
The *Latian* Squadrons, and *Laurentine* Tow'rs.
Then thus the Goddeſs of the Skies beſpake,
With Sighs and Tears, the Goddeſs of the Lake;
King *Turnus* Siſter, once a lovely Maid,
E're to the Luſt of lawleſs *Jove* betray'd,
Compreſs'd by Force, but by the grateful God,
Now made the *Nais* of the neighb'ring Flood.
O Nymph, the Pride of living Lakes, ſaid ſhe,
O moſt renown'd, and moſt belov'd by me,
Long haſt thou known, nor need I to record
The wanton ſallies of my wand'ring Lord:
Of ev'ry *Latian* fair, whom *Jove* miſ-led,
To mount by Stealth my violated Bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his Embace;
But gave a part of Heav'n, and an unenvy'd Place.

No

To y^e Hon^ble Brigadier Edward Fitzpatrick

Now learn from me, thy near approaching Grief,
Nor think my Wiſhes want to thy Relief.
While fortune favour'd, nor Heav'n's King deny'd,
To lend my Succour to the *Latian* ſide,
I ſav'd thy Brother, and the ſinking State:
But now he ſtruggles with unequal Fate;
And goes with Gods averſe, o'rematch'd in Might,
To meet inevitable Death in Fight:
Nor muſt I break the Truce, nor can ſuſtain the ſight.
Thou, if thou dar'ſt, thy preſent Aid ſupply;
It well becomes a Siſter's Care to try.
At this the lovely Nymph, with Grief oppreſs'd,
Thrice tore her Hair, and beat her comely Breaſt.
To whom *Saturnia* thus; thy Tears are late;
Haſte, ſnatch him, if he can be ſnatch'd from Fate:
New Tumults kindle, violate the Truce;
Who knows what changeful Fortune may produce?
'Tis not a Crime t' attempt what I decree,
Or if it were, diſcharge the Crime on me.
She ſaid, and, ſailing on the winged Wind,
Left the ſad Nymph ſuſpended in her Mind.
And now in Pomp the peaceful Kings appear:
Four Steeds the Chariot of *Latinus* bear:
Twelve golden Beams around his Temples play,
To mark his Lineage from the God of Day.
Two ſnowy Courſers *Turnus*'s Chariot yoke,
And in his Hand two Maſſy Spears he ſhook:
Then iſſu'd from the Camp, in Arms Divine,
Æneas, Author of the *Roman* Line:
And by his ſide *Aſcanius* took his Place,
The ſecond Hope of *Rome*'s Immortal Race.
Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend Prieſt appears;
And Off'rings to the flaming Altars bears;
A Porket, and a Lamb, that never ſuffer'd Shears.

Then, to the riſing Sun he turns his Eyes,
And ſtrews the Beaſts, deſign'd for Sacrifice,
With Salt, and Meal: With like officious Care
He marks their Foreheads, and he clips their Hair.
Betwixt their Horns the Purple Wine he ſheds,
With the ſame gen'rous Juice the Flame he feeds.
Æneas then unſheath'd his ſhining Sword,
And thus with pious Pray'rs the Gods ador'd.
All-ſeeing Sun, and thou *Auſonian* Soil,
For which I have ſuſtain'd ſo long a Toil,
Thou King of Heav'n, and thou the Queen of Air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by Pray'r,)
Thou God of War, whoſe unreſiſted Sway
The Labours and Events of Arms obey;
Ye living Fountains, and ye running Floods,
All Pow'rs of Ocean, all Etherial Gods,
Hear, and bear Record: if I fall in Field,
Or Recreant in the Fight, to *Turnus* yield,
My *Trojans* ſhall encreaſe *Evander*'s Town;
Aſcanius ſhall renounce th' *Auſonian* Crown:
All Claims, all Queſtions of Debate ſhall ceaſe;
Nor he, nor they, with Force infringe the Peace.
But if my juſter Arms prevail in Fight,
As ſure they ſhall, if I divine aright,
My *Trojans* ſhall not o're th' *Italians* Reign;
Both equal, both unconquer'd ſhall remain:
Join'd in their Laws, their Lands, and their Abodes;
I ask but Altars for my weary Gods:
The Care of thoſe Religious Rites be mine;
The Crown to King *Latinus* I reſign:
His be the Sov'raign Sway. Nor will I ſhare
His Pow'r in Peace, or his Command in War.
For me, my Friends another Town ſhall frame,
And bleſs the riſing Tow'rs, with fair *Lavinia*'s Name.

Thus

Thus he. Then with erected Eyes and Hands,
The *Latian* King before his Altar ſtands.
By the ſame Heav'n, ſaid he, and Earth, and Main,
And all the Pow'rs, that all the three contain;
By Hell below, and by that upper God,
Whoſe Thunder ſigns the Peace, who ſeals it with his Nod;
So let *Latona*'s double Offspring hear,
And double fronted *Janus*, what I ſwear;
I touch the ſacred Altars, touch the Flames,
And all thoſe Pow'rs atteſt, and all their Names:
Whatever Chance befall on either Side,
No term of time this Union ſhall divide:
No Force, no Fortune, ſhall my Vows unbind,
Or ſhake the ſtedfaſt Tenour of my Mind:
Not tho' the circling Seas ſhou'd break their Bound,
O'reflow the Shores, or ſap the ſolid Ground;
Not tho' the Lamps of Heav'n their Spheres forſake,
Hurl'd down, and hiſſing in the neather Lake:
Ev'n as this Royal Scepter, (for he bore
A Scepter in his Hand) ſhall never more
Shoot out in Branches, or renew the Birth;
(An Orphan now, cut from the Mother Earth
By the keen Axe, diſhonour'd of its Hair;
And cas'd in Braſs, for *Latian* Kings to bear.)
When thus in publick view the Peace was ty'd,
With ſolemn Vows, and ſworn on either ſide,
All dues perform'd which holy Rites require;
The Victim Beaſts are ſlain before the Fire:
The trembling Entrails from their Bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd Flames in Chargers born.
Already the *Rutulians* deem their Man
O'rematch'd in Arms, before the Fight began.
Firſt riſing Fears are whiſper'd thro' the Crowd;
Then, gath'ring ſound, they murmur more aloud.

Now ſide to ſide, they meaſure with their Eyes
The Champions bulk, their Sinews, and their Siſe:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent Diſadvantage of their own.
Turnus himſelf, appears in publick ſight,
Conſcious of Fate, deſponding of the Fight.
Slowly he moves; and at his Altar ſtands
With Eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:
And while he mutters undiſtinguiſh'd Pray'rs,
A livid deadneſs in his Cheeks appears.
With anxious Pleaſure when *Juturna* view'd
Th' increaſing Fright of the mad Multitude,
When their ſhort Sighs, and thickning Sobs ſhe heard,
And found their ready Minds for Change prepar'd;
Diſſembling her immortal Form, ſhe took
Camertus Meen, his Habit, and his Look;
A Chief of ancient Blood: in Arms well known
Was his great Sire, and he, his greater Son.
His Shape aſſum'd, amid the Ranks ſhe ran,
And humouring their firſt Motions, thus began.
For ſhame, *Rutulians*, can you bear the ſight,
Of one expos'd for all, in ſingle Fight?
Can we, before the Face of Heav'n, confeſs
Our Courage colder, or our Numbers leſs?
View all the *Trojan* Hoaſt, th' *Arcadian* Band,
And *Tuſcan* Army; count 'em as they ſtand,
Undaunted to the Battel, if we goe,
Scarce ev'ry ſecond Man will ſhare a Foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal Strife
Shall loſe, with Honour, his devoted Life:
Or change it rather for immortal Fame,
Succeeding to the Gods, from whence he came:
But you, a ſervile, and inglorious Band,
For Foreign Lords ſhall ſow your Native Land:

Thoſe fruitful Fields, your fighting Fathers gain'd,
Which have ſo long their lazy Sons ſuſtain'd.
With Words like theſe, ſhe carry'd her Deſign;
A riſing Murmur runs along the Line.
Then ev'n the City Troops, and *Latians*, tir'd
With tedious War, ſeem with new Souls inſpir'd:
Their Champion's Fate with Pity they lament;
And of the League, ſo lately ſworn, repent.
Nor fails the Goddeſs to foment the Rage
With lying Wonders, and a falſe Preſage:
But adds a Sign, which, preſent to their Eyes,
Inſpires new Courage, and a glad Surprize.
For, ſudden, in the fiery Tracts above,
Appears in Pomp th' Imperial Bird of *Jove*:
A plump of Fowl he ſpies, that ſwim the Lakes;
And o're their Heads his ſounding Pinions ſhakes.
Then ſtooping on the faireſt of the Train,
In his ſtrong Tallons truſs'd a ſilver Swan.
Th' *Italians* wonder at th' unuſual ſight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the Daſtard Fowl return anew;
And with united force the Foe purſue:
Clam'rous around the Royal Hawk they fly;
And thick'ning in a Cloud, o'reſhade the Sky.
They cuff, they ſcratch, they croſs his airy Courſe;
Nor can th' incumber'd Bird ſuſtain their Force:
But vex'd, not vanquiſh'd, drops the pond'rous Prey;
And, lighten'd of his Burthen, wings his Way.
Th' *Auſonian* Bands with Shouts ſalute the ſight:
Eager of Action, and demand the Fight.
Then King *Tolumnius*, vers'd in Augurs Arts,
Cries out, and thus his boaſted Skill imparts.
At length 'tis granted, what I long deſir'd;
This, this is what my frequent Vows requir'd.

Ye Gods, I take your Omen, and obey:
Advance, my Friends, and charge, I lead the Way.
Theſe are the Foreign Foes, whoſe impious Band,
Like that rapacious Bird, infeſt our Land:
But ſoon, like him, they ſhall be forc'd to Sea
By Strength united, and forego the Prey:
Your timely Succour to your Country bring;
Haſte to the Reſcue; and redeem your King.
He ſaid: and preſſing onward, thro' the Crew,
Poiz'd in his lifted Arm, his Lance he threw.
The winged Weapon, whiſtling in the Wind,
Came driving on; nor miſs'd the Mark deſign'd.
At once the Cornel rattled in the Skies;
At once tumultuous Shouts, and Clamours riſe.
Nine Brothers in a goodly Band there ſtood,
Born of *Arcadian* mix'd with *Tuſcan* Blood:
Gylippus Sons: The fatal Jav'lin flew,
Aim'd at the midmoſt of the friendly Crew.
A Paſſage thro' the jointed Arms it found,
Juſt where the Belt was to the Body bound;
And ſtruck the gentle Youth, extended on the Ground.
Then fir'd with pious Rage, the gen'rous Train
Run madly forward, to revenge the ſlain.
And ſome with eager haſte their Jav'lins throw;
And ſome, with Sword in hand, aſſault the Foe.
The wiſh'd Inſult the *Latine* Troops embrace;
And meet their Ardour in the middle Space.
The *Trojans*, *Tuſcans*, and *Arcadian* Line,
With equal Courage obviate their Deſign.
Peace leaves the violated Fields; and Hate
Both Armies urges to their mutual Fate.
With impious Haſte their Altars are o'return'd,
The Sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.

Thick

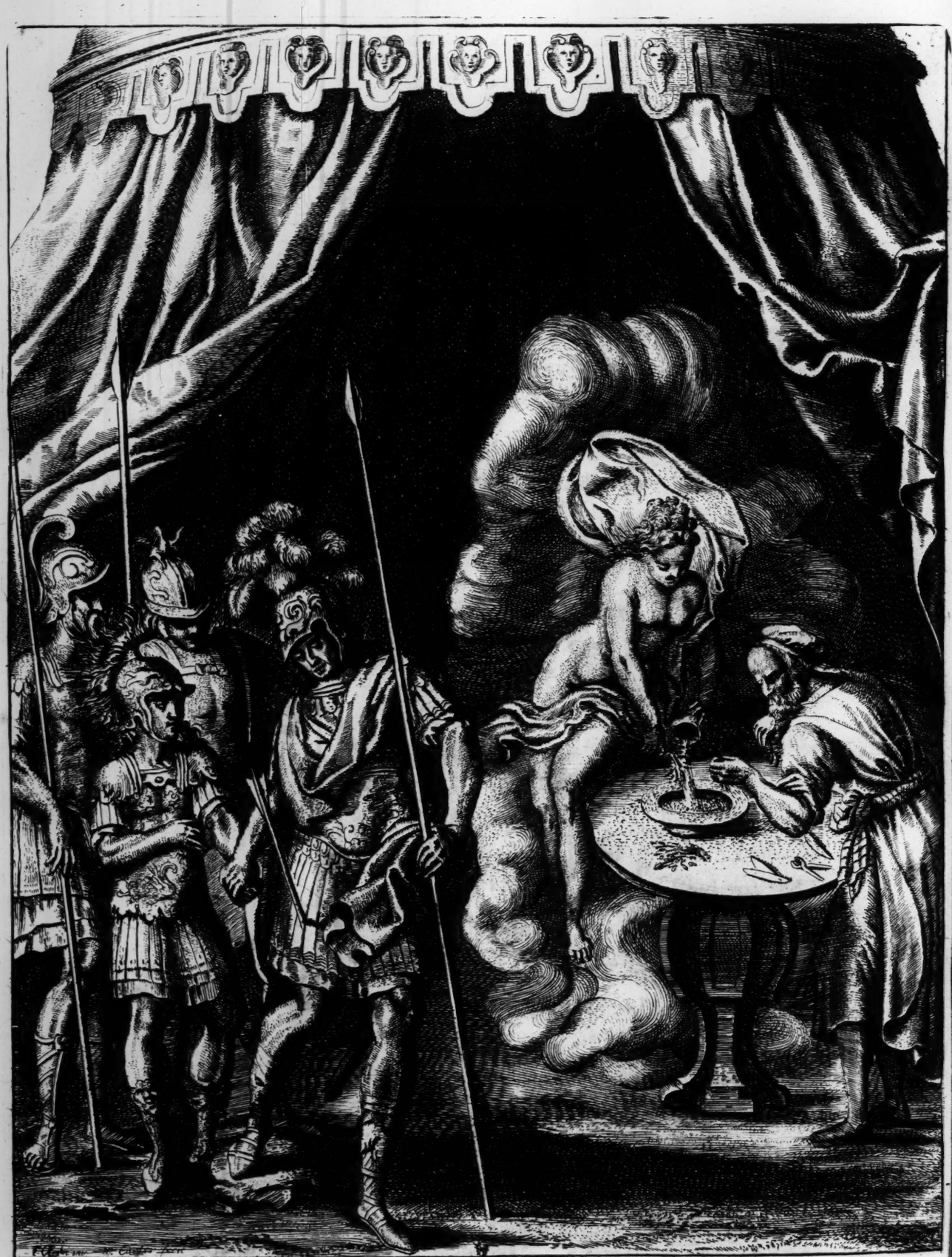
Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,
And Clouds of claſhing Darts obſcure the Sky:
Brands from the Fire, are miſſive Weapons made;
With Chargers, Bowls, and all the Prieſtly Trade.
Latinus frighted, haſtens from the Fray,
And bears his unreguarded Gods away.
Theſe on their Horſes vault, thoſe yoke the Car;
The reſt with Swords on high, run headlong to the War.
Meſſapus, eager to confound the Peace,
Spurr'd his hot Courſer thro' the fighting Preace,
At King *Auleſtes*; by his Purple known
A *Tuſcan* Prince, and by his Regal Crown:
And with a Shock encount'ring, bore him down.
Backward he fell; and as his Fate deſign'd,
The Ruins of an Altar were behind:
There pitching on his Shoulders, and his Head,
Amid the ſcatt'ring Fires he lay ſupinely ſpread.
The beamy Spear, deſcending from above,
His Cuiraſs pierc'd, and through his Body drove.
Then, with a ſcornful Smile, the Victor cries;
The Gods have found a fitter Sacrifice.
Greedy of Spoils, th' *Italians* ſtrip the dead
Of his rich Armour; and uncrown his Head.
Prieſt *Chorinæus* arm'd his better Hand,
From his own Altar, with a blazing Brand:
And, as *Ebuſus* with a thund'ring Pace
Advanc'd to Battel, daſh'd it on his Face:
His briſtly Beard ſhines out with ſudden Fires,
The crackling Crop a noiſom ſcent expires.
Following the blow, he ſeiz'd his curling Crown
With his left Hand; his other caſt him down.
The proſtrate Body with his Knees he preſs'd;
And plung'd his holy Ponyard in his Breaſt.

While *Podalirius*, with his Sword, purſu'd
The Shepherd *Alſus* thro' the flying Crowd,
Swiftly he turns; and aims a deadly Blow,
Full on the Front of his unwary Foe.
The broad Axe enters, with a craſhing Sound,
And cleaves the Chin, with one continu'd Wound:
Warm Blood, and mingled Brains, beſmear his Arms around.
An Iron Sleep his ſtupid Eyes oppreſs'd,
And ſeal'd their heavy Lids in endleſs reſt.
But good *Æneas* ruſh'd amid the Bands,
Bare was his Head, and naked were his Hands,
In ſign of Truce: Then thus he cries aloud,
What ſudden Rage, what new Deſire of Blood
Inflames your alter'd Minds? O *Trojans* ceaſe
From impious Arms, nor violate the Peace.
By Human Sanctions, and by Laws Divine,
The terms are all agreed, the War is mine.
Diſmiſs your Fears, and let the Fight enſue;
This Hand alone ſhall right the Gods and you:
Our injur'd Altars, and their broken Vow,
To this avenging Sword the faithleſs *Turnus* owe.
Thus while he ſpoke, unmindful of Defence,
A winged Arrow ſtruck the Pious Prince.
But whether from ſome Humane Hand it came,
Or Hoſtile God, is left unknown by Fame:
No Human Hand, or Hoſtile God was found,
To boaſt the Triumph of ſo baſe a Wound.
When *Turnus* ſaw the *Trojan* quit the Plain,
His Chiefs diſmay'd, his Troops a fainting Train:
Th' unhop'd Event his heighten'd Soul inſpires,
At once his Arms and Courſers he requires.
Then, with a leap, his lofty Chariot gains,
And with a ready hand aſſumes the Reins.

He

He drives impetuous, and where e're he goes,
He leaves behind a Lane of ſlaughter'd Foes.
Theſe his Lance reaches, over thoſe he rowls
His rapid Car, and chruſhes out their Souls:
In vain the vanquiſh'd fly; the Victor ſends
The dead Mens Weapons at their living Friends.
Thus on the Banks of *Hebrus* freezing Flood
The God of Battel's in his angry Mood,
Claſhing his Sword againſt his brazen Shield,
Lets looſe the Reins, and ſcours along the Field:
Before the Wind his fiery Courſers fly,
Groans the ſad Earth, reſounds the ratling Sky.
Wrath, Terror, Treaſon, Tumult, and Deſpair,
Dire Faces, and deform'd, ſurround the Car;
Friends of the God, and Followers of the War.
With Fury not unlike, nor leſs Diſdain,
Exulting *Turnus* flies along the Plain:
His ſmoaking Horſes, at their utmoſt Speed,
He laſhes on; and urges o're the dead.
Their Fetlocks run with Blood; and when they bound,
The Gore, and gath'ring Duſt, are daſh'd around.
Thamyris and *Pholus*, Maſters of the War,
He kill'd at hand, but *Sthelenus* afar:
From far the Sons of *Imbracus* he ſlew,
Glaucus, and *Lades*, of the *Lycian* Crew:
Both taught to fight on Foot, in Battel join'd;
Or mount the Courſer that outſtrips the Wind.
Mean time *Eumedes*, vaunting in the Field,
New fir'd the *Trojans*, and their Foes repell'd.
This Son of *Dolon* bore his Grandfire's Name;
But emulated more his Father's Fame.
His guileful Father, ſent a nightly Spy,
The *Grecian* Camp and Order to deſcry:

Hard Enterpriſe, and well he might require
Achilles Carr, and Horſes for his hire:
But, met upon the Scout, th' *Etolian* Prince
In Death beſtow'd a Juſter Recompence.
Fierce *Turnus* view'd the *Trojan* from afar;
And lanch'd his Jav'lin from his lofty Carr:
Then lightly leaping down purſu'd the Blow,
And, preſſing with his Foot, his proſtrate Foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the ſhining Sword;
And plung'd it in the Boſom of its Lord.
Poſſeſs, ſaid he, the fruit of all thy Pains,
And meaſure, at thy length, our *Latian* Plains.
Thus are my Foes rewarded by my hand,
Thus may they build their Town, and thus enjoy the Land.
Then *Dares*, *Butes*, *Sybaris* he ſlew,
Whom o're his Neck his flound'ing Courſer threw.
As when loud *Boreas* with his bluſt'ring Train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main;
Where e're he flies, he drives the Rack before;
And rowls the Billows on th' *Ægean* Shore:
So where reſiſtleſs *Turnus* takes his Courſe,
The ſcatter'd Squadrons bend before his force:
His Creſt of Horſes Hair is blown behind,
By adverſe Air; and ruſtles in the Wind.
This, haughty *Phegeus* ſaw with high Diſdain,
And as the Chariot rowl'd along the Plain,
Light from the Ground he leapt, and ſeiz'd the Rein.
Thus hung in Air, he ſtill retain'd his hold;
The Courſers frighted, and their Courſe control'd.
The Lance of *Turnus* reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated Arms; but paſs'd along,
And only raz'd the Skin: he turn'd, and held
Againſt his threatning Foe his ample Shield:



To Thomas Hobbs
Dr. in Phisic

En: a. l. 570.

Then call'd for Aid: but while he cry'd in vain,
The Chariot bore him backward on the Plain.
He lies revers'd; the Victor King deſcends,
And ſtrikes ſo juſtly where his Helmet ends,
He lops the Head. The *Latian* Fields are drunk
With ſtreams that iſſue from the bleeding Trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the *Trojans* yield,
The wounded Prince is forc'd to leave the Field:
Strong *Mneſtheus*, and *Achates* often try'd,
And young *Aſcanius*, weeping by his ſide,
Conduct him to his Tent: Scarce can he rear
His Limbs from Earth, ſupported on his Spear.
Reſolv'd in Mind, regardleſs of the Smart,
He tugs with both his Hands, and breaks the Dart.
The Steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the Weapon, than t' inlarge the Wound.
Eager of Fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling Friends obey.
Iapis was at hand to prove his Art,
Whoſe blooming Youth ſo fir'd *Apollo*'s Heart,
That for his Love he proffer'd to beſtow
His tuneful Harp, and his unerring Bow.
The pious Youth, more ſtudious how to ſave
His aged Sire, now ſinking to the Grave,
Preferr'd the pow'r of Plants, and ſilent Praiſe
Of healing Arts, before *Phœbeian* Bays.
Prop'd on his Lance the penſive Heroe ſtood,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the mourning Crowd.
The fam'd Phyſician tucks his Robes around,
With ready Hands, and haſtens to the Wound.
With gentle Touches he performs his part,
This way and that, ſolliciting the Dart,
And excerciſes all his Heav'nly Art.

All ſoftning Simples, known of Sov'raign Uſe,
He preſſes out, and pours their noble Juice;
Theſe firſt infus'd, to lenifie the Pain,
He tugs with Pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then, to the Patron of his Art he pray'd;
The Patron of his Art refus'd his Aid.
Mean time the War approaches to the Tents;
Th' Allarm grows hotter, and the Noiſe augments:
The driving Duſt proclaims the Danger near,
And firſt their Friends, and then their Foes appear;
Their Friends retreat, their Foes purſue the Rear.
The Camp is fill'd with Terror and Affright,
The hiſſing Shafts within the Trench alight:
An undiſtinguiſh'd Noiſe aſcends the Sky;
The Shouts of thoſe who kill, and Groans of thoſe who dye.
But now the Goddeſs Mother, mov'd with Grief,
And pierc'd with Pity, haſtens her Relief.
A branch of healing *Dittany* ſhe brought;
Which in the *Cretan* Fields with Care ſhe ſought:
Rough is the Stem, which wooly Leafs ſurround;
The Leafs with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs with Purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded Goats; a ſure Relief
To draw the pointed Steel, and eaſe the Grief.
This *Venus* brings, in Clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted Liquor with *Ambroſian* Dews,
And od'rous *Panacee*: Unſeen ſhe ſtands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her Heav'nly Hands:
And pours it in a Bowl, already crown'd
With Juice of medc'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the Wound.
The Leech, unknowing of ſuperior Art,
Which aids the Cure, with this foments the part;
And in a Moment ceas'd the raging ſmart.
Stanch'd is the Blood, and in the bottom ſtands:
The Steel, but ſcarcely touch'd with tender Hands,

Moves

Moves up, and follows of its own Accord;
And Health and Vigour are at once reſtor'd.
Iäpis firſt perceiv'd the cloſing Wound;
And firſt the footſteps of a God he found.
Arms, Arms, he cries, the Sword and Shield prepare,
And ſend the willing Chief, renew'd to War.
This is no Mortal Work, no cure of mine,
Nor Art's effect, but done by Hands Divine:
Some God our General to the Battel ſends;
Some God preſerves his Life for greater Ends.
The Heroe arms in haſte: His hands infold
His Thighs with Cuiſſes of refulgent Gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and ruſhing to the Field,
That Hand ſuſtaining the Cœleſtial Shield,
This gripes the Lance; and with ſuch Vigour ſhakes,
That to the reſt the beamy Weapon quakes.
Then, with a cloſe Embrace he ſtrain'd his Son;
And kiſſing thro' his Helmet, thus begun.
My Son, from my Example learn the War,
In Camps to ſuffer, and in Fields to dare:
But happier Chance than mine attend thy Care.
This Day my hand thy tender Age ſhall ſhield,
And crown with Honours of the conquer'd Field:
Thou, when thy riper Years ſhall ſend thee forth,
To toils of War, be mindful of my Worth:
Aſſert thy birthright; and in Arms be known,
For *Hector*'s Nephew, and *Æneas*'s Son.
He ſaid, and, ſtriding, iſſu'd on the Plain;
Anteus, and *Mneſtheus*, and a num'rous Train
Attend his Steps: The reſt their Weapons take,
And crowding to the Field, the Camp forſake.
A cloud of blinding Duſt is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their Feet the trembling ground.

Now

Now *Turnus*, poſted on a Hill, from far
Beheld the progreſs of the moving War:
With him the *Latins* view'd the cover'd Plains;
And the chill Blood ran backward in their Veins.
Juturna ſaw th' advancing Troops appear;
And heard the hoſtile Sound, and fled for Fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a ſweeping Train,
Clos'd in their Ranks, and pouring on the Plain.
As when a Whirlwind ruſhing to the Shore,
From the mid Ocean, drives the Waves before:
The painful Hind, with heavy Heart foreſees,
The flatted Fields, and ſlaughter of the Trees;
With leſs impetuous Rage the Prince appears,
Before his doubled Front; nor leſs Deſtruction bears.
And now both Armies ſhock, in open Field;
Oſyris is by ſtrong *Thymbræus* kill'd.
Archetius, *Ufens*, *Epulon*, are ſlain;
(All fam'd in Arms, and of the *Latian* Train;)
By *Gyas*, *Mneſtheus*, and *Achates* Hand:
The fatal Augur falls, by whoſe command
The Truce was broken, and whoſe Lance embru'd
With *Trojan* Blood, th' unhappy Fight renew'd.
Loud Shouts and Clamours rend the liquid Sky;
And o're the Field the frighted *Latins* fly.
The Prince diſdains the Daſtards to purſue,
Nor moves to meet in Arms the fighting few:
Turnus alone, amid the dusky Plain,
He ſeeks, and to the Combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and ſeiz'd with Mortal Fear,
Forc'd from the Beam her Brother's Charioteer;
Aſſumes his Shape, his Armour, and his Meen;
And like *Metiſcus*, in his Seat is ſeen.
As the black Swallow near the Palace plies;
O're empty Courts, and under Arches flies;

Now

Now hawks aloft, now skims along the Flood,
To furniſh her loquacious Neſt with Food:
So drives the rapid Goddeſs o're the Plains;
The ſmoaking Horſes run with looſen'd Reins.
She ſteers a various Courſe among the Foes;
Now here, now there, her conqu'ring Brother ſhows:
Now with a ſtraight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but ſhuns the ſingle Fight.
Æneas, fir'd with Fury, breaks the Crowd,
And ſeeks his Foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower Ring, and tries
To ſtop the Chariot, but the Chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimps,—*Juturna* fears,
And far away the *Daunian* Heroe bears.
What ſhou'd he do! nor Arts nor Arms avail;
And various Cares in vain his Mind aſſail.
The great *Meſſapus* thund'ring thro' the Field,
In his left hand two pointed Jav'lins held;
Encountring on the Prince, one Dart he drew,
And with unerring aim, and utmoſt Vigour threw.
Æneas ſaw it come, and ſtooping low
Beneath his Buckler, ſhunn'd the threatning blow.
The Weapon hiſs'd above his Head, and tore
The waving Plume, which on his Helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hoſtile Act, and fir'd with ſpight,
That flying *Turnus* ſtill declin'd the Fight;
The Prince, whoſe Piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the Field:
Invokes the Pow'rs of violated Peace,
Their Rites, and injur'd Altars to redreſs:
Then, to his Rage abandoning the Rein,
With Blood and ſlaughter'd Bodies fills the Plain.
What God can tell, what Numbers can diſplay
The various Labours of that fatal Day!

What

What Chiefs, and Champions fell on either ſide,
In Combat ſlain, or by what Deaths they dy'd?
Whom *Turnus*, whom the *Trojan* Heroe kill'd:
Who ſhar'd the Fame, and fortune of the Field?
Jove, cou'dſt thou view, and not avert thy ſight,
Two jarring Nations join'd in cruel fight,
Whom Leagues of laſting Love ſo ſhortly ſhall unite!
Æneas firſt *Rutulian Sucro* found,
Whoſe Valour made the *Trojans* quit their Ground:
Betwixt his Ribs the Jav'lin drove ſo juſt,
It reach'd his Heart, nor needs a ſecond Thruſt.
Now *Turnus*, at two blows, two Brethren ſlew;
Firſt from his Horſe fierce *Amycus* he threw;
Then leaping on the Ground, on Foot aſſail'd
Diores, and in equal Fight prevail'd.
Their lifeleſs Trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their Heads diſtilling Gore, his Chariot grace.
Three cold on Earth the *Trojan* Heroe threw;
Whom without reſpite at one Charge he ſlew:
Cethegus, *Tanais*, *Tagus*, fell oppreſs'd,
And ſad *Onythes*, added to the reſt;
Of *Theban* Blood, whom *Peridia* bore.
Turnus, two Brothers from the *Lycian* Shore,
And from *Apollo*'s Fane to Battel ſent,
O'rethrew, nor *Phœbus* cou'd their Fate prevent.
Peaceful *Menætes* after theſe he kill'd,
Who long had ſhunn'd the Dangers of the Field:
On *Lerna*'s Lake a ſilent Life he led,
And with his Nets and Angle earn'd his Bread.
Nor pompous Cares, nor Palaces he knew,
But wiſely from th' infectious World withdrew.
Poor was his Houſe; his Father's painful Hand
Diſcharg'd his Rent, and plough'd another's Land.

As Flames among the lofty Woods are thrown,
On diff'rent ſides, and both by Winds are blown,
The Laurels crackle in the ſputt'ring Fire;
The frighted Silvans from their Shades retire:
Or as two neighb'ring Torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy Waters fry:
They rowl to Sea with unreſiſted Force,
And down the Rocks precipitate their Courſe:
Not with leſs rage the Rival Heroes take
Their diff'rent Ways; nor leſs Deſtruction make.
With Spears afar, with Swords at hand they ſtrike;
And zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike.
Like them, their dauntleſs Men maintain the Field,
And Hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of Bodies raiſe the level Ground.
Murranus, boaſting of his Blood, that ſprings
From a long Royal Race of *Latian* Kings,
Is by the *Trojan* from his Chariot thrown,
Cruſh'd with the Weight of an unweildy Stone:
Betwixt the Wheels he fell; the Wheels that bore
His living Load, his dying Body tore.
His ſtarting Steeds, to ſhun the glitt'ring Sword,
Paw down his trampled Limbs, forgetful of their Lord.
Fierce *Hillus* threaten'd high; and face to face
Affronted *Turnus* in the middle ſpace:
The Prince encounter'd him in full Carreer,
And at his Temples aim'd the deadly Spear:
So fatally the flying Weapon ſped,
That thro' his Brazen Helm it pierc'd his Head.
Nor *Ciſſeus* cou'dſt thou ſcape from *Turnus* hand,
In vain the ſtrongeſt of th' *Arcadian* Band:
Nor to *Cupentus* cou'd his Gods afford,
Availing Aid againſt th' *Ænean* Sword:

Which to his naked Heart purſu'd the Courſe:
Nor could his plated Shield ſuſtain the Force.
Iolas fell, whom not the *Grecian* Pow'rs,
Nor great Subvertor of the *Trojan* Tow'rs,
Were doom'd to kill, while Heaven prolong'd his Date:
But who can paſs the Bounds prefix'd by Fate?
In high *Lyrneſſus*, and in *Troy*, he held
Two Palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty Man, the laſt Remains
A little ſpot of Foreign Earth contains.
And now both Hoſts their broken Troops unite,
In equal Ranks, and mix in mortal Fight,
Sereſthus, and undaunted *Mneſtheus* join
The *Trojan*, *Tuſcan*, and *Arcadian* Line:
Sea-born *Meſſapus*, with *Atinas*, heads
The *Latin* Squadrons, and to Battel leads.
They ſtrike, they puſh, they throng the ſcanty ſpace;
Reſolv'd on Death, impatient of Diſgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his Place.
The *Cyprian* Goddeſs now inſpires her Son
To leave th' unfiniſh'd Fight, and ſtorm the Town.
For while he rowls his Eyes around the Plain,
In queſt of *Turnus*, whom he ſeeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded City from afar,
In careleſs quiet, and ſecure of War:
Occaſion offers, and excites his Mind,
To dare beyond the Task he firſt deſign'd.
Reſolv'd, he calls his Chiefs: they leave the Fight;
Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring Height:
The crowding Troops about their Gen'ral ſtand,
All under Arms, and wait his high Command.
Then thus the lofty Prince: Hear and obey,
Ye *Trojan* Bands, without the leaſt delay.

Jove

Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmoſt Vigour, and our Speed.
Your inſtant Arms againſt the Town prepare;
The ſource of Miſchief, and the Seat of War.
This Day the *Latian* Tow'rs, that mate the Sky,
Shall level with the Plain in Aſhes lye:
The People ſhall be Slaves; unleſs in time
They kneel for Pardon, and repent their Crime.
Twice have our Foes been vanquiſh'd on the Plain;
Then ſhall I wait till *Turnus* will be ſlain?
Your Force againſt the perjur'd City bend:
There it began, and there the War ſhall end.
The Peace profan'd our rightful Arms requires:
Cleanſe the polluted Place with purging Fires.
He finiſh'd; and one Soul inſpiring all,
Form'd in a Wedge, the Foot approach the Wall.
Without the Town, an unprovided Train
Of gaping, gazing Citizens are ſlain.
Some Firebrands, others ſcaling Ladders bear;
And thoſe they toſs aloft, and theſe they rear:
The Flames now lanch'd, the feather'd Arrows fly,
And Clouds of miſſive Arms obſcure the Sky.
Advancing to the Front the Heroe ſtands,
And ſtretching out to Heav'n his Pious Hands;
Atteſts the Gods, aſſerts his Innocence,
Upbraids with breach of Faith th' *Auſonian* Prince:
Declares the Royal Honour doubly ſtain'd.
And twice the Rites of holy Peace profan'd.
Diſſenting Clamours in the Town ariſe;
Each will be heard, and all at once adviſe.
One part for Peace, and one for War contends:
Some wou'd exclude their Foes, and ſome admit their Friends.
The helpleſs King is hurry'd in the Throng;
And what e're Tide prevails, is born along.

Thus when the Swain, within a hollow Rock,
Invades the Bees with ſuffocating Smoke,
They run around, or labour on their Wings,
Diſus'd to flight; and ſhoot their ſleepy Stings:
To ſhun the bitter Fumes in vain they try;
Black Vapours, iſſuing from the Vent, involve the Sky.
But Fate, and envious Fortune, now prepare
To plunge the *Latins* in the laſt deſpair.
The Queen, who ſaw the Foes invade the Town;
And Brands on tops of burning Houſes thrown:
Caſt round her Eyes, diſtracted with her Fear;
No Troops of *Turnus* in the Field appear.
Once more ſhe ſtares abroad, but ſtill in vain:
And then concludes the Royal Youth is ſlain.
Mad with her Anguiſh, impotent to bear
The mighty Grief, ſhe loaths the vital Air.
She calls her ſelf the Cauſe of all this Ill,
And owns the dire Effects of her ungovern'd Will:
She raves againſt the Gods, ſhe beats her Breaſt,
She tears with both her hands her Purple Veſt.
Then round a Beam a running Nooſe ſhe ty'd;
And, faſten'd by the Neck, obſcenely dy'd.
Soon as the fatal News by Fame was blown,
And to her Dames, and to her Daughter known;
The ſad *Lavinia* rends her yellow Hair,
And roſie Cheeks; the reſt her Sorrow ſhare:
With Shrieks the Palace rings, and Madneſs of Deſpair.
The ſpreading Rumor fills the Publick Place;
Confuſion, Fear, Diſtraction, and Diſgrace,
And ſilent ſhame, are ſeen in ev'ry Face.
Latinus tears his Garments as he goes,
Both for his publick, and his private Woes:
With Filth his venerable Beard beſmears,
And ſordid Duſt deforms his Silver Hairs.

And much he blames the ſoftneſs of his Mind,
Obnoxious to the Charms of Womankind,
And ſoon ſeduc'd to change, what he ſo well deſign'd:
To break the ſolemn League ſo long deſir'd,
Nor finiſh what his Fates, and thoſe of *Troy* requir'd.
Now *Turnus* rowls aloof o're empty Plains,
And here and there ſome ſtragling Foes he gleans.
His flying Courſers pleaſe him leſs and leſs,
Aſham'd of eaſie Fight, and cheap Succeſs.
Thus half contented, anxious in his Mind,
The diſtant Cries come driving in the Wind:
Shouts from the Walls, but Shouts in Murmurs drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding ſound.
Alas, ſaid he, what mean theſe diſmal Cries,
What doleful Clamours from the Town ariſe?
Confus'd he ſtops, and backward pulls the Reins:
She, who the Driver's Office now ſuſtains,
Replies; Neglect, my Lord, theſe new Alarms;
Here fight, and urge the Fortune of your Arms:
There want not others to defend the Wall:
If by your Rival's Hand th' *Italians* fall,
So ſhall your fatal Sword his Friends oppreſs,
In Honour equal, equal in Succeſs.
To this, the Prince; O Siſter, (for I knew
The Peace infring'd, proceeded firſt from you,)
I knew you, when you mingled firſt in Fight,
And now in vain you wou'd deceive my Sight:
Why, Goddeſs, this unprofitable Care?
Who ſent you down from Heav'n, involv'd in Air,
Your ſhare of Mortal Sorrows to ſuſtain,
And ſee your Brother bleeding on the Plain?
For, to what Pow'r can *Turnus* have recourſe,
Or how reſiſt his Fates prevailing force!

These Eyes beheld *Murranus* bite the Ground,
Mighty the Man, and mighty was the Wound.
I heard my dearest Friend, with dying Breath,
My Name invoking to revenge his Death:
Brave *Ufens* fell with Honour on the Place;
To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.
On Earth supine, a Manly Corps he lies;
His Vest and Armour are the Victor's Prize.
Then, shall I see *Laurentum* in a flame,
Which only wanted to compleat my shame?
How will the *Latins* hoot their Champion's flight;
How *Drances* will insult, and point them to the sight!
Is Death so hard to bear? Ye Gods below,
(Since those above so small Compassion show,)
Receive a Soul unsully'd yet with shame,
Which not belies my great Forefather's Name.
He said: And while he spoke, with flying speed,
Came *Sages* urging on his foamy Steed;
Fix'd on his wounded Face a Shaft he bore,
And seeking *Turnus* sent his Voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
Our last Relief; compassionate your Friends.
Like Lightning, fierce *Æneas*, rowling on,
With Arms invests, with Flames invades the Town:
The Brands are toss'd on high; the Winds conspire
To drive along the Deluge of the Fire:
All Eyes are fix'd on you; your Foes rejoice;
Ev'n the King staggers, and suspends his Choice:
Doubts to deliver, or defend the Town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his Son.
The Queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
Her self suborning Death, has breath'd her last.
'Tis true, *Messapus*, fearless of his Fate,
With fierce *Atinas* Aid, defends the Gate:

On ev'ry ſide ſurrounded by the Foe;
The more they kill, the greater Numbers grow;
An Iron Harveſt mounts, and ſtill remains to mow.
You, far aloof from your forſaken Bands,
Your rowling Chariot drive o're empty Sands.
Stupid he ſate, his Eyes on Earth declin'd,
And various Cares revolving in his Mind:
Rage boiling from the bottom of his Breaſt,
And Sorrow mix'd with Shame, his Soul oppreſs'd:
And conſcious Worth lay lab'ring in his Thought;
And Love by Jealouſie to Madneſs wrought.
By ſlow degrees his Reaſon drove away
The Miſts of Paſſion, and reſum'd her Sway.
Then, riſing on his Car, he turn'd his Look;
And ſaw the Town involv'd in Fire and Smoke.
A wooden Tow'r with Flames already blaz'd,
Which his own Hands on Beams and Rafters rais'd:
And Bridges laid above to join the Space;
And Wheels below to rowl from place to place.
Siſter, the Fates have vanquiſh'd: Let us go
The way which Heav'n and my hard Fortune ſhow.
The Fight is fix'd: Nor ſhall the branded Name
Of a baſe Coward blot your Brother's Fame.
Death is my choice; but ſuffer me to try
My Force, and vent my Rage before I dye.
He ſaid, and leaping down without delay,
Thro' Crowds of ſcatter'd Foes he free'd his way.
Striding he paſs'd, impetuous as the Wind,
And left the grieving Goddeſs far behind.
As when a Fragment, from a Mountain torn
By raging Tempeſts, or by Torrents born,
Or ſapp'd by time, or looſen'd from the Roots,
Prone thro' the Void the Rocky Ruine ſhoots,

Rowling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep;
Down ſink, at once the Shepherds and their Sheep,
Involv'd alike, they ruſh to neather Ground,
Stun'd with the *ſhock* they fall, and ſtun'd from *Earth* rebound:
So *Turnus*, haſting headlong to the Town,
Should'ring and ſhoving, bore the Squadrons down.
Still preſſing onward, to the Walls he drew,
Where Shafts, and Spears, and Darts promiſcuous flew;
And ſanguine Streams the ſlipp'ry Ground embrew.
Firſt ſtretching out his Arm, in ſign of Peace,
He cries aloud, to make the Combat ceaſe:
Rutulians hold, and *Latin* Troops retire;
The Fight is mine, and me the Gods require.
Tis juſt that I ſhou'd vindicate alone
The broken Truce, or for the Breach atone.
This Day ſhall free from Wars th' *Auſonian* State;
Or finiſh my Misfortunes in my Fate.
Both Armies from their bloody Work deſiſt:
And bearing backward, form a ſpacious Liſt.
The *Trojan* Heroe who receiv'd from Fame
The welcome Sound, and heard the Champion's Name,
Soon leaves the taken Works, and mounted Walls,
Greedy of War, where greater Glory calls.
He ſprings to Fight, exulting in his Force;
His jointed Armour rattles in the Courſe.
Like *Eryx*, or like *Athos*, great he ſhows,
Or Father *Apennine*, when white with Snows,
His Head Divine, obſcure in Clouds he hides:
And ſhakes the ſounding Foreſt on his ſides.
The Nations over-aw'd, ſurceaſe the Fight,
Immoveable their Bodies, fix'd their ſight:
Ev'n Death ſtands ſtill; nor from above they throw
Their Darts, nor drive their batt'ring Rams below.

In ſilent Order either Army ſtands;
And drop their Swords, unknowing, from their Hands.
Th' *Auſonian* King beholds, with wond'ring ſight,
Two mighty Champions match'd in ſingle Fight:
Born under Climes remote; and brought by Fate,
With Swords to try their Titles to the State.
Now in clos'd Field, each other from afar
They view; and ruſhing on, begin the War.
They launch their Spears, then hand to hand they meet;
The trembling Soil reſounds beneath their Feet:
Their Bucklers claſh; thick blows deſcend from high,
And flakes of Fire from their hard Helmets fly.
Courage conſpires with Chance; and both ingage
With equal Fortune yet, and mutual Rage.
As when two Bulls for their fair Female fight,
In *Sila*'s Shades, or on *Taburnus* height;
With Horns adverſe they meet: the Keeper flies:
Mute ſtands the Herd, the Heifars rowl their Eyes;
And wait th' Event; which Victor they ſhall bear,
And who ſhall be the Lord, to rule the luſty Year:
With rage of Love the jealous Rivals burn,
And Puſh for Puſh, and Wound for Wound return:
Their Dewlaps gor'd, their ſides are lav'd in Blood;
Loud Cries and roaring Sounds rebellow thro' the Wood:
Such was the Combat in the liſted Ground;
So claſh their Swords and ſo their Shields reſound.
Jove ſets the Beam; in either Scale he lays
The Champions Fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this ſide Life, and lucky Chance aſcends:
Loaded with Death, that other Scale deſcends.
Rais'd on the Stretch, young *Turnus* aims a blow,
Full on the Helm of his unguarded Foe:
Shrill Shouts and Clamours ring on either ſide;
As Hopes and Fears their panting Hearts divide.

But all in pieces flies the Traytor Sword,
And, in the middle Stroke, deſerts his Lord.
Now 'tis but Death, or Flight: diſarm'd he flies,
When in his Hand, an unknown Hilt he ſpies.
Fame ſays that *Turnus*, when his Steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to War, diſorder'd in his Mind,
Snatch'd the firſt Weapon, which his haſte cou'd find.
Twas not the fated Sword his Father bore;
But that his Charioteer *Metiſcus* wore.
This, while the *Trojans* fled, the Toughneſs held;
But vain againſt the great *Vulcanian* Shield,
The mortal-temper'd Steel deceiv'd his Hand:
The ſhiver'd fragments ſhone amid the Sand.
Surpriz'd with fear, he fled along the Field;
And now forthright, and now in Orbits wheel'd.
For here the *Trojan* Troops the Liſt ſurround;
And there the Paſs is clos'd with Pools and marſhy Ground.
Æneas haſtens, tho' with heavier Pace,
His Wound, ſo newly knit, retards the Chaſe:
And oft his trembling Knees their Aid refuſe,
Yet preſſing foot by foot his Foe purſues.
Thus, when a fearful Stag is clos'd around
With Crimſon Toils, or in a River found;
High on the Bank the deep-mouth'd Hound appears;
Still opening, following ſtill, where e're he ſteers:
The perſecuted Creature, to, and fro,
Turns here and there, to ſcape his *Umbrian* Foe:
Steep is th' Aſcent, and if he gains the Land,
The Purple Death is pitch'd along the Strand:
His eager Foe determin'd to the Chace,
Stretch'd at his length gains Ground at ev'ry Pace:
Now to his beamy Head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds his Prey:

To the Right Hon^ble Francis North
Baron of Guilford

Juſt at the pinch the Stag ſprings out with fear,
He bites the Wind, and fills his ſounding Jaws with Air.
The Rocks, the Lakes, the Meadows ring with Cries;
The mortal Tumult mounts, and thunders in the Skies.
Thus flies the *Daunian* Prince: and, flying, blames
His tardy Troops; and calling by their Names,
Demands his truſty Sword. The *Trojan* threats
The Realm with Ruin, and their ancient Seats
To lay in Aſhes, if they dare ſupply
With Arms or Aid, his vanquiſh'd Enemy:
Thus menacing, he ſtill purſues the Courſe,
With Vigour, tho' diminiſh'd of his Force.
Ten times, already, round the liſted place,
One Chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the Chace:
No trivial Prize is play'd; for on the Life
Or Death of *Turnus*, now depends the Strife.
Within the ſpace, an Olive Tree had ſtood,
A ſacred Shade, a venerable Wood,
For Vows to *Faunus* paid, the *Latins* Guardian God.
Here hung the Veſts, and Tablets were ingrav'd,
Of ſinking Mariners from Shipwrack ſav'd.
With heedleſs Hands the *Trojans* fell'd the Tree,
To make the Ground inclos'd for Combat free.
Deep in the Root, whether by Fate, or Chance,
Or erring haſte, the *Trojan* drove his Lance:
Then ſtoop'd, and tug'd with Force immenſe to free
Th' incumber'd Spear, from the tenacious Tree:
That whom his fainting Limbs purſu'd in vain,
His flying Weapon might from far attain.
Confus'd with Fear, bereft of Human Aid,
Then *Turnus* to the Gods, and firſt to *Faunus* pray'd.
O *Faunus* pity, and thou Mother Earth,
Where I thy foſter Son receiv'd my Birth,

Hold faſt the Steel; if my Religious Hand
Your Plant has honour'd, which your Foes profan'd;
Propitious hear my pious Pray'r! He ſaid,
Nor with ſucceſsleſs Vows invok'd their Aid.
Th' incumbent Heroe wrench'd, and pull'd, and ſtrain'd;
But ſtill the ſtubborn Earth the Steel detain'd.
Juturna took her time; and while in vain
He ſtrove, aſſum'd *Metiſcus* Form again:
And, in that imitated Shape, reſtor'd
To the deſpairing Prince, his *Daunian* Sword.
The Queen of Love, who, with Diſdain and Grief,
Saw the bold Nymph afford this prompt Relief;
T' aſſert her Off-ſpring, with a greater Deed,
From the tough Root the ling'ring Weapon freed.
Once more erect, the Rival Chiefs advance;
One truſts the Sword, and one the pointed Lance:
And both reſolv'd alike, to try their fatal Chance.
Mean time Imperial *Jove* to *Juno* ſpoke,
Who from a ſhining Cloud beheld the ſhock;
What new Arreſt, O Queen of Heav'n, is ſent
To ſtop the Fates now lab'ring in th' Event.
What farther hopes are left thee to purſue?
Divine *Æneas*, (and thou know'ſt it too,)
Fore-doom'd to theſe Cœleſtial Seats is due.
What more Attempts for *Turnus* can be made,
That thus thou ling'reſt in this lonely Shade!
Is it becoming of the due Reſpect,
And awful Honour of a God Elect,
A Wound unworthy of our State to feel;
Patient of Human Hands, and earthly Steel?
Or ſeems it Juſt, the Siſter ſhou'd reſtore,
A ſecond Sword, when one was loſt before;
And arm a conquer'd Wretch, againſt his Conqueror?

For

For what without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay more, thy Dictate, durſt *Juturna* do?
At laſt, in deference to my Love, forbear
To lodge within thy Soul this anxious Care:
Reclin'd upon my Breaſt, thy Grief unload;
Who ſhou'd relieve the Goddeſs, but the God?
Now, all things to their utmoſt Iſſue tend;
Puſh'd by the Fates to their appointed End:
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful Hour
For Vengeance, Wrath, and unreſiſted Pow'r:
Toſs'd on the Seas thou cou'd'ſt thy Foes diſtreſs,
And driv'n aſhore, with Hoſtile Arms oppreſs:
Deform the Royal Houſe; and from the ſide
Of the Juſt Bridegroom, tear the plighted Bride:
Now ceaſe at my Command. The Thund'rer ſaid:
And with dejected Eyes this Anſwer *Juno* made.
Becauſe your dread Decree too well I knew;
From *Turnus*, and from Earth unwilling I withdrew.
Elſe ſhou'd you not behold me here alone,
Involv'd in empty Clouds my Friends bemoan:
But girt with vengeful Flames, in open ſight,
Engag'd againſt my Foes in Mortal Fight.
'Tis true *Juturna* mingled in the Strife
By my Command, to ſave her Brother's Life;
At leaſt to try: But by the *Stygian* Lake,
(The moſt religious Oath the Gods can take,)
With this reſtriction, not to bend the Bow,
Or toſs the Spear, or trembling Dart to throw.
And now reſign'd to your Superior Might,
And tir'd with fruitleſs Toils, I loath the Fight.
This let me beg, (and this no Fates withſtand)
Both for my ſelf, and for your Fathers Land,
That when the Nuptial Bed ſhall bind the Peace;
(Which I, ſince you ordain, conſent to bleſs,)

The

The Laws of either Nation be the ſame;
But let the *Latins* ſtill retain their Name:
Speak the ſame Language which they ſpoke before;
Wear the ſame Habits which their Grandſires wore:
Call them not *Trojans*: Periſh the Renown,
And Name of *Troy*, with that deteſted Town.
Latium be *Latium* ſtill; let *Alba* reign,
And *Rome*'s immortal Majeſty remain.
Then thus the Founder of Mankind replies:
(Unruffled was his Front, ſerene his Eyes,)
Can *Saturn*'s Iſſue, and Heav'n's other Heir,
Such endleſs Anger in her Boſom bear?
Be Miſtreſs, and your full Deſires obtain:
But quench the Choler you foment in vain.
From ancient Blood th' *Auſonian* People ſprung,
Shall keep their Name, their Habit, and their Tongue.
The *Trojans* to their Cuſtoms ſhall be ty'd,
I will, my ſelf, their common Rites provide;
The Natives ſhall command, the Foreigners ſubſide.
All ſhall be *Latium*; *Troy* without a Name:
And her loſt Sons forget from whence they came.
From Blood ſo mix'd, a pious Race ſhall flow,
Equal to Gods, excelling all below.
No Nation more Reſpect to you ſhall pay,
Or greater Off'rings on your Altars lay.
Juno conſents, well pleas'd that her Deſires
Had found Succeſs, and from the Cloud retires.
The Peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares
To force the wat'ry Goddeſs from the Wars.
Deep in the diſmal Regions, void of Light,
Three Daughters at a Birth were born to Night:
Theſe their brown Mother, brooding on her Care,
Indu'd with windy Wings to flit in Air:
With Serpents girt alike; and crown'd with hiſſing Hair.

In

In Heav'n the *Diræ* call'd, and ſtill at hand,
Before the Throne of angry *Jove* they ſtand.
His Miniſters of Wrath; and ready ſtill
The Minds of Mortal Men with Fears to fill:
When e're the moody Sire, to wreak his Hate
On Realms, or Towns deſerving of their Fate,
Hurls down Diſeaſes, Death, and deadly Care,
And terrifies the guilty World with War.
One Siſter Plague of theſe from Heav'n he ſent,
To fright *Juturna* with a dire Portent.
The Peſt comes whirling down: by far more ſlow
Springs the ſwift Arrow from the *Parthian* Bow,
Or *Cydon* Eugh; when traverſing the Skies,
And drench'd in pois'nous Juice, the ſure Deſtruction flies.
With ſuch a ſudden, and unſeen a flight,
Shot thro' the Clouds the Daughter of the Night.
Soon as the Field inclos'd ſhe had in view,
And from afar her deſtin'd Quarry knew:
Contracted, to the boding Bird ſhe turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd Piles, and hallow'd Urns;
And beats about the Tombs with nightly Wings;
Where Songs obſcene on Sepulchres ſhe ſings.
Thus leſſen'd in her Form, with frightful Cries,
The Fury round unhappy *Turnus* flies,
Flaps on his Shield, and flutters o're his Eyes.
A lazy Chilneſs crept along his Blood,
Choak'd was his Voice, his Hair with Horror ſtood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill Omen, by her ſcreaming Cry,
And ſtridour of her Wings. Amaz'd with Fear,
Her beauteous Breaſt ſhe beat, and rent her flowing Hair.
Ah me, ſhe cries, in this unequal Strife,
What can thy Siſter more to ſave thy Life!

Weak

Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
In Arms, with that inexorable Fiend!
Now, now, I quit the Field! forbear to fright
My tender Soul, ye baleful Birds of Night!
The laſhing of your Wings I know too well:
The ſounding Flight, and Fun'ral Screams of Hell!
Theſe are the Gifts you bring from haughty *Jove*,
The worthy Recompence of raviſh'd Love!
Did he for this exempt my Life from Fate?
O hard Conditions of Immortal State!
Tho' born to Death, not priviledg'd to dye,
But forc'd to bear impos'd Eternity!
Take back your envious Bribes, and let me go
Companion to my Brother's Ghoſt below!
The Joys are vaniſh'd: Nothing now remains,
Of Life Immortal, but Immortal Pains.
What Earth will open her devouring Womb,
To reſt a weary Goddeſs in the Tomb!
She drew a length of Sighs; nor more ſhe ſaid;
But in her Azure Mantle wrap'd her Head:
Then plung'd into her Stream, with deep Deſpair,
And her laſt Sobs came bubling up in Air.

Now ſtern *Æneas* waves his weighty Spear
Againſt his Foe, and thus upbraids his Fear,
What farther Subterfuge can *Turnus* find;
What empty Hopes are harbour'd in his Mind?
'Tis not thy Swiftneſs can ſecure thy Flight:
Not with their Feet, but Hands, the Valiant fight.
Vary thy Shape in thouſand Forms, and dare
What Skill and Courage can attempt in War:
Wiſh for the Wings of Winds, to mount the Sky;
Or hid, within the hollow Earth to lye.
The Champion ſhook his Head; and made this ſhort reply.

No

No threats of thine, my manly Mind can move:
Tis Hoſtile Heav'n I dread; and Partial *Jove*.
He, ſaid no more: but with a Sigh, repreſs'd
The mighty Sorrow, in his ſwelling Breaſt.
Then, as he rowl'd his troubled Eyes around,
An Antique Stone he ſaw: the Common Bound
Of Neighb'ring Fields; and Barrier of the Ground:
So vaſt, that Twelve ſtrong Men of modern Days,
Th' enormous weight from Earth cou'd hardly raiſe.
He heav'd it at a Lift: and poiz'd on high,
Ran ſtagg'ring on, againſt his Enemy.
But ſo diſorder'd, that he ſcarcely knew
His Way: or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking Knees are bent beneath the Load:
And ſhiv'ring Cold congeals his vital Blood.
The Stone drops from his Arms: and falling ſhort,
For want of Vigour, mocks his vain Effort.
And as, when heavy Sleep has clos'd the ſight,
The ſickly Fancy labours in the Night:
We ſeem to run; and, deſtitute of Force,
Our ſinking Limbs forſake us in the Courſe:
In vain we heave for Breath; in vain we cry:
The Nerves unbrac'd, their uſual Strength deny;
And, on the Tongue the falt'ring Accents dye:
So *Turnus* far'd: what ever means he try'd,
All force of Arms, and points of Art employ'd,
The Fury flew athwart; and made th' Endeavour void.
A thouſand various Thoughts his Soul confound:
He ſtar'd about; nor Aid nor Iſſue found:
His own Men ſtop the Paſs; and his own Walls ſurround.
Once more he pauſes; and looks out again:
And ſeeks the Goddeſs Charioteer in vain.
Trembling he views the Thund'ring Chief advance:
And brandiſhing aloft the deadly Lance:

Amaz'd he cow'rs beneath his conqu'ring Foe,
Forgets to ward; and waits the coming Blow.
Aſtoniſh'd while he ſtands, and fix'd with Fear,
Aim'd at his Shield he ſees th' impending Spear.
The Heroe meaſur'd firſt, with narrow view,
The deſtin'd Mark: And riſing as he threw,
With its full ſwing the fatal Weapon flew.
Not with leſs Rage the rattling Thunder falls;
Or Stones from batt'ring Engins break the Walls:
Swift as a Whirlwind, from an Arm ſo ſtrong,
The Lance drove on; and bore the Death along.
Nought cou'd his ſev'n-fold Shield the Prince avail,
Nor ought beneath his Arms the Coat of Mail;
It pierc'd thro' all; and with a grizly Wound,
Transfix'd his Thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With Groans the *Latins* rend the vaulted Sky:
Woods, Hills, and Valleys, to the Voice reply.
Now low on Earth the lofty Chief is laid;
With Eyes caſt upward, and with Arms diſplay'd;
And Recreant thus to the proud Victor pray'd.
I know my Death deſerv'd, nor hope to live:
Uſe what the Gods, and thy good Fortune give.
Yet think; oh think, if Mercy may be ſhown,
(Thou hadſt a Father once; and haſt a Son:)
Pity my Sire, now ſinking to the Grave;
And for *Anchiſes* ſake, old *Daunus* ſave!
Or, if thy vow'd Revenge purſue my Death;
Give to my Friends my Body void of Breath!
The *Latian* Chiefs have ſeen me beg my Life;
Thine is the Conqueſt, thine the Royal Wife:
Againſt a yielded Man, 'tis mean ignoble Strife.
In deep Suſpence the *Trojan* ſeem'd to ſtand;
And juſt prepar'd to ſtrike repreſs'd his Hand.

To his Grace James Duke of Ormond
Chancellor of the Universitys of Oxford
and Dublin Knight of the most Noble Order
of the Garter &c:

Æn: 12. L. 1360.

He rowl'd his Eyes, and ev'ry Moment felt
His manly Soul with more Compaſſion melt.
When, caſting down a caſual Glance, he ſpy'd
The Golden Belt that glitter'd on his ſide:
The fatal Spoils which haughty *Turnus* tore
From dying *Pallas*, and in Triumph wore.
Then rowz'd anew to Wrath, he loudly cries,
(Flames, while he ſpoke, came flaſhing from his Eyes:)
Traytor, doſt thou, doſt thou to Grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in Trophees of my Friend?
To his ſad Soul a grateful Off'ring go;
'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives this deadly Blow.
He rais'd his Arm aloft; and at the Word,
Deep in his Boſom drove the ſhining Sword.
The ſtreaming Blood diſtain'd his Arms around:
And the diſdainful Soul came ruſhing thro' the Wound.

FINIS.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER.

WHAT *Virgil* wrote in the vigour of his Age, in Plenty and at Eaſe, I have undertaken to *Tranſlate* in my Declining Years: ſtrugling with Wants, oppreſs'd with Sickneſs, curb'd in my Genius, lyable to be miſconſtrued in all I write; and my Judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudic'd againſt me, by the *Lying Character* which has been given them of my Morals. Yet ſteady to my Principles, and not diſpirited with my Afflictions, I have, by the Bleſſing of God on my Endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in ſome meaſure, acquitted my ſelf of the Debt which I ow'd the Publick, when I undertook this Work. In the firſt place therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the Aſſiſtance he has given me in the beginning, the Proſecution, and *Concluſion* of my preſent Studies, which are more happily perform'd, than I could have promis'd to my ſelf, when I labour'd under ſuch Diſcouragements. For, what I have done, Imperfect as it is, for want of Health and leiſure to Correct it, will be judg'd in after Ages, and poſſibly in the preſent, to be no diſhonour to my Native Country; whoſe Language and Poetry wou'd be more eſteem'd abroad, if they were better underſtood. Somewhat (give me leave to ſay) I have added to both of them in the choice of *Words*, and Harmony of Numbers which were wanting, eſpecially the laſt, in all our Poets, even in thoſe who being endu'd with Genius, yet have not Cultivated their Mother-Tongue with ſufficient Care; or relying on the Beauty of their Thoughts, have judg'd the Ornament of Words, and Sweetneſs of Sound unneceſſary. One is for raking in *Chaucer* (our *Engliſh Ennius*) for antiquated Words, which are never to be reviv'd, but when Sound or Significancy is wanting in the preſent Language. But many of his deſerve not this Redemption, any more than the Crouds of Men who daily die, or are ſlain for Six-pence in a Battel, merit to be reſtor'd to Life, if a Wiſh cou'd revive them. Others have no Ear for Verſe, nor choice of Words; nor diſtinction of thoughts; but mingle Farthings with their Gold to make up the Sum. Here is a Field of Satire open'd to me: But ſince the Revolution, I have wholly renoune'd that Talent. For who wou'd give Phyſick to the Great when he is uncall'd? To do his Patient no good, and indanger himſelf for his Preſcription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may juſtly be Condemn'd for many of thoſe Faults, of which I have too liberally Arraign'd others.

Cynthius Aurem vellit, & admonuit.

Ps

'Tis enough for me, if the Government will let me paſs unqueſtion'd. In the mean time, I am oblig'd in gratitude, to return my Thanks to many of them, who have not only diſtinguiſh'd me from others of the ſame Party, by a particular exception of Grace, but without conſidering the Man, have been bountiful to the Poet: Have encourag'd *Virgil* to ſpeak ſuch *Engliſh*, as I could teach him, and rewarded his Interpreter, for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into *Britain*, by defraying the Charges of his Voyage. Even *Cerberus*, when he had receiv'd the Sop, permitted *Æneas* to paſs freely to *Elyſium*. Had it been offer'd me, and I had refus'd it, yet ſtill ſome gratitude is due to ſuch who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to thoſe from whom I have receiv'd the Favours which they have offer'd to one of a different Perſwaſion. Amongſt whom I cannot omit naming the Earls of *Darby* and of *Peterborough*. To the firſt of theſe, I have not the Honour to be known; and therefore his liberality as much unexpected, as it was undeſerv'd. The preſent Earl of *Peterborough* has been pleas'd long ſince to accept the tenders of my Service: His Favours are ſo frequent to me, that I receive them almoſt by preſcription. No difference of Intereſts or Opinion have been able to withdraw his Protection from me: And I might juſtly be condemn'd for the moſt unthankful of Mankind, if I did not always preſerve for him a moſt profound Reſpect and inviolable Gratitude. I muſt alſo add, that if the laſt *Æneid* ſhine amongſt its Fellows, 'tis owing to the Commands of Sir *William Trumball*, one of the Principal Secretaries of State, who recommended it, as his Favourite, to my Care: and for his ſake particularly I have made it mine. For who wou'd confeſs wearineſs, when he enjoin'd a freſh Labour? I cou'd not but invoke the aſſiſtance of a Muſe, for this laſt Office.

Extremum hunc Arethuſa mihi concede laborem.
Negat quis Carmina Gallo?

Neither am I to forget the Noble Preſent which was made me by *Gilbert Dolben* Eſq; the worthy Son of the late Arch-Biſhop of *York*: who, when I began this Work, enrich'd me with all the ſeveral Editions of *Virgil*, and all the Commentaries of thoſe Editions in *Latine*. Amongſt which, I cou'd not but prefer the *Dolphins*; as the laſt, the ſhorteſt, and the moſt Judicious. *Fabrini* I had alſo ſent me from *Italy*; but either he underſtands *Virgil* very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my Author.

Being Invited by that worthy Gentleman, Sir *William Bowyer*, to *Denham-Court*, I Tranſlated the firſt *Georgic* at his Houſe, and the greateſt part of the laſt *Æneid*. A more friendly Entertainment no Man ever found. No wonder therefore if both thoſe Verſions ſurpaſs the reſt, and own the ſatisfaction I receiv'd in his Converſe, with whom I had the honour to be bred in *Cambridge*, and in the ſame College. The Seventh *Æneid* was made Engliſh at *Burleigh*, the Magnificent Abode of the Earl of *Exeter*: In a Village belonging to his Family I was born, and under his Roof I endeavour'd to make that *Æneid* appear in Engliſh with as much luſtre as I cou'd: though my Author has not given the finiſhing ſtrokes either to it, or to the Eleventh, as I perhaps cou'd prove in both, if I durſt preſume to Criticiſe my Maſter.

By a Letter from *Will. Walſh* of *Abberley* Eſq; (who has ſo long honour'd me with his Friendſhip, and who, without flattery, is the beſt Critick of our Nation,) I have been inform'd that his Grace the Duke

Duke of *Shrewsbury* has procur'd a Printed Copy of the *Paſtorals*, *Georgics*, and ſix firſt *Æneids*, from my Bookſeller, and has read them in the Country, together with my Friend. This Noble Perſon having been pleas'd to give them a Commendation, which I preſume not to inſert; has made me vain enough to boaſt of ſo great a favour, and to think I have ſucceeded beyond my hopes; the Character of his Excellent Judgment, the acuteneſs of his Wit, and his general Knowledge of good Letters, being known as well to all the World, as the ſweenteſs of his diſpoſition, his Humanity, his eaſineſs of acceſs, and deſire of obliging thoſe who ſtand in need of his Protection, are known to all who have approach'd him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his Converſation. Whoever has given the World the Tranſlation of part of the third *Georgic*, which he calls *The Power of Love*, has put me to ſufficient pains to make my own not inferiour to his: As my Lord *Roſcommon*'s *Silenus* had formerly given me the ſame Trouble. The moſt Ingenious Mr. *Addiſon* of *Oxford* has alſo been as troubleſome to me as the other two, and on the ſame account. After his Bees, my latter Swarm is ſcarcely worth the hiving. Mr. *Cowley*'s praiſe of a Countrey Life is Excellent; but 'tis rather an imitation of *Virgil*, than a Verſion. That I have recover'd in ſome meaſure the health which I had loſt by too much application to this Work, is owing, next to God's Mercy, to the Skill and Care of Dr. *Guibbons*, and Dr. *Hobbs*, the two Ornaments of their Profeſſion; whom I can only pay by this Acknowledgment. The whole Faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them who endeavour'd to defame me, had it not in his Power. I deſire pardon from my Readers for ſaying ſo much in relation to my ſelf, which concerns not them: and with my acknowledgments to all my Subſcribers, have only to add, that the few Notes which follow, are *par maniere d'acquit*, becauſe I had oblig'd my ſelf by Articles, to do ſomewhat of that kind. Theſe ſcattering Obſervations are rather gueſſes at my Author's meaning in ſome paſſages, than proofs that ſo he meant. The Unlearn'd may have recourſe to any Poetical Dictionary in *Engliſh*, for the Names of Perſons, Places, or Fables, which the Learned need not: But that little which I ſay, is either new or neceſſary. And the firſt of theſe qualifications never fails to invite a Reader, if not to pleaſe him.

NOTES

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS ON Virgil's Works IN ENGLISH.

PAſtoral 1. Line 6. *There firſt the Youth of Heavenly Birth I view'd.* *Virgil* means *Octavius Cæſar:* Heir to *Julius:* who perhaps had not arriv'd to his Twentieth Year, when *Virgil* ſaw him firſt. *Vide* his Life. Of Heavenly Birth or Heavenly Blood; becauſe the *Julian* Family was deriv'd from *Julus*, Son to *Æneas*, and Grand-Son to *Venus*.

Paſtoral 2*d*. Line 65. *The Short* Narciſſus, That is, of ſhort continuance.

Paſtoral 3*d*. Line 95. *For him, the God of Shepherds and their Sheep*, *Phœbus*, not *Pan*, is here call'd the God of Shepherds: The Poet alludes to the ſame Story, which he touches in the beginning of the Second *Georgic*, where he calls *Phœbus* the *Amphryſian* Shepherd, becauſe he fed the Sheep and Oxen of *Admetus* (with whom he was in Love) on the Hill *Amphryſus*.

Paſtoral 4*th*. Line 73. *Begin Auſpicious Boy*, &c. In Latin thus, *Incipe parve Puer, riſu cognoſcere Matrem*, &c. I have Tranſlated the Paſſage to this Senſe; that the Infant ſmiling on his Mother, ſingles her out from the reſt of the Company about him. *Erythræus*, *Bembus*, and *Joſeph Scaliger*, are of this Opinion. Yet they and I may be miſtaken. For immediately after, we find theſe words, *Cui non riſere Parentes*, which imply another Senſe, as if the Parents ſmil'd on the New-born Infant: And that the Babe on whom they vouchſaf'd not to ſmile, was born to ill Fortune. For they tell a Story, that when *Vulcan*, the only Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno* came into the World, he was ſo hard favour'd, that both his Parents frown'd on him: And *Jupiter* threw him out of Heaven; he fell on the Iſland *Lemnos*, and was Lame ever afterwards. The laſt Line of the Paſtoral ſeems to juſtify this Senſe, *Nec Deus hunc Menſâ, Dea non dignata Cubili eſt.* For though he married *Venus*, yet his Mother *Juno* was not preſent at the Nuptials to bleſs them; as appears by his Wife's Incontinence. They ſay alſo, that he was baniſh'd from the Banquets of the Gods: If ſo, that Puniſhment could be of no long continuance, for *Homer* makes him preſent at their Feaſts; and compoſing a Quarrel betwixt his Parents, with a Bowl of Nectar. The matter is of no great Conſequence; and there-

fore I adhere to my Tranſlation, for theſe two Reaſons: Firſt, *Virgil* had this following Line. *Matri longa decem tulerunt faſtidia Menſes*, as if the Infant's ſmiling on his Mother, was a Reward to her for bearing him ten Months in her Body, four Weeks longer than the uſual time. Secondly, *Catullus* is cited by *Joſeph Scaliger*, as favouring this Opinion, in his *Epithalamium* of *Manlius Torquatus*.

Torquatus, volo parvolus
Matris è gremio ſuæ
Porrigens teneras Manus
Dulce rideat ad Patrem, &c.

What if I ſhou'd ſteer betwixt the two Extreams, and conclude, that the Infant, who was to be happy, muſt not only ſmile on his Parents, but alſo they on him? For *Scaliger* notes that the Infants who ſmil'd not at their Birth, were obſerv'd to be Ἀγέλαστοι, or ſullen (as I have Tranſlated it) during all their Life: And *Servius*, and almoſt all the Modern Commentators affirm, that no Child was thought Fortunate on whom his Parents ſmil'd not, at his Birth. I obſerve farther, that the Ancients thought the Infant who came into the World at the end of the Tenth Month, was Born to ſome extraordinary Fortune, good or bad. Such was the Birth of the late Prince of *Condé*'s Father, of whom his Mother was not brought to bed, 'till almoſt Eleven Months were expir'd after his Father's Death: Yet the College of *Phyſicians* at *Paris*, concluded he was Lawfully begotten. My Ingenious Friend, *Anthony Henley* Eſq; deſir'd me to make a Note on this Paſſage of *Virgil*: Adding what I had not Read; that the *Jews* have been ſo Superſtitious, as to obſerve not only the firſt Look or Action of an Infant, but alſo the firſt Word which the Parent, or any of the Aſſiſtants ſpoke after the Birth: And from thence they gave a Name to the Child alluding to it.

Paſtoral 6. My Lord *Roſcommon*'s Notes on this Paſtoral, are equal to his excellent Tranſlation of it; and thither I refer the Reader.

The Eighth and Tenth Paſtorals are already Tranſlated to all manner of advantage, by my excellent Friend Mr. *Stafford*. So is the *Epiſode* of *Camilla*, in the Eleventh *Æneid*.

This Eight Paſtoral is Copied by our Author from two *Bucolicks* of *Theocritus*. *Spencer* has follow'd both *Virgil* and *Theocritus*, in the Charms which he employs for Curing *Britomartis* of her Love. But he had alſo our Poet's *Ceiris* in his Eye: For there not only the Inchantments are to be found; but alſo the very Name of *Britomartis*.

In the Ninth Paſtoral, *Virgil* has made a Collection of many ſcattering Paſſages, which he had Tranſlated from *Theocritus*; And here he has bound them into a Noſegay.

Georgic the Firſt. The Poetry of this Book is more ſublime than any part of *Virgil*, if I have any Taſte. And if ever I have Copied his Majeſtick Stile, 'tis here. The Complement he makes *Auguſtus* almoſt in the beginning, is ill imitated by his Succeſſors *Lucan* and *Statius*. They Dedicated to Tyrants; and their Flatteries are groſs and fulſome. *Virgil*'s Addreſs is both more lofty and more juſt. In the three laſt Lines of this *Georgic*, I think I have diſcover'd a ſecret Compliment to the Emperour, which none of the Commentators have obſerv'd. *Virgil* had juſt before deſcrib'd the Miſeries which *Rome* had undergone betwixt the *Triumvirs* and the Commonwealth-Party: In the cloſe of all, he ſeems to excuſe the Crimes committed by his Patron

tron *Cæſar*, as if he were conſtrain'd againſt his own Temper to thoſe violent Proceedings, by the neceſſity of the Times in general, but more particularly by his two Partners, *Anthony* and *Lepidus*. *Fertur Equis Auriga, nec audit Currus habenas.* They were the Head-ſtrong Horſes, who hurried *Octavius*, the trembling Charioteer along, and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I obſerve farther; that the preſent Wars, in which all *Europe*, and part of *Aſia* are ingag'd at preſent; are wag'd in the ſame places here deſcrib'd: *Atque hinc* Euphrates, *illinc* Germania *Bellum*, &c. As if *Virgil* had Prophecy'd of this Age.

Georgic 2*d.* The Praiſes of *Italy*, (Tranſlated by the Learned, and every way Excellent Mr. *Chetwood*) which are Printed in one of my Miſcellany Poems, are the greateſt Ornament of this Book. Wherein for want of ſufficient Skill in Gardening, Agriculture, *&c.* I may poſſibly be miſtaken in ſome Terms. But concerning Grafting, my Honour'd Friend Sir *William Bowyer* has aſſur'd me, that *Virgil* has ſhewn more of Poetry than Skill, at leaſt in relation to our more Northern Climates. And that many of our Stocks will not receive ſuch Grafts, as our Poet tells us would Bear in *Italy*. Nature has conſpir'd with Art to make the Garden at *Denham-Court*, of Sir *William*'s own Plantation, one of the moſt delicious Spots of Ground in *England*: It contains not above Five Acres, (juſt the compaſs of *Alcinous* his Garden, deſcrib'd in the *Odyſſes*:) But *Virgil* ſays in this very *Georgic*, *Laudato ingentia Rura*; *Exiguum colito.*

Georgic 3*d.* Line the 45*th*. *Next him*, Niphates *with inverted Urn*, &c. It has been objected to me, that I underſtood not this Paſſage of *Virgil*, becauſe I call *Niphates* a River, which is a Mountain in *Armenia*. But the River ariſing from the ſame Mountain is alſo called *Niphates*. And having ſpoken of *Nile* before, I might reaſonably think, that *Virgil* rather meant to couple two Rivers, than a River and a Mountain.

Line 224. *The Male has done*, &c. The Tranſition is obſcure in *Virgil*. He began with Cows, then proceeds to treat of Horſes: Now returns to Cows.

Line 476. *'Till the new Ram receives th' Exalted Sun.* Aſtrologers tell us, that the Sun receives his Exaltation in the Sign *Aries*: *Virgil* perfectly underſtood both *Aſtronomy* and *Aſtrology*.

Georgic 4. Line 27. *That when the Youthful Prince.* My moſt Ingenious Friend Sir *Henry Shere*, has obſerv'd thro' a Glaſs-Hive, that the Young Prince of the *Bees*, or Heir preſumptive of the Crown, approaches the King's Apartment with great Reverence; and for three ſucceſſive Mornings demands permiſſion, to lead forth a Colony of that Years Bees. If his Petition be granted, which he ſeems to make by humble hummings; the Swarm ariſes under his Conduct: If the Anſwer be, *le Roy s'aviſera*, that is, if the Old Monarch think it not convenient for the Publick good, to part with ſo many of his Subjects; the next Morning the Prince is found dead, before the Threſhold of the Palace.

Line 477. The Poet here records the Names of Fifty River Nymphs. And for once I have Tranſlated them all. But in the *Æneis* I thought not my ſelf oblig'd to be ſo exact; for in naming many Men who were kill'd by Heroes, I have omitted ſome, which wou'd not ſound in *Engliſh* Verſe.

Line 660. The *Epiſode* of *Orpheus* and *Euridice* begins here. And

contains the only Machine which *Virgil* uſes in the *Georgics*. I have obſerv'd in the Epiſtle before the *Æneis*, that our Author ſeldom employs Machines but to adorn his *Poem:* And that the Action which they ſeemingly perform, is really produc'd without them. Of this Nature is the Legend of the Bees reſtor'd by Miracle; when the Receipt which the Poet gives, wou'd do the Work without one. The only Beautiful Machine which I remember in the Modern Poets, is in *Arioſto*. Where God commands St. *Michael* to take care, that *Paris* then Beſieg'd by the *Saracens*, ſhould be ſuccour'd by *Rinaldo*. In order to this, he enjoins the Arch-Angel to find *Silence* and *Diſcord*. The firſt to Conduct the Chriſtian Army to relieve the Town, with ſo much ſecrecy, that their March ſhould not be diſcover'd; the latter to enter the Camp of the Infidels, and there to ſow Diſſention among the Principal Commanders. The Heavenly Meſſenger takes his way to an Ancient Monaſtery; not doubting there to find *Silence* in her primitive Abode. But inſtead of *Silence* finds *Diſcord*: The *Monks*, being divided into Factions, about the choice of ſome New Officer, were at *Snic* and *Snee* with their drawn Kniſes. The Satyr needs no Explanation. And here it may be alſo obſerv'd, that Ambition, Jealouſie, and Worldly Intereſt, and point of Honour, had made variance both in the *Cloyſter* and the Camp; and ſtrict Diſcipline had done the Work of *Silence*, in Conducting the Chriſtian Army to ſurpriſe the *Turks*.

Æneid 1. Line 111. *And make thee Father of a happy Line.*

This was an obliging Promiſe to *Eolus*; who had been ſo unhappy in his former Children, *Macareus* and *Canacè*.

Line 196. *The Realms of Ocean, and the Fields of Air*
Are mine, not his.

Poetically ſpeaking, the *Fields of Air*, are under the Command of *Juno*; and her Vicegerent *Eolus*. Why then does *Neptune* call them His? I anſwer, becauſe being God of the Seas, *Eolus* could raiſe no Tempeſt in the *Atmoſphere* above them without his leave. But why does *Juno* addreſs to her own Subſtitute? I anſwer, He had an immediate Power over the Winds, whom *Juno* deſires to employ on her Revenge. That Power was abſolute by Land; which *Virgil* plainly inſinuates: For when *Boreas* and his Brethren were let looſe, he ſays at firſt *terras turbine perflant:* Then adds, *Incubuere Mari:* To raiſe a Tempeſt on the Sea was Uſurpation on the Prerogative of *Neptune*; who had given him no leave, and therefore was inrag'd at his Attempt. I may alſo add, that they who are in a Paſſion, as *Neptune* then was, are apt to aſſume to themſelves, more than is properly their due.

Line 450. *O Virgin*——&c.
If as you ſeem the Siſter of the Day,
Or one at leaſt of Chaſt Diana's *Train.*

Thus, in the Original.
O Quam te memorem Virgo——
Aut Phœbi Soror, aut Nympharum Sanguinis Una.

This is a Family Complement, which *Æneas* here beſtows on *Venus*. His Father *Anchiſes* had us'd the very ſame to that Goddeſs when he Courted her. This appears by that very Ancient *Greek* Poem, in which that Amour is ſo beautifully deſcrib'd, and which is thought *Homer's*: Though it ſeems to be Written before his Age.

Line

Line 980. *Her Princely Gueſt was next her ſide.*

This, I confeſs, is improperly Tranſlated; and according to the Modern Faſhion of ſitting at Table. But the ancient Cuſtom of lying on Beds, had not been underſtood by the Unlearn'd Reader.

Æneid the Second. The Deſtruction of *Veii* is here ſhadow'd under that of *Troy*: *Livy* in his Deſcription of it, ſeems to have emulated in his Proſe, and almoſt equal'd the Beauty of *Virgil*'s Verſe.

Æneid the 3*d*. Verſe 132. *And Childrens Children ſhall the Crown ſuſtain.*
Et Nati Natorum, & qui naſcentur ab illis.

Virgil Tranſlated this Verſe from *Homer*: *Homer* had it from *Orpheus*; and *Orpheus* from an Ancient Oracle of *Apollo*. On this Account it is, that *Virgil* immediately Subjoins theſe Words, *Hæc Phœbus, &c. Euſtathius* takes notice, that the Old Poets were wont to take whole Paragraphs from one another, which juſtifies our Poet for what he borrows from *Homer*. *Bochartus* in his Letter to *Segrais*, mentions an Oracle which he found in the fragments of an Old *Greek* Hiſtorian: The Senſe whereof is this in *Engliſh*; that when the Empire of the *Priamidæ* ſhould be deſtroy'd, the Line of *Anchiſes* ſhould ſucceed. *Venus* therefore, ſays the *Hiſtorian*, was deſirous to have a Son by *Anchiſes*, tho' he was then in his decrepid *Age*: Accordingly ſhe had *Æneas*. After this ſhe ſought occaſion to ruin the Race of *Priam*; and ſet on foot the Intrigue of *Alexander*, (or *Paris*) with *Helena*: She being raviſh'd, *Venus* pretended ſtill to favour the *Trojans*; leſt they ſhould reſtore *Helen*, in caſe they ſhould be reduc'd to the laſt Neceſſity. Whence it appears, that the Controverſie betwixt *Juno* and *Venus*, was on no trivial account; but concern'd the Succeſſion to a great Empire.

Æneid the 4*th*. Li. 945. *And muſt I die, ſhe ſaid,*
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet even this Death with pleaſure I receive:
On any Terms, 'tis better than to live.

This is certainly the Senſe of *Virgil*; on which I have paraphras'd, to make it plain. His words are theſe; *Moriemur Inultæ?*

Sed Moriamur ait; ſic, ſic juvat ire ſub Umbras.

Servius makes an Interrogation at the Word *ſic*; thus, *ſic? Sic juvat ire ſub Umbras.* Which M. *Cowley* juſtly Cenſures: But his own judgment may perhaps be queſtion'd: For he wou'd retrench the latter part of the Verſe, and leave it a *Hemyſtic*. *Sed Moriamur ait*. That *Virgil* never intended to have left any *Hemyſtic*, I have prov'd already in the *Preface*. That this Verſe was fill'd up by him, with theſe words, *ſic, juvat ire ſub Umbras*, is very probable; if we conſider the weight of them. For this procedure of *Dido*, does not only contain, that, *dira Execratio, quæ nullo expiatur Carmine* (as *Horace obſerves* in his *Canidia*) but beſides that, *Virgil*, who is full of Alluſions to Hiſtory, under another Name, deſcribes the *Decii*, devoting themſelves to *Death* this way, though in a better Cauſe, in order to the Deſtruction of the Enemy. The Reader, who will take the pains to Conſult *Livy*, in his accurate

curate Deſcription of thoſe *Decii*, thus devoting themſelves, will find a great reſemblance betwixt theſe two Paſſages. And 'tis judiciouſly obſerv'd upon that Verſe,

——*Nulla fides populis nec fœdera ſunto.*

That *Virgil* uſes the word *ſunto* a *verbum juris*, a form of ſpeaking on Solemn and Religious Occaſions: *Livy* does the like. Note alſo that *Dido* puts her ſelf into the *Habitus Gabinus*, which was the girding her ſelf round with one Sleeve of her Veſt, which is alſo according to the *Roman Pontifical*, in this dreadful Ceremony, as *Livy* has obſerv'd: which is a farther confirmation of this Conjecture. So that upon the whole matter, *Dido* only doubts whether ſhe ſhou'd die before ſhe had taken her Revenge, which ſhe rather wiſh'd: But conſidering that this devoting her ſelf was the moſt certain and infallible way of compaſſing her Vengeance, ſhe thus exclaims;

Sic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras:
Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, & noſtræ ſecum ferat omnia mortis.
Thoſe Flames from far, may the falſe Trojan *view;*
Thoſe boding Omens his baſe Flight purſue.

Which Tranſlation I take to be according to the Senſe of *Virgil*. I ſhould have added a Note on that former Verſe.

Infelix Dido, *nunc te fata impia tangunt.*

Which in the Edition of *Heinſius* is thus Printed. *Nunc te facta impia tangunt?* The word *facta* inſtead of *fata*, is reaſonably alter'd. For *Virgil* ſays afterwards, ſhe dy'd not by Fate, nor by any deſerv'd Death. *Nec Fato, meritâ nec morte peribat*, &c. When I Tranſlated that Paſſage, I doubted of the Senſe: And therefore omitted that *Hemyſtic*; *Nunc te fata impia tangunt.* But *Heinſius* is miſtaken only in making an Interrogation point, inſtead of a Period. The words *facta impia*, I ſuppoſe are genuine: For ſhe had perjur'd her ſelf in her ſecond Marriage. Having firmly reſolv'd, as ſhe told her Siſter, in the beginning of this *Æneid*, never to love again, after the Death of her firſt Husband; and had confirm'd this Reſolution, by a curſe on her ſelf, if ſhe ſhou'd alter it.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem, prius ima dehiſcat, &c.
Ante, pudor, quàm te violem, aut tua jura reſolvam.
Ille meos, primus, qui me ſibi junxit, amores,
Abſtulit: Ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro.

Æneid the 5th. A great part of this Book is borrow'd from *Apollonius Rhodius*. And the Reader may obſerve the great Judgment and diſtinction of our Author in what he borrows from the Ancients, by comparing them. I conceive the Reaſon why he omits the Horſe-race in the Funeral Games, was becauſe he ſhews *Aſcanius* afterwards on Horſeback, with his Troops of Boys, and would not wear that Subject thread-bare; which *Statius*, in the next Age deſcrib'd ſo happily. *Virgil* ſeems to me, to have excell'd *Homer* in all thoſe Sports, and to have

have labour'd them the more, in Honour of *Octavius*, his Patron; who inſtituted the like Games for perpetuating the Memory of his Uncle *Julius*. Piety, as *Virgil* calls it, or dutifulneſs to Parents, being a moſt popular Vertue among the *Romans*.

Æneid the 6th. Line 586.

The next in Place and Puniſhment are they,
Who prodigally throw their Lives away, &c.
Proxima ſorte tenent mæſti loca, qui ſibi letum
Inſontes peperere manu, lucemque peroſi,
Projecere animas, &c.

This was taken, amongſt many other things, from the Tenth Book of *Plato de Republicâ:* No Commentator beſides *Fabrini*, has taken notice of it. Self-Murther was accounted a great Crime by that Divine Philoſopher: But the Inſtances which he brings, are too many to be inſerted in theſe ſhort Notes. Sir *Robert Howard* in his Tranſlation of this *Æneid*, which was Printed with his Poems in the Year 1660; has given us the moſt Learned, and the moſt Judicious Obſervations on this Book, which are extant in our Language.

Line 734. *Lo to the ſecret Shadows I retire,*
To pay my Penance, 'till my Years expire.

Theſe two Verſes in *Engliſh* ſeem very different from the *Latine*.

Diſcedam; explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

Yet they are the Senſe of *Virgil*; at leaſt, according to the common Interpretation of this place: I will withdraw from your Company, retire to the Shades, and perform my Penance of a Thouſand Years. But I muſt confeſs the Interpretation of thoſe two words, *explebo numerum* is ſomewhat violent, if it be thus underſtood, *minuam numerum*; that is, I will leſſen your Company by my departure. For *Deiphobus* being a Ghoſt, can hardly be ſaid to be of their Number. Perhaps the Poet means by *explebo numerum, abſolvam ſententiam*: As if *Deiphobus* reply'd to the *Sibil*, who was angry at his long Viſit: I will only take my laſt leave of *Æneas*, my Kinſman and my Friend, with one hearty good-wiſh for his Health and Well-fare, and then leave you to proſecute your Voyage. That Wiſh is expreſs'd in the words immediately following, *I Deæ, I noſtrum*, &c. Which contain a direct Anſwer to what the *Sibil* ſaid before: When ſhe upbraided their long Diſcourſe, *Nos flendo ducimus horas*. This Conjecture is new, and therefore left to the diſcretion of the Reader.

L. 981. *Know firſt that Heav'n, and Earth's compacted Frame,*
And flowing Waters, and the Starry Flame,
And both the radiant Lights, &c.
Principio Cœlum, & terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque Aſtra, &c.

Here the Sun is not expreſs'd, but the Moon only; though a leſs, and alſo a leſs radiant Light. Perhaps the Copies of *Virgil* are all falſe; and that inſtead of *Titaniaque Aſtra*, he writ *Titanaque & Aſtra*; and according

cording to thoſe words I have made my *Tranſlation*. 'Tis moſt certain, that the Sun ought not to be omitted; for he is frequently call'd the Life and Soul of all the World: And nothing bids ſo fair for a viſible Divinity to thoſe who know no better, than that glorious Luminary. The *Platoniſts* call God the *Archetypall* Sun, and the Sun the viſible Deity, the inward vital Spirit in the Center of the Univerſe, or that Body to which that Spirit is united, and by which it exerts it ſelf moſt powerfully. Now it was the receiv'd Hypotheſis amongſt the *Pythagoreans*, that the Sun was ſcituate in the Center of the World: *Plato* had it from them, and was himſelf of the ſame Opinion; as appears by a paſſage in the *Timæus*: From which Noble Dialogue is this part of *Virgil*'s Poem taken.

L. 1157. *Great* Cato *there, for gravity renown'd*, &c.
Quis te, Magne Cato, *&c.*

There is no Queſtion but *Virgil* here means *Cato* Major, or the *Cenſor*. But the Name of *Cato* being alſo mention'd in the Eighth *Æneid*, I doubt whether he means the ſame Man in both places. I have ſaid in the Preface, that our Poet was of Republican Principles; and have given this for one Reaſon of my Opinion, that he prais'd *Cato* in that Line,

Secretiſque piis, his dantem jura Catonem.

And accordingly plac'd him in the *Elyſian* Fields. *Montaign* thinks this was *Cato* the *Vtican*, the great Enemy of Arbitrary Power, and a profeſs'd Foe to *Julius Cæſar*. *Ruæus* wou'd perſwade us that *Virgil* meant the Cenſor. But why ſhou'd the Poet name *Cato* twice, if he intended the ſame perſon? Our Author is too frugal of his Words and Senſe, to commit Tautologies in either. His Memory was not likely to betray him into ſuch an Errour. Nevertheleſs I continue in the ſame Opinion, concerning the Principles of our Poet. He declares them ſufficiently in this Book: Where he praiſes the firſt *Brutus* for expelling the *Tarquins*, giving Liberty to *Rome*, and putting to Death his own Children, who conſpir'd to reſtore Tyranny: He calls him only an unhappy Man, for being forc'd to that ſevere Action.

Infelix, utcunque ferent ea facta Minores,
Vincet amor Patriæ, laudumque immenſa Cupido.

Let the Reader weigh theſe two Verſes, and he muſt be convinc'd that I am in the right: And that I have not much injur'd my Maſter in my Tranſlation of them.

Line 1140. *Embrace again, my Sons; be Foes no more;*
Nor ſtain your Country with her Childrens gore:
And thou the firſt, lay down thy lawleſs claim;
Thou of my Blood, who bear'ſt the Julian *Name.*

This Note, which is out of its proper place, I deferr'd on purpoſe, to place it here: Becauſe it diſcovers the Principles of our Poet more plainly than any of the reſt.

Tuque

Tùque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
Projice tela manu, Sanguis meus!

Anchiſes here ſpeaks to *Julius Cæſar*; And commands him firſt to lay down Arms; which is a plain condemnation of his Cauſe. Yet obſerve our Poet's incomparable Addreſs: For though he ſhews himſelf ſufficiently to be a Common-wealth's-man; yet in reſpect to *Auguſtus*, who was his Patron, he uſes the Authority of a Parent, in the Perſon of *Anchiſes*; who had more right to lay this Injunction on *Cæſar* than on *Pompey*; becauſe the latter was not of his Blood. Thus our Author cautiouſly veils his own opinion, and takes Sanctuary under *Anchiſes*; as if that Ghoſt wou'd have laid the ſame Command on *Pompey* alſo, had he been lineally deſcended from him. What cou'd be more judiciouſly contriv'd, when this was the *Æneid* which he choſe to read before his Maſter?

Line 1222. *A new* Marcellus *ſhall ariſe in thee.*
In *Virgil* thus. *Tu Marcellus eris.*

How unpoetically and baldly had this been tranſlated; *Thou ſhalt* Marcellus *be*! Yet ſome of my Friends were of Opinion, that I miſtook the Senſe of *Virgil* in my Tranſlation. The *French* Interpreter obſerves nothing on this place; but that it appears by it, the Mourning of *Octavia* was yet freſh, for the loſs of her Son *Marcellus*, whom ſhe had by her firſt Husband: And who dyed in the Year *aburbe conditâ*, 731. And collects from thence that *Virgil*, reading this *Æneid* before her, in the ſame Year, had juſt finiſh'd it: That from this time to that of the Poet's Death, was little more than four Years. So that ſuppoſing him to have written the whole *Æneis* in eleven Years; the firſt ſix Books muſt have taken up ſeven of thoſe Years: On which Account the ſix laſt, muſt of neceſſity be leſs correct.

Now for the falſe judgment of my Friends, there is but this little to be ſaid for them; the words of *Virgil*, in the Verſe preceding are theſe,

——*Siqua fata aſpera rumpas.*

As if the Poet had meant, if you break through your hard Deſtiny, ſo as to be born, you ſhall be call'd *Marcellus*: But this cannot be the Senſe: for though *Marcellus* was born, yet he broke not through thoſe hard Decrees, which doom'd him to ſo immature a death. Much leſs can *Virgil* mean, you ſhall be the ſame *Marcellus* by the Tranſmigration of his Soul. For according to the Syſtem of our Author, a Thouſand Years muſt be firſt elaps'd, before the Soul can return into a Humane Body; but the firſt *Marcellus* was ſlain in the ſecond *Punick* War. And how many hundred Years were yet wanting, to the accompliſhing his penance, may with eaſe be gather'd, by computing the time betwixt *Scipio* and *Auguſtus*. By which 'tis plain, that *Virgil* cannot mean the ſame *Marcellus*; but one of his Deſcendants; whom I call a new *Marcellus*; who ſo much reſembled his Anceſtor, perhaps in his Features, and his Perſon, but certainly in his Military Vertues, that *Virgil* cries out, *quantum inſtar in ipſo eſt*! which I have tranſlated,

How like the former, and almoſt the ſame.

Line 1236.

Two Gates the ſilent Houſe of Sleep adorn;
Of poliſh'd Iv'ry this; that of tranſparent Horn.

Virgil borrow'd this Imagination from *Homer*, *Odyſſes* the 9*th*. Line 562. The Tranſlation gives the reaſon, why true Prophetic Dreams are ſaid to paſs through the Gate of Horn, by adding the Epithete tranſparent: Which is not in *Virgil*; whoſe Words are only theſe;

Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea———

What is pervious to the Sight is clear; and (alluding to this Property,) the Poet infers ſuch Dreams are of Divine Revelation. Such as paſs through the Iv'ry Gate, are of the contrary Nature; poliſh'd Lies. But there is a better Reaſon to be giv'n: For the Iv'ry alludes to the Teeth, the Horn to the Eyes. What we ſee is more credible, than what we only hear; that is, Words that paſs through the Portal of the Mouth, or, Hedge of the Teeth: (which is *Homer*'s expreſſion for ſpeaking.)

Æn. the 7*th*. Li. 109. *Strange to relate, the Flames involv'd in Smoke*, &c.

Virgil, in this place, takes notice of a great Secret in the *Roman* Divination: The Lambent Fires, which roſe above the Head, or play'd about it, were Signs of Proſperity, ſuch were thoſe which he obſerv'd in the ſecond *Æneid*: which were ſeen mounting from the Crown of *Aſcanius*,

Ecce levis ſummo de vertice viſus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex.

Smoky Flames, (or involv'd in Smoke) were of a mix'd Omen; ſuch were thoſe which are here deſcrib'd: For Smoke ſignifies Tears, becauſe it produces them, and Flames Happineſs. And therefore *Virgil* ſays that this Oſtent was not only *mirabile viſu*, but *horrendum*.

Line 367. *One only Daughter heirs my Crown and State.*

This has ſeem'd to ſome an odd Paſſage: That a King ſhou'd offer his Daughter and Heir, to a Stranger Prince, and a wanderer, before he had ſeen him, and when he had only heard of his arrival on his Coaſts: But theſe Criticks have not well conſider'd the Simplicity of former times; when the Heroines almoſt courted the Marriage of illuſtrious Men. Yet *Virgil* here obſerves the rule of Decency; *Lavinia* offers not her ſelf: 'Tis *Latinus*, who propounds the Match: And he had been foretold, both by an Augur, and an Oracle, that he ſhould have a foreign Son-in-Law; who was alſo a Heroe. Fathers, in thoſe ancient Ages, conſidering Birth and Vertue, more than Fortune, in the placing of their Daughters. Which I cou'd prove by various Examples: The contrary of which being now practis'd, I dare not ſay in our Nation, but in *France*, has not a little darken'd the Luſtre of

their

their Nobility. That *Lavinia* was averſe to this Marriage, and for what Reaſon, I ſhall prove in its proper place.

L. 1020. *And where* Abella *ſees, from her high Tow'rs, the Harveſt of her Trees.* I obſerve that *Virgil* names not *Nola*, which was not far diſtant from *Abella*: perhaps, becauſe that City, (the ſame in which *Auguſtus* dyed afterwards;) had once refus'd to give him entertainment; if we may believe the Author of his Life. *Homer* heartily curſes another City which had us'd him on the ſame manner: But our Author thought his Silence of the *Nolans* a ſufficient correction. When a Poet paſſes by a Place or Perſon, though a fair Occaſion offers of remembring them, 'tis a ſign he is, or thinks himſelf, much diſoblig'd.

Æn. 8. L. 34. *So when the Sun by Day, the Moon by Night,*
Strike on the poliſh'd Braſs their trembling Light, &c.

This Similitude is literally taken from *Apollonius Rhodius*; and 'tis hard to ſay, whether the Original or the Tranſlation excels. But in the Shield which he deſcribes afterwards in this *Æneid*, he as much tranſcends his Maſter *Homer*; as the Arms of *Glaucus* were richer than thoſe of *Diomedes*. Χρύσεα Χαλκείων.

Lines 115, and 116.
Æneas *takes the Mother, and her Brood,*
And all on Juno's *Altar are beſtow'd.*

The Tranſlation is infinitely ſhort of *Virgil*, whoſe Words are theſe;

——*Tibi* enim, *tibi maxima Juno*
Mactat ſacra ferens, & cum grege ſiſtit ad aram.

For I cou'd not turn the word *Enim* into *Engliſh* with any Grace. Though it was of ſuch neceſſity, in the *Roman* Rites, that a Sacrifice could not be perform'd without it; 'tis of the ſame nature (if I may preſume to name that ſacred Myſtery) in our words of Conſecration at the Altar.

Æneid the 9th. line 853, 854.
At the full ſtretch of both his Hands, he drew;
And almoſt join'd the Horns of the tough Eugh.

The firſt of theſe Lines, is all of Monoſyllables; and both Verſes are very rough: But of choice; for it had been eaſie for me to have ſmooth'd them. But either my Ear deceives me, or they expreſs the thing which I intended in their Sound: For the ſtreſs of a Bow which is drawn to the full extent, is expreſs'd in the harſhneſs of the firſt Verſe, clogg'd not only with Monoſyllables, but with Conſonants; and theſe words, the tough *Eugh*, which conclude the ſecond line, ſeem as forceful, as they are Unharmonious. *Homer* and *Virgil* are both frequent in their adapting Sounds to the thing they ſignifie. One Example will ſerve for both; becauſe *Virgil* borrow'd the following Verſes from *Homer*'s *Odyſſes*.

Una Eurúſque Notúſque ruunt creberque procellis
Africus, & vaſtos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
Σὺν δ' Εὖρός, Νότός τε ἔπεσεν, Ζέφυρός τε δυσαὴς;
Καὶ Βορέης αἰθερογενὴς, μέγα κῦμα κυλίνδων.

Our Language is not often capable of theſe Beauties: though ſometimes I have copied them, of which theſe Verſes are an Inſtance.

Line 1095. *His ample Shield* ——
Is falſify'd; and round with Javelins fill'd.

When I read this *Æneid* to many of my Friends, in company together, moſt of them quarrell'd at the word falſify'd, as an Innovation in our Language. The Fact is confeſs'd; for I remember not to have read it in any *Engliſh* Author; though perhaps it may be found in *Spencer*'s *Fairy Queen*: But ſuppoſe it be not there: Why am I forbidden to borrow from the *Italian*, (a poliſh'd Language) the word which is wanting in my Native Tongue? *Terence* has often Græcis'd: *Lucretius* has follow'd his Example; and pleaded for it; *ſic quia me cogit patrii Sermonis Egeſtas.* *Virgil* has confirm'd it by his frequent practice, and even *Cicero* in Proſe, wanting terms of Philoſophy in the *Latin* Tongue, has taken them from *Ariſtotle*'s *Greek*. *Horace* has given us a Rule for Coining Words, *ſi Græco fonte cadunt.* Eſpecially when other words are join'd with them, which explain the Senſe. I uſe the word falſifie in this place, to mean that the Shield of *Turnus* was not of Proof againſt the Spears and Javlins of the *Trojans*; which had pierc'd it through and through (as we ſay) in many places. The words which accompany this new one, make my meaning plain; according to the Precept which *Horace* gave. But I ſaid I borrow'd the Word from the *Italian*: *Vide* Arioſto, *Cant.* 26.

Ma ſi l'Usbergo d'Ambi era perfetto
Che mai poter falſarlo in neſſun Canto.

Falſar cannot otherwiſe be turn'd, than by falſify'd; for his Shield was falſed, is not *Engliſh*. I might indeed have contented my ſelf with ſaying his Shield was pierc'd, and board, and ſtuck with *Javelins*; *Nec ſufficit Umbo Ictibus.* They who will not admit a new word, may take the old; the matter is not worth diſpute.

Æneid the 10*th*. *A Choir of Nereids*, &c. Theſe were transform'd from Ships to Sea-Nymphs: This is almoſt as violent a Machine, as the death of *Arruns* by a Goddeſs in the *Epiſode* of *Camilla*. But the Poet makes uſe of it with greater Art: For here it carries on the main Deſign. Theſe new made Divinities, not only tell *Æneas* what had paſs'd in his Camp during his abſence; and what was the preſent Diſtreſs of his Beſieg'd People; and that his Horſe-men whom he had ſent by Land, were ready to join him at his Deſcent; but warn him to provide for Battel the next day, and foretell him good ſucceſs: So that this *Epiſodical* Machine is properly a part of the great Poem; For beſides what I have ſaid, they puſh on his Navy with Celeſtial Vigour, that it might reach the Port more ſpeedily, and take the Enemy more unprovided to reſiſt the Landing. Whereas the Machine relating to *Camilla*, is only Ornamental: For it has no effect, which I

can

can find, but to pleaſe the Reader, who is concern'd, that her Death ſhou'd be reveng'd.

Lines 241, 243. *Now Sacred Siſters, open all your Spring,*
The Tuſcan *Leaders, and their Army ſing;*

The Poet here begins to tell the Names of the *Tuſcan* Captains who follow'd *Æneas* to the War: And I obſerve him to be very particular in the deſcription of their Perſons, and not forgetful of their Manners: Exact alſo, in the Relation of the Numbers which each of them Command, I doubt not but as in the fifth Book, he gave us the Names of the Champions, who contended for the ſeveral Prizes, that he might oblige many of the moſt Ancient *Roman* Families, their Deſcendants; and as in the *7th* Book, he muſter'd the Auxiliary Forces of the *Latins*, on the ſame Account; ſo here he gratifies his *Tuſcan* Friends, with the like remembrance of their Anceſtors; and above the reſt, *Mecenas* his great Patron: Who being of a Royal Family in *Etruria*, was probably repreſented under one of the Names here mention'd, then known among the *Romans*, though at ſo great a diſtance unknown to us. And for his ſake chiefly, as I gueſs, he makes *Æneas* (by whom he always means *Auguſtus*) to ſeek for Aid in the Country of *Mecanas*, thereby to indear his Protector to his Emperour; as if there had been a former Friendſhip betwixt their Lines. And who knows, but *Mecenas* might pretend that the *Cilnian* Family was deriv'd from *Tarchon*, the Chief Commander of the *Tuſcans*.

Line 662. *Nor I, his mighty Sire, cou'd ward the Blow.*

I have mention'd this Paſſage in my Preface to the *Æneis*; to prove, that Fate was ſuperiour to the Gods; and that *Jove* cou'd neither defer not alter its Decrees. Sir *Robert Howard* has ſince been pleas'd to ſend me the concurrent Teſtimony of *Ovid*; 'tis in the laſt Book of his *Metamorphoſes*; where *Venus* complains, that her Deſcendant, *Julius Cæſar*, was in danger of being Murther'd by *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, at the head of the Commonwealth-Faction, and deſires them to prevent that Barbarous Aſſaſſination. They are mov'd to Compaſſion; they are concern'd for *Cæſar*; but the Poet plainly tells us, that it was not in their power to change Deſtiny: All they cou'd do, was to teſtifie their ſorrow for his approaching Death, by fore-ſhewing it with Signs and Prodigies, as appears by the following Lines.

Talea nequicquàm toto Venus *aurea Cœlo*
Verba jacit: Superoſque movet: Qui rumpere quanquam
Ferrea non poſſunt veterum decreta Sororum,
Signa tamen luctus dant haud incerta futuri.

Then ſhe addreſſes to her Father *Jupiter*, hoping Aid from him, becauſe he was thought Omnipotent. But he, it ſeems, cou'd do as little as the reſt, for he anſwers thus.

——————ſola inſuperabile Fatum
Nata, movere paras? intres licet ipſa ſororum
Tecta trium; cernes illic molimine vaſto
Ex ære, & ſolido rerum tabularia ferro:

Quæ

Quæ neque concurſum Cæli, neque fulminis iram,
Nec metuunt ullas tuta atque æterna ruinas.
Invenies illic inciſa Adamante perenni
Fata tui Generis, legi ipſe, animoque notavi,
Et referam: ne ſis etiamnum ignara futuri.
Hic ſua complevit; (pro quo Cytherea laboras,)
Tempora, perfectis quos Terra debuit, annis, &c.

Jupiter you ſee is only Library-Keeper, or *Cuſtos Rotulorum* to the Fates: For he offers his Daughter a Caſt of his Office, to give her a Sight of their Decrees; which the inferiour Gods were not permitted to read without his leave. This agrees with what I have ſaid already in the Preface; that they not having ſeen the Records, might believe they were his own Hand-writing; and conſequently at his diſpoſing either to blott out, or alter, as he ſaw convenient. And of this Opinion was *Juno* in thoſe words, *tua qui potes orſa reflectas*. Now the abode of thoſe Deſtinies being in *Hell*, we cannot wonder why the Swearing by *Styx*, was an inviolable Oath amongſt the Gods of Heaven, and that *Jupiter* himſelf ſhould fear to be accurs'd of Forgery by the Fates, if he alter'd any thing in their Decrees. *Chaos*, *Night*, and *Erebus*, being the moſt Antient of the Deities, and inſtituting thoſe fundamental Laws, by which he was afterwards to govern. *Heſiod* gives us the Genealogy of the Gods, and I think I may ſafely infer the reſt. I will only add, that *Homer* was more a Fataliſt than *Virgil*: For it has been obſerv'd, that the word τυχὴ, or Fortune, is not to be found in his two Poems; but inſtead of it, always μοῖρα.

Æneid the 12. lines 888, and 889.

Sea-born Meſſapus *with* Atinas, *heads*
The Latin *Squadrons*; *and to Battel leads.*

The Poet had ſaid, in the preceding lines, that *Mneſtheus*, *Sereſthus*, and *Aſylas*, led on the *Trojans*, the *Tuſcans*, and the *Arcadians*: But none of the Printed Copies, which I have ſeen, mention any Leader of the *Rutulians* and *Latins*, but *Meſſapus* the Son of *Neptune*. *Ruæus* takes notice of this paſſage, and ſeems to wonder at it; but gives no Reaſon, why *Meſſapus* is alone without a Coadjutor.

The four Verſes of *Virgil* run thus.

Totæ adeò converſæ acies, omneſque Latini
Omnes Dardanidæ, Mneſtheus, acerque Sereſthus
Et Meſſapus equum Domitor, & fortis Aſylas,
Tuſcorumque Phalanx, Evandrique Arcadis alæ.

I doubt not but the third Line was Originally thus,

Et Meſſapus equum domitor, & fortis Atinas:

For the two Names of *Aſylas* and *Atinas* are ſo like, that one might eaſily be miſtaken for the other by the Tranſcribers. And to fortify this Opinion, we find afterward, in the relation of *Sages* to *Turnus*, that *Atinas* is join'd with *Meſſapus*.

Soli, pro portis, Meſſapus & acer Atinas
Suſtentant aciem.——

In

In general I obſerve, not only in this *Æneid*, but in all the ſixth laſt Books, that *Æneas* is never ſeen on Horſe-back, and but once before as I remember, in the Fourth when he hunts with *Dido*. The Reaſon of this, if I gueſs aright, was a ſecret Compliment which the Poet made to his Countrey-men the *Romans*; the ſtrength of whoſe Armies conſiſted moſt in Foot; which, I think, were all *Romans* and *Italians*. But their Wings or Squadrons, were made up of their *Allies*, who were Foreigners.

Æneid the 12. Lines 100, 101, 102.

At this, a flood of Tears Lavinia *ſhed*;
A crimſon Bluſh her beauteous Face o're-ſpread;
Varying her Cheeks, by turns, with white and red.

Amata, ever partial to the Cauſe of *Turnus*, had juſt before deſir'd him, with all manner of earneſtneſs, not to ingage his Rival in ſingle Fight; which was his preſent Reſolution. *Virgil*, though in favour of his Heroe, he never tells us directly, that *Lavinia* preferr'd *Turnus* to *Æneas*, yet has inſinuated this preference twice before. For mark in the *7th Æneid*, ſhe left her Father, who had promis'd her to *Æneas* without asking her conſent: And follow'd her Mother into the Woods, with a Troop of *Bacchanals*, where *Amata* ſung the Marriage Song, in the Name of *Turnus*; which if ſhe had diſlik'd, ſhe might have oppos'd. Then in the *11th Æneid*, when her Mother went to the Temple of *Pallas*, to invoke her Aid againſt *Æneas*; whom ſhe calls by no better Name than *Phrygius Prædo*, *Lavinia* ſits by her in the ſame Chair or Litter, *juxtaque Comes Lavinia Virgo*, ——*Oculos dejecta decoros*. What greater ſign of Love, than Fear and Concernment for the Lover? In the lines which I have quoted ſhe not only ſheds Tears but changes Colour. She had been bred up with *Turnus*, and *Æneas* was wholly a Stanger to her. *Turnus* in probability was her firſt Love; and favour'd by her Mother, who had the Aſcendant over her Father. But I am much deceiv'd, if, (beſides what I have ſaid) there be not a ſecret Satire againſt the Sex, which is lurking under this Deſcription of *Virgil*, who ſeldom ſpeaks well of Women: Better indeed of *Camilla*, than any other; for he commends her Beauty and Valour: Becauſe he wou'd concern the Reader for her Death. But Valour is no very proper Praiſe for Womankind; and Beauty is common to the Sex. He ſays alſo ſomewhat of *Andromache*, but tranſiently: And his *Venus* is a better Mother than a Wife, for ſhe owns to *Vulcan* ſhe had a Son by another Man. The reſt are *Juno*'s, *Diana*'s, *Dido*'s, *Amata*'s, two mad Propheteſſes, three Harpies on Earth, and as many Furies under ground. This Fable of *Lavinia* includes a ſecret Moral; that Women in their choice of Husbands, prefer the younger of their Suitors to the elder; are inſenſible of Merit, fond of Handſomneſs; and generally ſpeaking, rather hurried away by their Appetite, than govern'd by their Reaſon.

L. 1191, & 1192. *This let me beg*; (*and this no Fates withſtand*)
Both for my ſelf, and for your Fathers Land, &c.

The words in the Original are theſe, *pro Latio obteſtor, pro Majeſtate tuorum*. *Virgil* very artfully uſes here the word *Majeſtas*; which the *Romans* lov'd ſo well, that they appropriated it to themſelves. *Majeſtas*

Popu

Populi Romani. This Title apply'd to Kings, is very Modern, and that is all I will ſay of it at preſent: Though the word requires a larger Note. In the word *tuorum*, is included the ſenſe of my Tranſlation, *Your Father's Land*: Becauſe *Saturn* the Father of *Jove*, had govern'd that part of *Italy*, after his expulſion from *Crete*. But that on which I moſt inſiſt, is the Addreſs of the Poet, in this Speech of *Juno*. *Virgil* was ſufficiently ſenſible, as I have ſaid in the Preface, that whatever the common Opinion was, concerning the Deſcent of the *Romans* from the *Trojans*; yet the Ancient Cuſtoms, Rites, Laws, and Habits, of thoſe *Trojans* were wholly loſt, and perhaps alſo that they had never been: And for this Reaſon, he introduces *Juno* in this place; requeſting of *Jupiter*, that no Memory might remain of *Troy* (the Town ſhe hated) that the People hereafter ſhould not be called *Trojans*, nor retain any thing which belong'd to their Predeceſſors. And why might not this alſo be concerted betwixt our Author and his Friend *Horace*, to hinder *Auguſtus* from Re-building *Troy*, and removing thither the Seat of Empire, a deſign ſo unpleaſing to the *Romans*? But of this, I am not poſitive, becauſe I have not conſulted *d'Acier*, and the reſt of the Criticks, to aſcertain the time in which *Horace* writ the *Ode* relating to that Subject.

L. 1224, & 1225. *Deep in the diſmal Regions, void of Light,*
Three Siſters, at a Birth, were born to Night.

The Father of theſe, (not here mention'd) was *Acheron*: the Names of the three, were *Alecto*, *Megera*, and *Tyſiphone*. They were call'd Furies in Hell, on Earth Harpies, and in Heaven *Diræ*: Two of theſe aſſiſted at the Throne of *Jupiter*, and were employed by him, to puniſh the wickedneſs of Mankind. Theſe two muſt be *Megera*, and *Tyſiphone*: Not *Alecto*: For *Juno* expreſly commands her to return to Hell, from whence ſhe came; and gives this Reaſon.

Te ſuper Ætherias errare licentius auras,
Haud Pater ipſe velit Summi Regnator Olympi:
Cede locis.

Probably this *Dira*, un-nam'd by the Poet in this Place; might be *Tyſiphone*, for though we find her in Hell, in the ſixth *Æneid*, employ'd in the puniſhment of the damn'd,

Continuo ſontes, Ultrix accincta flagello
Tiſiphone quatit inſultans, &c. Yet afterwards ſhe is on Earth in the Tenth *Æneid*, and amidſt the Battel. *Pallida Tiſiphone media inter Millia ſævit.* Which I gueſs to be *Tyſiphone*, the rather, by the Etimology of her Name; which is compounded of Τίω *ulciſcor*; and φονεύω *cædes.* Part of her Errand being to affright *Turnus*, with the Stings of a guilty Conſcience; and denounce Vengeance againſt him for breaking the firſt Treaty, by refuſing to yield *Lavinia* to *Æneas*, to whom ſhe was promis'd by her Father, and conſequently, for being the Author of an unjuſt War; and alſo for violating the ſecond Treaty, by declining the ſingle combat, which he had ſtipulated with his Rival, and call'd the Gods to witneſs before their Altars. As for the Names of the Harpies, (ſo call'd on Earth) *Heſiod* tells us they were *Iris*, *Aello*, and *Ocypete*. *Virgil* calls one of them *Celæno*: This I doubt not was *Alecto*; whom *Virgil* calls in the third *Æneid*, *Furiarum maxima*: And in the ſixth again, by the ſame Name—*Furiarum maxima, juxta accubat.* That ſhe was the chief of the Furies, appears by her deſcription in the ſeventh *Æneid*: To which, for haſte, I refer the Reader.

FINIS.